





Robert Lancaster.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1874.



GV
1
B3
V25

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXV.

- Lord Waterpark : a Biography, 1.
Country Quarters : The Hambledon Hunt, 2.
 Ditto The Vine, 67.
 Ditto The Hursley, 126.
 Ditto The New Forest and Lord Radnor's, 188.
A Model Sportsman, 15.
Frank Raleigh of Watercombe, 21, 85, 143, 261, 319, 375.
Recollections of Our Stale Contributor :—
 Johnny Broome and other Topics, 30.
 Savage Sport, 391.
A Month in the West. By Greathopes, 36.
Voltigeur. By Amphion, 40.
Coursing.—The Waterloo Cup, 41.
Our Van, 49, 106, 173, 232, 296, 358, 419.
Mr. George Fenwick : a Biography, 63.
Mayer de Rothschild, 66.
The Bookmaker's Horse. By Amphion, 95.
Recollections of an Aristocrat, 96, 156.
A Leicestershire Burst. By Whow-hoop, 105.
The Duke of St. Albans : a Biography, 125.
Newmarket, A.D. 1900 . . 139.
Sensation Sketches. By Pen and Pencil, 152.
'Two Days' Shooting in Fatshan Creek, Canton, 165.
Yachting and Rowing, 170, 291, 353, 416.
The Hon. Egremont Lascelles : a Biography, 187.
The Betting Bill, 205.
The Fly-fisher, 210.
The First of May in Piccadilly, 212.
The Life and Times of Tommy Coleman, 216.

- Cricket, 225, 284, 346, 300, 412
 William J. S. Morritt, Esq., of Rokeby: a Biography, 249.
 Down and Heath, 254.
 A Sporting Cruise to Sardinia, 269, 400.
 Jinkisson's Duels, 277, 330.
 Mr. W. H. Cooper: a Biography, 311.
 Betting in High and Low Places, 313.
 The Old Forester's Story, 337.
 Otter-hunting, and the Hounds of the Hon. Geoffrey Hill, 341.
 Viscount Lascelles: a Biography, 373.
 A Pig's Whisper on the St. Leger, 374.
 A Day's Snipe Shooting near Palermo, 397.
 A Day with the Devon and Somerset Staghouuds in 187-, 384.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—Henry Constable.

Lord Waterpark . . .	Page 1	The Hon. Egremont Lascelles	Page 187
Mr. George Fenwick . . .	„ 63	William J. S. Morritt, Esq. „	249
The Duke of St. Albans . . .	„ 125	Mr. W. H. Cooper. . . „	311
Viscount Lascelles—page 373.			

Notice to Bookbinder.—The Vignette Title for Vol. XXV. will be given in the October Number (176).

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 169.

MARCH, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LORD WATERPARK.

CONTENTS.

SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
LORD WATERPARK: A BIOGRAPHY	I
COUNTRY QUARTERS.—THE HAMBLEDON HUNT	2
A MODEL SPORTSMAN	15
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER II.	21
RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR. ON JOHNNY BROOME, AND OTHER TOPICS EQUALLY INTERESTING TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. BY T. H. G.	30
A MONTH IN THE WEST. BY GREATHOPES	36
VOLTIGEUR. BY AMPHION.	40
CCURSING. THE WATERLOO CUP	41
'OUR VAN'	49

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR MARCH, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.
2	M	
3	TU	Grand National Hunt and Aylesbury Steeplechases.
4	W	Grand National Hunt and Aylesbury Steeplechases. South Lancashire Coursing Meeting.
5	TH	Grand Military and Rugby Hunt Steeplechase.
6	F	Grand Military and Rugby Steeplechases.
7	S	South London and Spartan Harriers Meetings.
8	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.
9	M	
10	TU	Croydon and East Hendre Down Steeplechases. Worcester Coursing Meeting.
11	W	Croydon and Baschurch Steeplechases.
12	TH	Croydon, Monmouth, and South Wold Hunt Steeplechases.
13	F	Monmouth and Royal Artillery Steeplechases.
14	S	Spartan Harriers Meeting.
15	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
16	M	Canterbury Steeplechases.
17	TU	Bristol and Western Counties. Baldoyle Spring Races.
18	W	Bristol Steeplechases.
19	TH	Bristol Royal Steeplechase.
20	F	Windsor Grand Military and Open Steeplechases.
21	S	Thames Hare and Hounds Closing Run. Windsor Grand Military Races.
22	S	FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
23	M	Crewkerne and West Drayton Steeplechases.
24	TU	Lincoln Spring Meeting and Third Dragoon Guards' Races.
25	W	Liverpool Spring Meeting. Lincolnshire Handicap (1 mile).
26	TH	Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase (4½ miles).
27	F	Liverpool Races.
28	S	Liverpool Hunt Club Steeplechases. Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.
29	S	PALM SUNDAY.
30	M	Swinford Hunt Steeplechases.
31	TU	Pontefract and Bromley Second Spring Meeting.



Waterpark

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD WATERPARK.

THE successor to Mr. Meynell Ingram, the grandson of the great Hugo Meynell, in the Mastership of the pack of foxhounds perpetuating the name of that great sportsman, is one of those many young Masters who seem treading in the old paths and standing on the old ways in which those who went before them gained credit and renown.

Henry Anson Cavendish, fourth Baron Waterpark, was born in 1839, and succeeded his father in 1863. Educated at Harrow, Mr. Cavendish, on leaving that school, went abroad for a year to study French and German, and on his return entered the Foreign Office, where he remained for three years and a half, until the death of his father, when he abandoned diplomacy and indulged in those pursuits more congenial to his age and disposition. Passionately fond of travel, a thorough sportsman, eager for fresher fields and newer pastures than the old country could supply, Lord Waterpark in 1868 proceeded to India, and remained there a whole year in pursuit of big game, in which he was very successful. In 1869 he went to America, and on the prairies of the Far West had some wonderful sport among the buffaloes; then proceeding to the Rocky Mountains, where he also enjoyed good shooting. Previous to going west, he had taken a salmon river in Labrador, and rendered a good account of the fish; and indeed, scarcely a sport or pastime can be mentioned in which Lord Waterpark has not taken his full share. He is an enthusiastic deer-stalker, goes to Scotland every year, and between shooting, fishing, and hunting, finds plenty of occupation for his time.

Two years ago, on the death of Mr. Meynell Ingram, Lord Waterpark, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Clowes, took the Mastership of the Meynell, and has hunted them to the entire satisfaction of all Derbyshire sportsmen. The pack consists of 55½ couple, and they hunt four days a week. Charles Leedham

is the huntsman, an office almost hereditary, for father and son have been huntsmen for fully fifty years, and this season a good account of the foxes has been rendered. Lord Waterpark holds a commission in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, is a magistrate for that county, and a Deputy Lieutenant of Derbyshire.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE HAMBLETON HUNT.

THE next Hampshire pack for our consideration will be the Hambleton, which was established about the same period as the H. H.

“Nimrod,” when residing in the county, visited it, and, in his “Reminiscences,” called it “a rough, uncouth country, abounding in woods and forests, but the best in Hampshire for hounds;” adding, “it has more grass and less flints, and has altogether a more fox-hunting appearance than the countries hunted by Mr. Villebois and Mr. Chute.” Meaning thereby the H. H. and the Vine. To show how commentators differ, Gelert considered the Hambleton “to be the best country south of London.” But, having now seen as many hunting countries as Gelert or anybody else, I must disagree with him, and decidedly award the palm to the Blackmore Vale as the best southern country, with which the Hambleton will not bear a moment’s comparison. With the exception of the bit round Durley and Bishop’s Waltham, or perhaps we may say the slice of Vale running from Bishopstoke by those places to Wickham, I do not see much difference from the rest of the county, for it has quite as much wood and nearly as many flints. However, it is decidedly not so easy to cross, and the part we have mentioned requires a clever horse, and a good man on him, as it takes some doing when hounds really run, as the banks, especially round Southwick, are high and some of them rotten, and the ditches deep, while it rides very heavy in wet weather. But this part is not what it was, even within my recollection, for this reason: formerly it abounded in open commons, which being in a great measure grass carried a good scent, and, from being uncultivated, presented few obstacles to head a fox. Within late years nearly all of these, such as Waltham Chase, Curdrige Common, and Wintershill Common, not to mention many others, have been enclosed; the consequence is, that what was formerly as wild as an American prairie is now dotted over with cottage holdings. Many of the enclosures are fenced with wire, and as most of the squatters keep poultry, and do not keep hunters, I need scarcely say that the fox is not held in high esteem amongst them. On the hills, also, the great extent of down land recently brought under cultivation here, as in other parts of Hants, is much against sport; and I regret to add that, in too many cases,

‘ wire has taken the place of the old-fashioned posts-and-rails with
‘ which new-broken ground was fenced. The best meets are perhaps
‘ Barn Green, Holywell House, Southwick Park, and Soberton
‘ Down.

‘ Before the country was regularly established and known as the
‘ Hambledon—which, I should tell you, takes its name from the
‘ village immortalized in the history of cricket, of that name—it
‘ was hunted by Mr. Land of Park House, Hambledon, who kept a
‘ pack of foxhounds, with which he hunted deer also, during the
‘ summer, in the Forest of Bere—at least such is the tradition. Will
‘ James was his huntsman ; and it is recorded that he ran a fox from
‘ Highden Wood to Petworth Park, and how Lord Egremont sent a
‘ servant to tell him to whip off, which he stoutly refused to do,
‘ saying, “ He hunted the country before his Lordship was born, and
‘ “ hoped to do so after he was dead and buried.” Mr. Geary, of
‘ Fareham, frequently hunted with him, and speaks of him as a man
‘ not very refined in his language or manners, and that he used to
‘ swear awfully. Mr. Land died at Hambledon in 1791. Then
‘ there must have been an interregnum of nine years, for there is no
‘ record of the existence of any regular pack of foxhounds until 1800,
‘ when Mr. Butler, of Bury Lodge, became the Master of the country,
‘ which has ever since that year been known as the Hambledon. A
‘ Hunt Club was established. The rules were that the hounds were
‘ to hunt five times a fortnight, or oftener, if agreeable to the Master
‘ and the weather permitted ; and no weather should prevent the
‘ hounds going to the meet, unless the snow should be one foot
‘ deep at the kennel door. And the hounds had to be at the covert-
‘ side at nine o’clock, from the 10th of October to the 5th of April.
‘ There were regular monthly hunt dinners, when the bill was to be
‘ called for at eight o’clock ; and, to show the spirit and custom of
‘ the period, there was a rule that no French wines were to be called
‘ for on the forfeiture of five pounds. This sounds strange and
‘ almost incredible now. Will James was Mr. Butler’s huntsman
‘ during the three years that he was Master.

‘ Then, in 1804, Colonel Cook, who lived at Soberton, succeeded
‘ him. He was a great authority on hunting, and wrote a capital
‘ book on the management of hounds. Will Neverd, who afterwards
‘ lived with Mr. John Warde and hunted the Craven for eighteen
‘ years, was his huntsman. Colonel Cook was only Master for
‘ two seasons, when he was followed by Colonel de Burgh, after-
‘ wards better known as Lord Clanricarde, who lived at Belmont,
‘ which is now called Warnford Park. Phil Gosling was his
‘ huntsman, and Sawyer, afterwards so well known with the H. H.,
‘ turned them to him ; but this reign only lasted for one season.

‘ Then, in 1807, came Mr. Powlett-Powlett, who, after he had
‘ resigned the H. H., went to live at Lainston House, and at first, I
‘ apprehend, he only hunted the upper part of the country. Be that
‘ as it may, he hunted North Park, Phillip’s Heath, and Dumper’s
‘ Oak, now in the Hursley country, also from Lainston, and moved

his hounds and horses for a month or two at a time into the Hambleton country, and afterwards, for certain, stopped at North House and Meon Stoke, for the greater convenience of hunting the lower portion of the country. Up to this time the members wore green in the field. The Committee bought the cloth, which was of such an inferior description that they were called "The Green Baize Hunt." Will Reeves, Mr. Powlett-Powlett's huntsman, wore grey, and John Mullins of Dean, near Winchester, was his feeder. This old man was alive but a few years ago, and many an anecdote I have heard from him of Mr. Powlett and his *ménage*. He was a cripple, and, I believe, a very irritable man, and constantly, when at Lainston, rode about the place on a very small pony, instead of walking, which carried him all through the stables, kennels, or anywhere that he wished to go. On one occasion during a hard frost he discarded the pony and hobbled up to the kennels, where Mullins had just washed down the yards, which in consequence, from its freezing hard at the time, were like glass. Seeing the Squire about to enter, Mullins called to him not to do so, or he would slip down. This was quite enough to make the Squire, whose temper was, no doubt, not improved by the frost, immediately act just contrary to the advice given; and the consequence was that, ere he was halfway across, he had a most terrible fall, and was badly hurt. Mullins, however, got him up, and carried him on his back into the house; and the Squire was so pleased, that he rewarded him handsomely and declared afterwards "that he carried him as strong as "old Cottager," his favourite hunter. Reeves got his discharge while hunting across the ground now held by Mr. Allee of Rookley, in the Hursley Hunt. Not far from the "Rack and Manger" they were hunting a very cold scent, and the Squire was for having the hounds cast. Reeves, who fancied he saw indications of a line, would not interfere and allowed them to hold on; when, presently, an old favourite hit the line. So far all was well; but perhaps overcome by the excitement of the moment, he turned to his master and said, "There! that's what I call fox-hunting!" Of course, this was too much for a man of Mr. Powlett's temperament; and that night he was discharged. But Mullins could not remember who took his place. Huntsmen are not generally discharged for letting them alone in the present day. I rather fancy the Squire handled the horn himself for a time. He once had a great run from Dumper's Oak over Winchester racecourse to Worthy, and then back to the Wyke side of Winchester, and killed his fox. All speak of him as a most kind, liberal, good-hearted man, and a thorough sportsman—but quite an autocrat in everything.

Mr. John Delmé, of Cams Hall, was Master in 1813; and I have been told that he died suddenly while pulling on his boots to go out hunting, on the very day he came of age. Mr. Joseph Eyles, whose kennels were at East Meon, in 1814 hunted part of the county, more especially about Ditcham and the Hangers up to Henwood.

And after him the Rev. Mr. Richards, of North House,

‘ Hambledon, in 1815. To the last two gentlemen Will James was
‘ huntsman.

‘ In 1816 Mr. A. F. Nunez, of Warnford Park, became the
‘ Master, and removed the kennels from East Meon to Warnford,
‘ where he began with Will James first, and then Will Reeves as
‘ huntsmen, with whom the subscribers were not satisfied ; who was
‘ followed by John Neal, a stout, big man, who hunted the hounds
‘ during the rest of the time that Mr. Nunez was Master.

‘ Mr. Nunez was a very heavy weight, but he was always capitally
‘ mounted, and by the excellent piloting of his groom, Ned Gosling,
‘ who thoroughly knew the country, he was generally with the
‘ hounds. The quality and condition of his hunters was remarked by
‘ “Nimrod” in his “Sporting Tour in Hants.” His best horses were
‘ Somerset, Ducat, and Witchcraft, who won the Tureen, car-
‘ rying fourteen stone, ridden by Captain Bridges, who came in with
‘ his whip in his mouth. Mr. Nunez would never buy a horse
‘ unless he could canter with him from the bottom to the top of
‘ Beacon Hill—no mean feat by the way, and a pretty good trial of
‘ their wind.

‘ Hunting with these hounds at this period were Lord Gage from
‘ Westbury House, and his brother, the Hon. William Gage, a
‘ capital sportsman and a most pleasant man, but latterly a sad
‘ martyr to the gout, which carried him off; and Admiral Sir
‘ William Hall Gage, who used to visit at Westbury; Mr. Walter
‘ Long, the elder, of Preshaw House, whose portrait is in the old
‘ H.H. picture by Mr. Smith, with his servant on a cream-coloured
‘ horse behind him; Mr. Robert Thornton Heysham of Hinton
‘ House, and his three sons—Robert, who had just left Oxford,
‘ where he kept a pack of harriers, William and Frederick—who
‘ all went well to hounds; Mr. George Butler of Hill Place, a very
‘ good rider, who hunted the fore part of the winter in Hampshire
‘ and then went to Melton; Major Barrett, who then resided at
‘ Vernon Hill before he went to Cheriton, was very fond of hunting,
‘ and a very neat man in all his appointments; Count Sauveur, a
‘ Frenchman, who lived at the Swan at Alresford, who was always
‘ chaffing the Master, and often came off second best. He had two
‘ or three voices, and was a great performer on the violin. Mr.
‘ Henry Delmé of Cams, who always drove a four-in-hand; and his
‘ brother, Mr. George Delmé, well known on the turf, who bred
‘ and kept race-horses; was the owner of Pugilist, Silver Eel, and
‘ the breeder of Alarm. Mr. James Winter Scott of Rotherfield
‘ Park, who died in the early part of last year—a very good rider up
‘ to the last; Mr. John Sadleir Moody, who lived in Hanover
‘ Buildings, Southampton, rode very straight, and was a fine old-
‘ fashioned sportsman, who went away at a killing pace as soon as
‘ they found; and his brother, Tom Moody, also very fond of
‘ hunting; Mr. Richard Norris of Basing Park, who kept a pack of
‘ harriers, which he more particularly hunted with; Captain Bridges,
‘ a great character, who lived at the Hermitage, a great tandem

‘ driver, who would bet that he would throw anybody out of it and
 ‘ not fall himself. Was also a beautiful dancer, and would dance
 ‘ with castanets. Would drive from the Hermitage to London in a
 ‘ tandem, with a large Newfoundland dog to follow him. He
 ‘ once rode down the Devil’s Dyke with a half-crown between each
 ‘ knee and the saddle, and used to carry a bull’s-eye lantern in front,
 ‘ and gallop over the Downs. Bean, who knew him, said he was
 ‘ not mad, but “he had addled brains to start with.” The Rev. R.
 ‘ Lowth of Hinton, the real author of the Billesdon Coplow poem,
 ‘ which he wrote in one night, between the time of the company in
 ‘ the house where he was staying retiring to rest and assembling for
 ‘ breakfast the next morning—a very clever man. He was the

“ H. H. who in Leicestershire never had been.”

‘ I am particular in telling you this, because I have heard the author-
 ‘ ship attributed to others. I believe Mr. Bethell Cox, who resided
 ‘ at Quarley, wrote a poem on the subject, but Mr. Lowth’s is *the*
 ‘ poem. Mr. Lowth was a beautiful rider across the country and on
 ‘ the turf. Somebody mentioned to the Bishop of Winchester that
 ‘ he was going to ride at Goodwood on the following week, and the
 ‘ Bishop replied, “Then I hope he will win.” Mr. Lowth always
 ‘ rode very fine horses, and had a Yorkshire groom, considered one
 ‘ of the best stablemen in the county. He had also a house at
 ‘ Chiswick, near the Duke of Devonshire, and often drove up at night
 ‘ from Hinton. Mr. Lowth used to drive four-in-hand, and said he
 ‘ preferred to drive at night to the day. A pretty sight it was to see
 ‘ him start for hunting, with three or four sons following him on
 ‘ thoroughbred ponies. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, a universal favourite,
 ‘ called, as I told you when speaking of the Hampshire, the
 ‘ “Perpetual Curate” of Hinton, who was fond of hunting; Captain
 ‘ Arthur Shakespear of Exton, a tall, heavy man, but capital rider
 ‘ across country; Mr. Charles Græme of Kilmiston, a very heavy
 ‘ man, went well, and was a great promoter of sport; Mr. Thomas
 ‘ Butler of Bury Lodge, Hambledon, who was in the army;
 ‘ Captain Standen of the Guards, a very hard goer; and Captain
 ‘ Price, R.N., from Hinton, who went well on Ragamuffin, who
 ‘ once cleared a very high quickset in Brookwood Park, with his
 ‘ friend, Mr. George Thompson, who lived at Bishop Sutton, used
 ‘ to go to what were called in those days the grass countries in
 ‘ the spring of the year; Captain George Greenwood, then in the
 ‘ 2nd Life Guards, a splendid horseman, who could do as many
 ‘ feats as an Arab, as I before told you; and his brother William,
 ‘ in the Grenadiers, equally good across country. Alderman Silver
 ‘ of Winchester, a woollen-draper, than whom nobody was fonder
 ‘ of hunting, always rode a good horse. He was for several years
 ‘ mayor of Winchester; was more than seventy years of age when in
 ‘ his last mayoralty, and more than eighty when he could ride to
 ‘ hounds. He wore a long pepper-and-salt coat, with a spencer and
 ‘ very loose boots. He had a very fine voice, and when a fox was

' sinking, and he got a view, took great delight in cheering hounds' and would screech, "Have at him, boys! have at him again!" "Gently, Mr. Silver," the Squire would say, for he did not like anybody to halloo to his hounds; but it was of no use, Mr. Silver would go on, and there was no stopping him from what he termed "ringing his knell." He died January 23rd, 1837, æt. ninety. Joe Sibley of West Meon was quite a character, had a pulling bay mare called Leicestershire Betty. He rode with his hands up and his hair flying, and he swayed about on his horse like a pair of tongs. Mr. William Colyer of Chilland, whom I told you of before.

' One season Mr. Nunez' hounds could not kill. Mr. Walker came up to him and said, "I must be your huntsman." Mr. N. said, "Then, my dear fellow, you must get a much better character than you had in your last place."

' During his Mastership madness broke out in the kennels at Warnford. Thirteen couple had to be destroyed. The bitten hounds had all to be chained up separately at some distance, and it is said that as the moon changed they all became raving mad. The feeder also was bitten.

' In 1821 Mr. Nunez resigned, and was succeeded by Sir Bellingham Graham, who had just given up the management of the Pytchley, and for a very short time Sir Bellingham Graham lived at Hill Place, and the hounds were advertised in his name. The country, however, was not at all suited to his dashing style of riding, and he looked in vain for the large pastures and strong fences to which he had been accustomed in Northamptonshire. After a few weeks Mr. Osbaldeston, who had resigned the Quorn, came to Hill Place, and finished the season as Master of the Hambleton in the place of Sir Bellingham, who, changing with the Squire, became Master of the Quorn, with a subscription of 4000*l.* a year. As this part of the history of the country has been elsewhere inaccurately stated, I am particular in giving you these details.

' With the Squire came Dick Burton and Tom Sebright, both of whom had made their mark with the Quorn. The latter was considered the best huntsman of his day when hunting the Fitzwilliam; and I can add no more than that Mr. Musters used to say, "that he considered it the highest compliment to his talents to be compared"—as he frequently was—"to Tom Sebright as a huntsman." The Squire had but an indifferent season and killed only a very few foxes. This may easily be accounted for by the hounds having previously hunted on grass, and hence not understanding having to pick out a cold scent over plough and flints. The country was no more adapted to the Squire than it was to Sir Bellingham, and he resigned at the end of the season. In 1822 came Mr. John Walker of Purbrook Park, who hunted the hounds himself, his whip being a man named Hugh Jermyn, a native of Longstock. Mr. Walker was well known on the Turf as the owner of

‘Shoehorn, and as a whip, being a member of the old Benson Driving Club. He only remained in office one season, and then sold his hounds, and was succeeded by Mr. Charles Shard, who lived at Hill Place. He was a big man, had a fine stud of horses, and was well known on the Turf as the owner of Reveller, who won the St. Leger in 1818, and several good races afterwards. By the way, I once heard a good tale concerning this. When Reveller was a celebrated sire, a neighbouring farmer called a cart stallion after him. A publican on the Salisbury and Winchester Road had a colt by the cart sire Reveller out of a hunting mare, and as a foal he was very good-looking. A Hampshire yeoman rather given to horse dealing saw the foal, and asked what he was by? “Reveller,” said the publican, in the greatest innocence of there being more than one horse of the name. “Then I will give you twenty guineas for him,” was the rejoinder. And the bargain was then and there struck; and the buyer, as the colt grew up, was greatly disgusted to find he had bought a mongrel carthorse.

‘Mr. Shard lived at Little Somborne, and had previously hunted the country round Danebury and Clatford, with John Sharp as his huntsman, and John Major, from the H.H., as whip, and they came with him to the Hambledon; soon afterwards Major took the horn, as Sharp was not at all successful in bringing his foxes to hand. On the 10th of March, 1824, the hounds met at the Waterloo Inn and had an extraordinary run of three hours, when, out of a very large field, only Major and five or six others got to the end.

‘Mr. Shard gave up on account of ill-health, and presented forty couple of fine hounds to the Hunt. To him, in 1825, succeeded a famous sportsman, who is known as “The other Tom Smith,” whose knowledge of woodcraft and hunting has probably been equalled by only one living sportsman. I allude to the Rev. John Russell, so well known in North Devon. Not long ago a book was published called “Sporting Incidents in the Life of Another Tom Smith,” which has quite taken the wind out of my sails and exhausted the subject of his career as a Master of Hounds. I can safely say, I never saw any one work harder to show sport than Mr. Smith did, or make a better fight over a country on a very moderate horse. It was during his Mastership, in 1828, that “Nimrod” visited the country; so that I must refer those who wish to know more to his well-known tours.

‘Hunting with Mr. Smith were Mr. E. Gale Morant of Upham, a hard rider; Mr. George Butler of Bramdean Cottage, and afterwards of Hill Place; Mr. Edward Hale of Hambledon, whose father had kept harriers for thirty-eight years, which, on his death in 1823, were taken by Mr. Butler, who hunted them until 1834; Captain Georges of Cams Cottages, Hambledon, who had a famous grey mare which got to the end of the great run from Stanstead Park, recorded by “Nimrod;” the Rev. G. Richards of Hambledon, Mr. Richard Norris of Basing Park, who kept

‘ harriers ; Admiral Colpoys of Northbrook, Bishop’s Waltham ;
‘ Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Francis Collier of Wickham ;
‘ Admiral Sir William Hoste of Horndean, a capital fellow, who rode
‘ very hard ; Major Ridge of Bishop’s Waltham, a very good sports-
‘ man ; Captain Close, R.N., of the Holt, a pushing rider, particularly
‘ when on a very good bay horse ; Captain Burnaby Green of Wick-
‘ ham ; Mr. Charles Brett of the Holt, a great yachting man, who
‘ used to live a good deal at the Dolphin Hotel, Southampton.

‘ In 1829 Mr. Smith resigned the management of these hounds,
‘ and was succeeded by Mr. John King of Fowelscombe, near Ivy-
‘ bridge, in South Devon. He was a capital sportsman, and hunted
‘ the hounds, which were all ladies, himself. John Squires, who came
‘ with him from Devonshire, now hunts the Lanark and Renfrew-
‘ shire, and is the oldest huntsman in the kingdom, was first whip ;
‘ and the other was the noted Joe Peckham, from the New Forest.
‘ After him came Will Wheeler, who lived at Warnford.

‘ Hunting with Mr. King were Mr. Samuel Hawkins of Holywell
‘ House ; Mr. Robert Jessett of Black Down, who won the Harrow
‘ and St. Alban’s Steeplechase in 1831 on Mr. Caldecott’s Moon-
‘ raker, who won at St. Albans, Harrow and Finchley within six
‘ weeks ; Mr. Stretton of West End, Southampton, was a very hard
‘ man with hounds ; Lord Lisle of Millbrook, who had a wonderful
‘ broken-kneed cob—a very hard rider ; the Rev. Mr. Lukin of
‘ Nursling, a light weight, noted for his yellow leather breeches, who
‘ used to soliloquise as to the scent. Mr. John Henry Campbell of
‘ Exton, afterwards known as Campbell Wyndham. When a poor
‘ man he only had two hunters, and they were destroyed by charcoal
‘ at the beginning of one season. Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Halket
‘ of Pitfirrane, in Fife, who then lived at Uplands, near Fareham,
‘ kept a capital pack of staghounds, with which he showed won-
‘ derful sport ; Mr. Richard Hetley of Moorlands, Southampton ;
‘ Mr. W. H. Barkworth of Hambledon, who had served his appren-
‘ ticeship in Holderness with old Will Danby ; Mr. Henry Minchin
‘ of Holywell House, who was noted for settling all the little grievances
‘ amongst the farmers, as he was much looked up to by them ;
‘ Mr. George Orred of Rooksbury, formerly of Tranmere, in Che-
‘ shire, who married a Miss Thistlethwayte of Southwick ; he died at
‘ Lucerne in 1869 ; Mr. Thomas Hext of Trenarren in Cornwall,
‘ who lived at Shidfield, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hawkins ; Mr. Tom
‘ Ridge of Hambledon, an old-fashioned sportsman, recently deceased,
‘ who took out with him every known invention that might possibly
‘ be called for in case of an emergency, with which he was ever
‘ ready to help a friend ; Captain Mildmay Clerk of Southampton,
‘ then in the army, who afterwards settled at Spratton, in North-
‘ amptonshire, and is unanimously agreed to be the best sportsman
‘ in the Pytchley country ; Lord Vaux, then in the 2nd Life Guards,
‘ also from Southampton ; Mr. F. P. Delmé Radcliffe of Shawford
‘ House, Secretary to the Hunt in 1831, afterwards Master of the
‘ Hertfordshire hounds ; the two Doherty’s (Charles and Henry), who

‘ afterwards commanded the 12th and 13th Dragoons, came from
‘ Bishop’s Waltham ; General Coles of Woodcote House, mentioned
‘ in my account of the “H. H.” Mr. Charles Alison of Holy-
‘ well, who afterwards hunted with the Atherstone from Mancetter ;
‘ Sir Jervoise Clarke Jervoise of Idsworth House, a first-rate rider,
‘ who would have distinguished himself in any country ; Mr. Sam
‘ Taylor of Southampton, and now of Upham, who was for some
‘ time secretary of the Hunt, has a capital ear and eye to hounds, and
‘ has always been with them though never too well mounted ; Mr.
‘ Charles Millett of Hill Place, and afterwards at Bramdean ; Mr.
‘ Thomas Shiffner of Northbrook House, who afterwards settled in
‘ Sussex, and died last June, aged seventy-six ; Mr. Henry Dorrien,
‘ the banker of Portsmouth, who died in 1868 ; Mr. Edward Rose
‘ Tunno of Warnford Park, a very long solemn-looking man, who
‘ wore long black jack boots up to his hips, into which he put his
‘ hands on a very cold day ; Mr. Charles Day of Southampton, would
‘ have gone well in any country, and rides good horses ; Admiral Sir
‘ Henry Keppel of Droxford, one of the hardest men I have ever seen,
‘ who, when he set all sail, was afraid of nothing, often had some
‘ tremendous falls, but always got up smiling ; Mr. John Waddington
‘ of Langrish House, a well-wisher to hunting ; Mr. Wynn Hornby
‘ of Upham ; Mr. William Higgins of Hambledon, who with his
‘ brother Godfrey kept a pack of harriers ; Mr. Henry Barnard of
‘ Park Farm, East Meon, also kept a pack of harriers, and hunted
‘ along the line of hills from Petersfield to Meon Stoke ; and his
‘ brother James of Bordean.

‘ In 1841 Mr. King resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. Walter
‘ Long of Preshaw, who was Master until 1848.

‘ The hounds were now small and very compact ; they combined
‘ speed and endurance with fine noses. John Squires continued to
‘ hunt them, assisted by John Treadwell, whose name is as well
‘ known in modern hunting history as that of any man living, and of
‘ whom I have spoken very recently in connection with the Old
‘ Berkshire.

‘ Going also during Mr. Long’s management were Mr. Falwasser of
‘ Kitnocks, near Botley ; T. Aylward of Corhampton ; John Stares of
‘ Droxford ; “Fatty” Morant, who had an extraordinary bay cob. A
‘ match had been made between him and Mr. William Heysham, each
‘ to ride their own horses at Soberton Races. They both weighed
‘ 24 stone, but illness on the part of the latter prevented its coming
‘ off. One day Morant was out with the H. H., and came across
‘ Lord Gifford in a lane, who was not in his best humour, and
‘ thinking that he had headed his fox, he let out at him in outrage-
‘ ously strong personal language ; but poor “Fatty,” who was the
‘ essence of good nature, simply burst out laughing, whereon his
‘ lordship at once apologised. Tom Gearing of Swathling ; and
‘ William Newton of Twyford, who was wonderfully excited when
‘ hounds ran, and went well on a little bay horse by Venison, and a
‘ black mare by a trotting sire, with both of which, I believe, he won

‘ the Hambledon Hunt Cup. T. Earwaker of White Wool Bottom ;
‘ George Clark of Bishop’s Waltham, a heavy weight, who still
‘ comes out a little, is as good a fellow as ever breathed, and has
‘ never missed his bottle of old port any day for fifty years ; Mr.
‘ Kindersley, of Northbrook House, brother of the late Vice-Chan-
‘ cellor, was killed near Chestfoothead, by his horse falling over him
‘ and breaking his neck.

‘ In 1848 Mr. Tom Smith became Master for the second time,
‘ and although some years had elapsed since his first management, he
‘ was as keen as ever in his wish and endeavours to show sport. He
‘ was assisted by Charles Champion, father of Mr. Cradock’s present
‘ clever huntsman.

‘ In 1852 Mr. George Wall of Worthy Park gave up the Hursley,
‘ and succeeded Mr. Smith. He then resided at Droxford, and was
‘ Master for four seasons. He hunted the hounds himself, and showed
‘ capital sport. His servants were, first, Charles Champion, and then
‘ Henry Nason, who was a fine rider, but very hard on his horses, and
‘ William Fisher. During his mastership I saw as fine a run as was
‘ ever witnessed in Hampshire. The meet was Owslebury Down,
‘ and we found in Honeyman’s Rows a fine dog fox ; broke at
‘ once, and set his head straight for Twyford Park, crossed Golden
‘ Common, then newly enclosed with strong oak rails, over the Win-
‘ chester Road, just above Fisher’s Pond, took the brook in the
‘ bottom, where Mr. Wall lamed his famous grey horse Slasher, and
‘ on to Fair Oak Park ; from here he turned and ran the stiff
‘ country nearly to Bishop’s Waltham, not far from which they
‘ turned him over in the open. Time 50 minutes, and but one
‘ check to speak of. Only about half a dozen rode to the hounds
‘ throughout this good run.

‘ Hunting at this time were James Martin of Fareham, whose
‘ father is reported to have said, “ I don’t know if there will be any
‘ “ hunting in another world ; but, if there is not, I can’t conceive
‘ “ what my son James will do with himself.” Tom Cordery of
‘ Hazeley, who had a capital white-faced chesnut, that he sold to
‘ Mr. Anderson at a high figure, is very fond of hunting. John
‘ Harvey of Upham, who rode steeplechases and made hunters of
‘ The Kaffir, Amorous Boy, and other thoroughbreds. He was a
‘ capital fellow, and it is said he once mounted and rode a savage bull.
‘ Caleb Owton of Owslebury, a great character, who, in his younger
‘ days, had been a good man over the deep country. He kept a pack
‘ of harriers, and I believe his son does so still. Some years ago he
‘ rode a famous mule, and once, when he was at a friend’s house, a
‘ wag, thinking to play a joke on him, locked the stable door. Luckily
‘ for him it was made on the old-fashioned plan of half doors, and, as
‘ only the lower half was locked, Caleb undid the upper portion, and
‘ having saddled his mule, coolly led him over the lower half and
‘ rode away, to the chagrin of those who were watching for his
‘ discomfiture.

‘ During Mr. Smith’s second term of office and Mr. Wall’s

‘mastership the following gentlemen hunted with these hounds :
 ‘Mr. Erasmus Sanders, Hill House, Hambledon ; Captain James
 ‘Alleyne, and Captain Alexander Alleyne of Exton House ;
 ‘Dr. Burney of Holywell House, Mr. S. G. Smith of Worthy Park,
 ‘the head of the banking house of Smith, Payne, and Smith ; Mr.
 ‘J. B. Bradshaw of Fair Oak Park, who does not hunt now, but has
 ‘the best covert in the hunt for foxes, is a capital coachman, and can
 ‘put four horses together better than most people ; Captain Burrell
 ‘of Cosham House, Mr. Harry Carter of Portsmouth, Mr. Cosmo
 ‘Gordon of Exton, Mr. George Hulbert, formerly of Trinity Col-
 ‘lege, Oxford, who went well to hounds, but has since become a lay
 ‘preacher ; Sir Edward Butler of Bitterne, Mr. Augustus Nugent
 ‘of Portsmouth, Mr. George A. Wilder, Mr. Frederick Raikes from
 ‘Warnford Park, Mr. Charles Sartoris of Warnford, afterwards of
 ‘Bambridge House, but now residing at Wilcote, near Charlbury,
 ‘in the Heythrop country ; Mr. Hugh F. L. Astley of Quoblye,
 ‘Bishopstoke ; Captain R. H. Spicer of West Meon, Mr. George
 ‘Atherley of Southampton, Mr. William Standish of Upton Cottage,
 ‘Bursledon, afterwards Master of the Hursley and the N.F.H. ;
 ‘Mr. Alfred Dyson at this time was hunting with the Hambledon ;
 ‘Mr. W. Missing, the first coursing authority of his day, a great
 ‘frequenter of Evans’s, and a capital companion ; Mr. George Pittis
 ‘of Wymering, Mr. J. Sewell, Captain Forbes, Captain Vaughan,
 ‘Captain Snow, Mr. T. Stares, Mr. W. Carver, Mr. Sumner Smith,
 ‘Mr. Charles James, Mr. J. Hinxman, Mr. J. H. Colson, Mr. C.
 ‘Stubbs, and Mr. John Barfoot.

‘During Mr. Wall’s reign the Wickham Steeplechases were
 ‘established, and run over the farm of that good friend to foxhunting
 ‘and sport of all kind, Mr. Bovill Smith. In 1856 Mr. Wall, who had
 ‘always a great partiality for the blood of Sir Tatton Sykes’, and regu-
 ‘larly took his drafts while Master of the Hambledon, resigned, and
 ‘the country was taken by Captain Wilder, who died in July, thus
 ‘leaving it vacant ; and Mr. Walter Long once more came forward
 ‘to carry it on, so that the season’s sport might not be lost. Orchin
 ‘for one season, and then George Champion was his huntsman, and
 ‘Thomas Hills and Alfred Munns whips. The following men were
 ‘hunting with him at the time : Captain William Norris, Rifle Brigade,
 ‘recently deceased ; Mr. George Long of Portsmouth, Mr. Boyce
 ‘Combe of Hill House, Portsmouth ; Captain Christie of Holywell
 ‘House, was a member, but did not hunt ; Captain Conran of North-
 ‘brook House, who migrated to Guernsey ; Captain Hugonin of
 ‘Nursted House was a regular man, but gave up from rheumatism ;
 ‘Captain Montagu Dettmar of West Leigh, Mr. George Onslow
 ‘Deane of Bishopstoke, a very hard man ; Mr. R. Herbert of Oatland,
 ‘Purbrook ; Captain, now Earl, Poulett of Purbrook ; Mr. James C.
 ‘Bourchier of Shidfield, Mr. Michael Seymour of Catherington
 ‘House, Horndean ; Major Briggs of Catherington House, Captain
 ‘Eccles of Oak Lodge, Fair Oak ; Captain Brace of Cattisfield,
 ‘Fareham ; Major Orred of Rooksbury, Colonel Charles W. Ran-

‘dolph of Bishopstoke, Captain George Day, R.N., V.C., of
‘Nursling, and Mr. Gully, who lived at Marwell Hall.

‘Amongst the farmers, Mr. J. Hinxman was well known on his
‘half-bred stallion Black Prince, which he would ride over the yard-
‘gate with nothing on but a plain hemp halter, and who got some very
‘good hunter stock. During the season of 1858 Mr. Long was
‘obliged to go on the Continent for his health, so that Mr. Wynne
‘Hornby of Upham acted as Master in his absence; and in 1859
‘Captain, now Earl, Poulett became the Master. His first kennels
‘were at Droxford, but he afterwards built some exceedingly good
‘ones at Waterloo, and a large portion of Colonel Wyndham’s
‘country was added to the Hambledon. Alfred Munns was his first
‘huntsman (since dead), and Robert Price, now with Lord
‘Coventry, whip; then came Will Cox, who had formerly
‘hunted the Vine in 1860, and Alfred continued under him as
‘whip; and later on Tom Champion, and Will Cox’s son Charles
‘whipped in. Lord Poulett was not content to be Master in
‘merely the name, but took the horn himself on alternate days
‘with Will Cox, sometimes both being out even on the same day,
‘not contented with six days a week. The horses were many
‘of them brought from the Isle of Wight, one of the best countries
‘on earth for schooling, as it is sure to make them clever, and every-
‘thing was done on the most liberal scale. His Lordship may be
‘termed a good all-round sportsman, as he is capital on the coach-
‘box, and his natty little team of browns are as well known on
‘southern racecourses as they are in the Park. He has occasionally
‘ridden on the flat; and as an owner of steeplechase horses is second
‘to no one of the present day, having owned that good little horse
‘Benazet, who at his own distance was a perfect wonder; Cortolvin,
‘which he sold to the Duke of Hamilton, and last, though not least,
‘The Lamb, who could carry any weight, and was twice returned as
‘winner of the Liverpool, and at a third essay gained even more
‘glory by the way in which he ran under the top weight, though he
‘could not quite win. Strange to say, both his Lordship’s favourites,
‘Benazet and The Lamb, met with fatal accidents on the Continent,
‘though the latter had passed out of his possession at the time of his
‘death. Lord Poulett moved the Hambledon Hunt steeplechases
‘from Wickham to Waterloo, where he established a very capital
‘meeting, always acting as starter himself. He also got up a race
‘and steeplechase meeting at Hayling Island, but both proved failures,
‘and were not repeated. During his mastership the hounds had a
‘great run from Broad Halfpenny Down, finding in a piece of gorse
‘near Hogg’s Lodge, and racing over Buriton Down at such a pace
‘that no horse could live with them to Ditcham, across the water
‘meadows to Petersfield Pond, by Durford Bridge, and pulled him
‘down on the edge of the brook by Pen Farm, in the occupation of
‘that good friend to hunting, Mr. Seward: time, one hour and twenty
‘minutes. Those up at the kill were, Captan Poulett, Mr. J. Vidler,
‘Mr. J. Hugonin, Mr. Campbell-Wyndham, Mr. R. Payne, Mr.

‘ J. E. Paddon, Mr. R. King, Captain Lambert, and some officers from Portsmouth. In 1861 these hounds met at Chilgrove on the 1st of March, and found near Westdean House; over Cucumber Hill, through the Marlows, over Cocking Hill and down Stedcombe Bottom to Bepton, where the ground was very trying for both horses and hounds, over Midhurst Common, crossed the river at Woolbeding, passed Stedham Mill to Pound Common and Paling’s Copse, where he was run into in the open: time, two hours and ten minutes with scarcely a check. Captain Poulett, on Irish Molly, handled them the greater part of the run, as Cox’s horse threw a shoe. Captain H. Jervoise went well on Multum in Parvo, and Sir Jervoise Clarke Jervoise on Mountain Maid; also Messrs. Wise, Clark, Habin, and Peskett.

‘ In 1867, Lord Poulett resigned the Hambledon, and was succeeded by Colonel Bower of Studwell Lodge, Droxford, a good rider to hounds and well known in connection with the Droxford Light Horse, who had John Hollings, who had been a whip with the Quorn and Mr. Tailby, as huntsman. He held the command until 1870, when Captain Sullivan took the country and hunted the hounds himself until his melancholy end, occasioned by a fall from his horse near the end of the season. His father kept the stag-hounds before Mr. Hubert de Burgh. Mrs. Sullivan was a remarkably fine horsewoman. Then Mr. Walter Long of Preshaw, to the joy of the whole county, again became Master; and last year, with Tom Phillips as huntsman, had a fair season. Phillips is a smart little fellow, who has seen service with the South Berks, Lord Dacre, and the Duke of Buccleuch, hunted a pack of harriers for Captain Gaisford in Sussex, and then went to Gibraltar, and hunted harriers in Ireland for Mr. Stanners, where he had first-rate sport, the country being all grass and stone walls. One season he had seventy-two falls; and they were as particular in the pack—all pure-bred foxhounds—as the Belvoir or Quorn. From here he came to Mr. Long.

‘ Hunting during the last two or three seasons have been—Sir Jervoise Clarke Jervoise of Idsworth House, who always likes to be first; Colonel Briggs of Catherington House, a good sportsman; Sir William Knighton of Blendworth, Mr. Higgins of Hambledon, and his son Mr. William Higgins, a first-rate performer, who knows well how to get to hounds; Mr. Ridge of Hambledon, a fine old sportsman, whose grandfather was Master of the H. H. for many years; and Mr. W. H. Barkworth of Cams Cottage, formerly well known in the Holderness country, both of them recently deceased; Mr. Charles Day of Southampton; Mr. T. Wynn Hornby of Upham House, Captain W. H. Eccles of Fair Oak, very neat in his appointments and horses, who could distinguish himself in a far better country than the Hambledon; Mr. George Atherley of Northbrook House; Mr. George Onslow Deane of Bishopstoke, Mr. Beverley Robinson of Bishopstoke, Mr. Wilson of Hazleholt, who

‘ goes well, learnt his business in Huntingdonshire; and his
 ‘ brother, Mr. Alexander Wilson of Hambledon; Captain Gordon,
 ‘ R.N., of Hambledon, who likes to keep his place in the field;
 ‘ Mr. A. Barton and Mr. Acheson Gray of Bishopstoke, Mr. Perry
 ‘ Standish of Marwell Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carter of Wick-
 ‘ ham, Mr. C. Radcliffe, than whom there are few better men
 ‘ to make a hunter in a short time; Captain Sanderson, Mr.
 ‘ Carpenter Garnier of Rookesbury, now M.P. for South Devon;
 ‘ Mr. R. King Wyndham of Corhampton House, Mr. J. Woods
 ‘ of Warnford Park, Mr. J. Paddon, and Captain Low of Fare-
 ‘ ham, a great supporter of hunting in every way; Mr. Hasler
 ‘ of Exton House; and I must place Mrs. Hasler as first and fore-
 ‘ most amongst the ladies. Mr. Griffith of Shidfield, Admiral Purvis
 ‘ of Bury Hall, Mr. W. Kent of Southampton, a fine horseman;
 ‘ Captain Andrews of West End, who is most hospitable when
 ‘ the hounds meet at his house; Mr. Errington of Merry Oak,
 ‘ Admiral Rice of Hampton Hill, Mr. William Greenwood from
 ‘ Brookwood, Captain King of The Cottage, Warnford, Hon.
 ‘ Secretary to the Hunt; Mr. S. S. Taylor of Upham. And the
 ‘ field is greatly increased by many officers from Portsmouth. Of the
 ‘ farmers, Mr. Pittis of Wymering, who knows well what hunting
 ‘ is; the Messrs. Stares of Upham, Mr. Shrimpton of Exton, a good
 ‘ heavy weight, always with hounds; Mr. Pratt of West Meon, who
 ‘ never misses a meet; Mr. Bovill Smith of Wickham, a glorious
 ‘ heavy weight; Mr. Arnold of West Meon, a thorough good
 ‘ sportsman; the Messrs. Twynam of Soberton, and young Mr.
 ‘ Pink of Hambledon; a large family of Clarks, from Bishop’s
 ‘ Waltham, Botley, and Fareham; Mr. Owton of Chalcot, Mr.
 ‘ Stevens of Blackdown, and Mr. Leggatt of Crofton, who do all
 ‘ they can to preserve foxes.

‘ As to accommodation, the most central situation is Bishop’s
 ‘ Waltham. At the Crown there are very good stables, but we can
 ‘ say nothing about the commissariat; at Fareham a wanderer might
 ‘ live pretty well at the Red Lion, and the stables are tolerable.

‘ At Warnford there is the George, a nice-looking country inn,
 ‘ with fair stables. There is a tradition that it takes its name from
 ‘ one of the king Georges having slept there. There is good stabling
 ‘ at the King’s Head at Wickham. At Portsmouth and Southampton
 ‘ both man and horse would be well cared for, but they are quite at
 ‘ the end of the country.

A MODEL SPORTSMAN.

WITHOUT incurring the imputation of alarmists, or acknowledging
 the appearance of that ‘black cloud on the horizon, threatening
 ‘destruction to the Turf,’ which Admiral Rous has announced, we
 cannot but notice with regret those grim vacancies among the pillars
 of the Turf, caused by death or secession, which a *pejor ætas* seems

incapable of filling up. Year by year honoured names—Glasgow, Derby, Zetland, and latest and most lamented, ‘the Baron’—are pushed from the board, but we fail to find any to ‘succeed to the ‘game’ equal to them in their munificent patronage of the sport, high sense of honour, or dignified bearing among their fellows in the great commonwealth of the Turf. With one notable exception, no one has arisen to maintain the character of high-class sport as upheld by such men as we have named during the past decade; and where are we to look for the spirit and enterprise which has made such names as Merry and Hawley watchwords among their numerous clansmen and adherents, who regard their retirement with feelings akin to dismay? With the yellow and the cherry on the wane, men still clung confidently to the blue of Baron Rothschild, whose keen love for the sport they knew would yield to death alone. That sad ending has come too soon, and we have to regret another fallen column of that stately edifice, whose ruin Goths and Vandals soon seem destined to complete. The question of the ‘deterioration of ‘the thoroughbred’ will soon be lost sight of in the attempt to solve the problem of the deterioration of his owner, and the reasons which deter the higher ranks of sportsmen will not be far to seek, if we look at the class of individuals year by year embarking more and more in Turf pursuits, and content with an inglorious existence among the lower walks of sport rather than those high endeavours which characterised a past generation, and were exemplified in no greater degree than by Baron Mayer de Rothschild.

Turf statistics claim no exemption from the dullness which attends their compilation with reference to other subjects; and in our brief review of Baron Rothschild’s character as a sportsman, we shall do no more than make a passing allusion here and there to Turf celebrities whose names are intimately connected with his own. Nor shall we attempt for one moment to intrude upon matters of mere family interest, the privacy of which should be held sacred from those concerned only with the Baron in his public capacity of a leader and promoter in the most popular of British sports.

With the characteristic shrewdness of his race, aided in no small degree by a practical knowledge and experience the result of observation, from small beginnings the Baron gradually worked his way into that *régime* of racing, the practice of which has been followed by the most successful sportsmen of the day. Not regarding it as a business, but an amusement in the strictest sense of the word, he nevertheless so directed the economy of his breeding and training establishments as to avoid that frightful annual outlay which the exigencies of a modern stable of any magnitude must of necessity demand. Balancing the annual gains and losses of his racing career, he doubtless experienced the truth of Lord George’s well-known axiom relative to making the Turf a paying business; but he was content to accept the smiles or frowns of Fortune without running further risks by coquetting with Chance. He liked to see his horses run, preferring, of course, that they should win; but he

regarded them more in the light of so many pets than mere machines for raising the excitement of speculation. He disliked parting with his old favourites, but did not imitate the selfishness of the eccentric Scotch earl, who had occasional shooting days for old, infirm, or worthless animals, and disliked seeing his blood sown broadcast through the land. His nomenclature was always appropriate, and occasionally happy—a great thing in these days of absurd and far-fetched appellations, and when so many horses cannot even boast of a name at all.

Unlike Lord Falmouth and Mr. Savile, who bred and raced in the same style as himself, Baron Rothschild was never to be seen hovering about the skirts of a yearling sale ring, or strolling through the boxes at Middle Park or elsewhere. If we recollect aright, not even the great Eltham sale could tempt him away from home, where he was never tired of looking at his youngsters, or holding an afternoon levee in his King's box, and a drawing-room among his brood mares. He had a pardonable weakness for animals of his own breeding, and a thorough belief in the means working towards the end, so gloriously attained in 1870, when he swept the board of nearly all the classic races. He thought his big Melbourne mares would suit 'Tom, and bred on perseveringly without attaining any great measure of success; and though his favourite Zephyr was Mentmore-bred to the backbone, yet he had to go away from the home blood to induce her to throw him a Derby winner. In other respects he could not be said to be an enterprising breeder, and with the King and North Lincoln in his paddocks, he had neither the occasion nor the inclination to seek further afield as a general rule. In Markham he had both a trustworthy and intelligent servant, devotedly attached to his charges, and amply rewarded by their many successes. He set a goodly example to many other stud-grooms in his care for and attention to any brood mares committed to his hands at the most critical period of the year. The visitor to Mentmore might see the 'strange ladies' wandering in the same paddock with its owner's proudest mothers of the stud, not separated through any false idea of economy, but eating of the same food, and receiving the same diligent supervision. The very air seemed impregnated with hospitality, and none were sent empty away from either house or homestead. The labours of the stallions were also wisely restricted; and hence, in a green and healthy old age, the later scions of King Tom became worthier representatives of the blue and yellow than the overgrown and weakly giants begotten in the early days of the mighty Harkaway bay.

Baron Rothschild's heart was with his horses quite as fully in the stable or on the exercise ground as when they were stripped for action; and no favourite ever had its toilet made without his superintendence. It was pleasant, too, to see him following one of his winners back from scale, with a satisfied smile on his face; or taking counsel with his jockey as to the incidents of the running. Perhaps head-quarters was his favourite resort, with its early-morning parades and gallops,

and its afternoon canter to the scene of action on one of the most perfect and highly educated of weight-carriers; with its varied half-day's sport and friendly reunions in the evenings. Epsom was a favourite, but, until lately, not the most lucky vantage ground; but he generally had something he fancied a bit for the Oaks, and we never saw him more pleased than when Hippias clipped Achievement's wings, and landed Daley in the 'double-first' list. His Ascot team was generally a strong one, especially in two-year-olds; and for the Royal meeting to pass by without the Baron winning a race was considered as extraordinary as his own non-appearance in the well-known box overlooking the tumult of the ring, whose members would cheer him lustily for saving many a book with some despised outsider. Goodwood, of course, no man of his tastes and pursuits could miss, and its Cup was always the ardent object of his ambition. Of racing in the north he was not the same consistent patron as many of his contemporaries; but the reception of Hannah's victory showed that his name had become as popular with the Tykes as with the southerners. He was no great hand at matching, and the Favonius and Sterling issue was never decided, the Heath House celebrity having been withdrawn despite the frantic crowing indulged in after his Cambridgeshire running, thereby forcing public opinion to the conclusion that, although his party might fairly challenge the Derby winner at a mile, they dared not ask their crack to 'go twain.'

As a member of the Jockey Club, Baron Rothschild cannot be said to have taken a leading part in its affairs; but inasmuch as their deliberations are a sealed book to the many, we may be doing unintentional injustice to him in an administrative capacity, which has certainly never made itself clear to the racing world. If he erred sometimes, as we know he did, on the side of exclusive conservatism, and in his zeal for maintaining the Median laws which had governed Newmarket so long, on the other hand he rode no pet hobby to death, and wisely abstained from pledging himself to any of those wild schemes of reform which have marked the later epochs of the Jockey Club Parliament.

Men might laugh at him for sending his sovereign or two into the ring to back some animal of his own, or sneer at his eagerness to secure a fifty-pound plate for one of his beloved King Toms; but they should have recollected that his money was never laid out in backing other people's horses, and that 'to win,' not the stakes, but the race, was always the object nearest his heart. He had all Lord Glasgow's intense love of racing for racing's sake, without the old nobleman's bluff obstinacy, rough speech, and reckless support of his own stable. He resembled him, too, in overweening respect for his own blood, and in a smaller degree in his prodigal style of making entries. Baron Rothschild certainly did not 'make handicaps his study,' but he had that love of sport which induced him to cut in for anything, from a Cesarewitch to a chicken handicap. The cheers of the ring when he upset a 'certainty' (which he often effected by always making it a rule to run his horses if fit and well) was sweeter

music in his ears than the shout which proclaimed that one of 'the 'Baron's' was 'walking in,' when a favourite with the people. It was seldom, however, until of late years, that his favourites *did* win; indeed it once passed into a byword that the Baron's favourites never won, and many ill-natured remarks were consequently bandied about concerning intentions, which we believe and assert were never other than strictly honourable. As there were no heavy stable commissions to be worked, people had only themselves to blame who elevated some horse into the position of a favourite, and did not deem it beneath their dignity to grumble at the failure of their self-elected idol. The King Toms, too, were and are still a delicate, uncertain race, not keeping their bloom for long together, and taxing all the trainer's patience and ability to bring them out ripe for developing the good qualities they undoubtedly possess.

Hayhoe, one of the many graduates of John Scott's university in the North, brought all the learning and experience which enabled him to take honours at Whitewall to bear upon the fortunes of the 'Baron's' powerful stable at Newmarket. The reward of his faithful services came at last, when Favonius and Hannah played the chief parts in the great Turf drama of the 'Baron's year;' and the turn in the tide of fortune hid all the barren and unprofitable waste of many a long-desponding cycle. All the great Rothschild successes have been crowded into the last few years, and we have no space to chronicle, from small beginnings, a career perhaps more uniformly distinguished for unblemished integrity, than for the long series of triumphs which have attended the fortune of others, to whom suspicion has attached less deservedly, perhaps, than naturally in their Turf existence.

The 'in and out' running of Baron Rothschild's horses, which has furnished food for so many ill-natured remarks, may be accounted for partly by the policy adopted of always 'having a cut in where 'you have half a chance,' and the consequent inability of a naturally nervous or delicate animal to 'come' as often as required. At present, King Tom's reputation as a sire must rest with his daughters to maintain, for it is impossible to deny that his sons, as a rule, lack stoutness and courage. Already, however, his mares have made their mark at the stud, and they have been for the most part more compact and muscular (in their racing days at least) than the 'legs-and-wings' tribe, in which we may class King Alfred, Res-titution, and perhaps Marsworth.

Jockeys are but a fleeting race, and during his comparatively long career on the Turf the Baron's blue and yellow was borne by more than one master of his art. When first his fame began to wax more famous, the 'lucky Charlton' was associated with his triumphs, and Hungerford House (which its talented master did not live long to enjoy) bore testimony to the glories of its equine namesake. Wells, Fordham, Daley, Parry, and Maidment, all in their turn held briefs, if not all of them retainers, for Mentmore, and for no other, save Sir Joseph himself, would the first-named have donned the colours of a

former master to show how inferior Corisande was to Hannah in the Middle Park Plate. Long, slim Johnny Daley was, perhaps, his favourite, though not associated with any of his later and greatest triumphs, owing to increasing weight. He liked to send for him to his box at Epsom, and the ladies of the party would discuss with him his Oaks' chance as he stood in the midst of them ready dressed for the fray. Fordham, too, knew him among his many masters, when some awkward two-year-old had to be taken in hand; while Maidment and Parry were his latest jockeys in the more important races. The former he had to thank for the pilotage of Hannah during her brilliant three-year-old career; but poor Tom French had the Favonius mount on that memorable afternoon, when the long array of disasters was broken at last, and the most enthusiastic of crowds would fain have carried home owner, jockey, and trainer back in triumph to scale. To his jockeys, as well as to all persons connected with his stable, the Baron always showed himself a steady and consistent friend, not peevishly seeking better luck in constant changes, nor dismissing any one he believed to be an honest servant at the mere hint of incapacity, which officious friends are always so ready to throw out without consideration. He was generous to the extreme in making allowances, and giving credit for services performed to the best of his jockeys' powers; and once to be taken in hand by the Baron was no small compliment paid to ability and integrity in the rider.

It hardly comes within the scope of an article which aims at depicting Baron Rothschild as a sportsman to make more than a passing allusion to those qualities of head and heart which endeared him, not only to a large and united family, but also to that more extensive circle of society which could appreciate his splendid hospitality, his lavish patronage of art, and the munificence of his well-directed charity. Courteous, cheery, affable and sincere, he loved to gather round him in social intercourse all that talent, distinction, and worth could contribute from the cosmopolitan sphere in which he moved as a distinguished member of the greatest financial race in Europe. Mentmore was more like the palace of some Italian merchant prince, in the palmiest days of Genoa or Florence, than the country residence of an English gentleman devoted to out-door sports, and never so happy as when in the paddock or on the flags. We think, too, he was prouder of the Olympian trophies of his Hungerford or Favonius than the priceless antiquities which crowded his cabinets, the 'living marble' which decorated his galleries, or the gems of pictures which adorned his walls. If his liberality was wisely discriminate, it was also lavishly bestowed, and always abundantly ready for any good work, irrespective of creed, nationalities, or politics. As a citizen of the world, not only in name but in deed, he made all its inhabitants his kin alike; nevertheless keeping wide and liberal views within bounds, and avoiding the numberless snares incident to so high a position.

His death leaves a great blank in society, and the Fine Arts will

lose a fast friend and splendid patron ; but in both places his position will be more easily filled than in the Turf world, where his name will long continue a byword for all that is straightforward and honourable, and his spotless career in a suspicion-tainted pursuit mark him for generations to come as the Model Sportsman of his age.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER II.

'TWAS a soft, dark morning on the first day of leafy June, and a warm breeze, blowing somewhat fitfully from the south-west, was bringing down showers of spray from the forest oaks, as Frank Raleigh and his friend Somers, threading their way through the woodlands of the Dart, were hastening up-stream, rod in hand, to the open moor, where, unobstructed by over-hanging trees, they could cast their flies free and far on the 'brimming river.' Heavy rain had fallen during the night, and the water, slightly flushed and discoloured by the peaty soil, but still not turbid, had assumed that nut-brown hue so especially favourable for entrapping the wary trout at this season of the year, when, usually, the moorland streams are singing their summer song and trickling over the shoals low and clear as crystal.

'This is a rare fishing day, and the water looks in prime condition,' said Frank, catching an occasional glimpse of the streamy Dart as, flecked with foam, it rushed through its granite barriers, like a fiery courser impatient of restraint.

'Then you ought to fill your basket to the brim, my boy, if wind and water are so favourable ; but, fish or no fish, the outing alone on the old, wild moor is a perfect treat to me at any time. It was a bright thought of yours, Frank, going to that nice widow and coaxing her to get a whole holiday out of old Twigg,' said Harry Somers, now panting in his endeavours to keep pace with his companion, who, although younger and less robust, was by far the most active and enduring of the two boys.

'It didn't want much coaxing, Harry. I found out that her late husband had been a naval officer serving on board the "Queen Charlotte," when Lord Howe took her into action and smashed the French fleet on the "Glorious First of June." The moment I mentioned that day, a big tear started into her eye ; and by that token I knew at once my prayer would be granted.'

'Bravo, Frank ! that was a grand manœuvre on your part ; you really ought to join the Corps Diplomatique, and cultivate the talent you so clearly possess ! But Gaffer Twigg couldn't for one instant have suspected that you were the petitioner ; or, after that affair of the lexicon a week or two ago, I doubt much if all the widows in the West would have obtained this boon for us.'

‘True; that would have been a stopper, dead against us; but I begged Mrs. Cornish, point blank, not to mention my name in the matter, which she very kindly promised not to do.’

Through many a deep woodland, and over many a mile of craggy ground studded thickly with blocks of granite, blackthorn, and furze-brake—the last, in full bloom, lighting up the grey hill-side with a golden blaze—did the boys tug on patiently, till at length Bellivor Tor, with its grand massive crown towering over the boggy and desolate waste that surrounds it in every direction, burst upon their sight, and they found themselves at Dart-meet, the fairest fishing-ground on the open moor.

A light fourteen-foot rod by Chevalier, a present from the Squire to Frank on his last birthday, was soon put together; and, as his friend Harry knew little or nothing about fly-fishing, except that it was a ‘contemplative art,’ requiring patience, perseverance, and long training ere it could be practised successfully, this one rod served amply for both, Harry being quite content with the occasional use of it, when Frank’s arm grew weary, or, when seated on a block of granite, he was hunting his book for a fresh fly.

For an hour or more, almost every cast of the line brought a fish to the surface; but, for some reason or other which Frank failed to divine, not one out of twenty that rose seemed to fancy the flies: up they came readily enough; but, with the exception of a few small fry, less wary than their fellows, they either shunned the fly by turning short of it, or by fairly springing out of the water and over the line, as if, impelled by curiosity, they had come up to inspect rather than swallow the tinselled bait.

‘Hang the fish!’ said Frank, impatiently, after he had changed, one after the other, at least a score of his best flies—ginger and rough red, black gnat and blue duns of various hue and size, until he had well-nigh exhausted the small stock of his book and patience together. ‘The river is alive with trout, but the dainty beggars won’t take at any price. Do catch me a natural fly, Harry—the fly on the water, it may differ in some trifling shade from any I have tried, and if so, I’ll see if I can’t imitate it and produce a *fac simile* in form and colour. It’s very provoking to have come so far for nothing. Hang the fish!—there! that’s a miss again!—they won’t have it, and I shall swear at them in another minute.’

‘Don’t do that,’ said his less excitable companion; ‘for, little as I know about the craft, I have always heard that St. Anthony, who is the patron saint of fishes, favours not the fisherman who is given to swearing.’

‘Then I’ll go on the other tack, Harry, and whistle a prayer to the scaly saint forthwith; mayhap he’ll do us a good turn with his capricious flock, instead of permitting our time and sport to be marred in this vexatious fashion.’

‘You may laugh as you like, Frank, at St. Anthony’s power,’ said the other, not altogether relishing the somewhat irreverent tone of his friend’s reply; ‘but, let me tell you, we have a most remark-

‘able painting at home, copied, as my father has often told me, from a picture by Paul Veronese: the saint is represented therein as standing on a rock overhanging the sea; he is preaching with life-like earnestness to a vast congregation of fishes, which, in every direction, are lifting up their heads above the tranquil tide, and listening with devout attention to the words of the preacher. The original, if I remember aright, is to be seen in the Borghese Palace at Rome, where it is valued not less for its quaint subject than for the beauty and power of the whole composition.’

‘Bother St. Anthony! I hope he cooked some of them afterwards for his dinner! There goes another, Harry!—I can’t stand it much longer,’ said Frank, now almost driven to the verge of despair by the contempt for his flies which the fish showed every time they came up to take a look at them. ‘Do get me the fly on the stream.’

Harry was not long in obeying this mandate; as, with cap in hand, he soon managed to procure a few good specimens of the gay, light-winged insects on which the trout were feeding, and which, on examination, proved to be the Golden Sally, an ephemeral fly not hitherto known by Frank, and certainly not included in his limited stock. ‘Give me ten minutes and I’ll manufacture its very counterpart,’ said he, seating himself on a broad rock, and bringing out from the pockets of his fishing-book the various materials required for that purpose.

In the meantime Harry, by way of improving his practice, was whipping the stream hard by with a perseverance worthy of better results, for not only did he fail to hook a single fish, but contrived, by the stiff action of his wrist and the unscientific style in which he handled his rod, to crack off the end fly about every two minutes; consequently the demand on Frank’s book for a fresh fly correspondingly often bid fair, had it continued much longer, to exhaust the supply; nor did Harry escape sundry pungent critiques on the part of the owner, who saw, with strong feelings of regret, so many of his favourite blue duns snapped off and lost to him for ever.

‘You’ll make a first-rate coachman some day, Harry; you’ve only to crack up your leaders as you crack off those flies; get a few lessons from Stephen Tozer or Jack White, of the Quicksilver Mail, and then take to the road forthwith.’

‘I shall never learn either to drive or to fish,’ retorted Harry, sharply; ‘I’ve no fancy for the one or the other; but, if I ever do take to the former, I’ll try not to upset the coach, as you did, when old Twigg touched you up with the lexicon.’

Now, Frank’s temper was like a mountain torrent, up and flushed by a passing storm at one moment, and, with a gleam of sunshine, down again the next, bright and merry as ever; and, as the real story of the lexicon and his pretended unconsciousness had recently oozed out among his schoolfellows, and given rise to some sharp-edged chaff that cut him to the quick, this taunt of Harry’s—his own chum, who had been privy to the plot and knew well the cause of it—was more than his fiery spirit could bear.

‘Old Twigg and you may go to Pluto together,’ said he, boiling over with passion; ‘and the sooner you do so the better.’

‘When I am called on to pay my last debt, Frank, I hope to do it honestly and not with false coin, as you did on those school boards,’ said the other, with a deliberate and cruelly provoking sneer.

This was an ugly counter-hit—a back-hander in the teeth that literally made Frank writhe, while his lip quivered with rage; and, as he had already punched the heads of two or three small boys who had been rash enough to chaff him on this subject, his impulsive spirit prompted him at once to serve Harry in like fashion, forgetting, as he did, in his wrath, that he himself had been the original aggressor in this row, and ignoring too the important fact that, in point of age, weight, and stature, the other, in schoolboy parlance, was old enough and big enough to eat him. This disparity, however, if it ever crossed his mind, did not for one instant deter him from the challenge he at once flung into the other’s face—‘to have it out then and there, and settle the difference by a stand-up fight.’

Reader, gentle or simple, start not with horror at the savage scene which, as a picture of schoolboy life in the early part of the present century, is now brought under your notice; and, above all, turn not away in disgust from the sensitive, high-spirited youths who, in conformity with a national custom, patronised by royalty and recognised in all public schools as the safest and surest mode of settling a quarrel, were about to settle theirs in a fair fisticuff fight on the green sward of that river-side. It may not be generally known that the public practice of duelling with fists followed and superseded a far more deadly mode of combat, that of the sword, in which skill alone in the use of the weapon, and not courage, vigour, and manly endurance, too often decided the battle.

The first great champion in the ‘noble art of self-defence,’ so-called by a gross misnomer, was, we are told, one John Broughton, who, in 1743, established a set of rules which, for many years, regulated the conditions of pugilistic encounters. One of these rules, fixing intervals of time for rest and the recovery of wind between the rounds, was then considered a most humane arrangement; but in the present day, when the government of this country, in compliance with public feeling and the progress of civilization, has framed stringent laws for the prevention of cruelty even to dumb animals, the prolongation of a fight between two men, by such intervals of rest, until from utter exhaustion one or the other of the combatants is compelled to yield, will be justly denounced as an ingenious device for continuing the torture and adding to rather than lessening the brutal exhibition.

Still, for one hundred years, prize-fights and pitch-battles have had their ruthless reign in this country among all classes of the community, from the royal duke who was Broughton’s patron and friend—and who, by-the-bye, was the truculent Cumberland of Culloden notoriety—down to the wandering gipsy, who still clings to the

fashion, and, for a trifling gratuity, is ever ready, at country fairs and races, to set-to and be battered till his head becomes as big as a bushel, and his body garnished with all the hues of the chameleon.

Forty or fifty years ago, without even the excuse of a quarrel, fights were got up occasionally at our public schools for the mere purpose of testing a new boy's courage and endurance; and, as occasionally sad and even fatal results were the consequence, the grave censure of the public very properly fell upon the authorities, who, if they did not promote, took little pains to check these encounters; and thus gradually the system dropped into disrepute, and happily now is chiefly confined to the harmless fists of small boys and lower forms.

But now to the heroes of our tale. To pull off his coat and cravat and cast them on the ground was the work of a moment; and, even before Harry could quite realise the seriousness of his position, Frank was advancing against him with elbows squared and guard up, in pugilistic attitude, implying assault and battery to the bitter end.

'Is there no alternative?' said Harry, quietly buttoning up his coat and keeping his eye steadily on that of his adversary.

'None but an apology,' said Frank, sternly.

'Then,' replied the other, 'I've none to offer; you began the chaff, and, if you will fight, you must take the consequence.'

Harry then, doubling his fists deliberately, set himself in battle array; and as the two boys drew nearer and nearer, each confronting the other with left foot forward and eye intent on his adversary, like two young lions preparing for a spring, the twang of a horn close to them so startled the attention of both that, for some seconds, a pause ensued, and neither seemed eager to strike the first blow—that blow that is said to win half the battle. While thus momentarily in suspense, a weird, wild-looking hunter, suddenly springing from the clitter of rocks hard by, as if just disgorged from their granite bowels, rushed forward, and seizing Frank's shoulder with his muscular hand, hurled him staggering a yard or two backwards, till he well-nigh brought him to the ground.

'No fighting here, young gen'lemen, if ye plaize,' said the moorman, interposing his own square frame between the two. 'Us ha' put a vox to ground in thikky tor and be digging ov un out. I reckon 't wid pay ye both better to han'le hee than to get a scat'ing one anither, like a pair o' ram cats. Howsomdever, let's han'le hee fust; and then, ef fight yeu must, gi' my son Tam a pint o' whit'-ale and a Modbury cripps, and he shall tan the both o' ye in ten minutes.'

This timely interposition, conveying as it did both ridicule and contempt on the combative power of the two boys, more perhaps in the comical expression and crafty glint of his eye than in the mere words of the man, had its instantaneous effect, at least on Harry Somers, who, without a scruple of hesitation, held out his hand to Frank, saying, as he did so:

'I've no wish to fight, old fellow; and if I've said anything to give you offence, I am downright sorry for it.'

‘Thank you, Harry, thank you a thousand times,’ said Frank, fervently, grasping the proffered hand. ‘I’m as quick-tempered as a wasp, and shall not readily forgive myself for forcing this quarrel upon you.’

‘There, that’s capital,’ said the moor-man, well pleased with the part he had played in arresting the fight; but at the same time speculating on the help he hoped to obtain from the two lads in removing some heavy granite blocks which had fairly baffled the united strength of himself and his son, and so far saved the life of a fox they had driven to earth some hours before in the adjoining tor. ‘Noo that’ll bring us geud luck, I kna’t will,’ he continued; ‘vor I heerd our passon to Widdicombe, on’y last Sinday, mak’ a faine ‘discoos on “Blessed be the pacemakers;” and what doth that ‘mayne? Why, that Tam Franks shall han’le thicky fox to be zure; ‘now he hath a done that blessed work.’

The moment the man’s name fell upon Frank’s ears, excited though he was by the predicament from which he had just escaped, the involuntary start he gave too plainly betrayed the surprise and curiosity he felt on discovering the acquaintance he had thus accidentally made. From his earliest years, even in the nursery, Tom Franks had been the bugbear of his life; for, in season and out of season, in the kennel, the stables, and the hall, he had heard his murderous deeds talked about with execration and horror; but especially so at dessert, after a blank day, when the very mention of his name never failed to give his father a fit of indigestion and to disturb his temper for the rest of the night.

Tom, however, although regarded by so many as no better than a burglar or a bandit, was neither the one nor the other; had he been so, the fangs of the law would long since have seized him and brought his career to a close, nor would the wildest nooks of Dartmoor have saved him in such a case. But he was simply an arrant vulpecide, by nature as well as profession; and whether employed by the farmer of his parish in that capacity, or indulging his own innate passion for the chase, the extermination of the vulpine race seemed to be the chief business as it was the chief pleasure of his life. ‘’Tis a nasty ‘varmint,’ he would say, ‘and ouft to be killed on a Sinday morn, zo ‘well as on a wick-day.’

The personal appearance of the man, barring his dress—which was that of an ordinary grooty peasant, wearing a fox-skin cap, fustian coat, and brown cord breeches—was rather in his favour than otherwise: his countenance, hardened by exposure and the rough out-of-door life he led, was rosy and round as a Quarrenden apple, and if it indicated more than usual sagacity and firmness of purpose, a good-natured expression and a fund of humour peeped out from his wonderfully cunning eyes. He was not above the middle height, but broad-shouldered, light on the leg, and active as a mountain cat; and, being tough and hardy as one of the stunted oaks of Wistman’s Wood, no labour tired him, and no difficulty deterred him. Such was Tom Franks, the noted vulpecide, at the time of our tale.

‘Noo then,’ he exclaimed energetically, ‘len’ us a han’, will ye, and us ‘ll zoon ha’ hee by the brish; he aint a vathom down, and us can hear Rag and Tear’em a laying to un like tigers.’

‘With all my heart,’ said Harry Somers, cheerily; inwardly rejoicing no less at this opportunity for diverting his friend’s thoughts from their recent broil than at the prospect of seeing what to him was a great novelty, a live fox.

But not so with Frank Raleigh. The very idea of aiding and abetting this man in his murderous work, and of killing a fox in cold blood, was so repugnant to his feelings and to the lesson taught him by his father, namely, to give every animal fair play, that he was on the point of denouncing Tom Franks as a vile vulpecide, whose barbarities he abhorred, and who, if he had a father, would infallibly as soon murder him as a fox, when it occurred to his mind that, if by chance there should be a litter of cubs in this tor, he might, by virtue of the guinea he had in his purse, save their lives, and get some trustworthy hand to liberate them in the great coverts at Holne, or the stronghold of the dungeon at Pyles. So he put up his rod and tackle, and turning from the river towards the pile of grey rocks, that seemed ready at the slightest disturbance to topple headlong into the stream below, he bid the moor-man lead on; and following, as best he could, over the pathless, rugged declivity to the fox-earth above, he quieted the qualms of his conscience by resolving, if possible, to ransom the intended victim from those ruthless hands, even at the full amount of his own and Harry’s purse.

‘’Tis waste time vishing a’ midday now, and your vlize be no geud, ‘neither,’ said the wily fox-killer. ‘I zeed ’em to your line, and ‘yeu might zo well drow your hat on the water as wan o’ they vlize. ‘Gi’ me a spirt-net on Blackybrook or the little Swincumbe, and I’ll ‘tak’ ten dizzen afore you tak’ wan wi’ that shop-gear o’ yourn, I’ll ‘war’n ee.’

‘That’s rank poaching,’ said Frank, sharply, ‘and no better than “burning the water” by night, which my father says has been the ruin of the Devonshire rivers.’

‘An’ mak’ so bold, heu may your fayther be, young gen’leman? I zim I ouft to know un, ef he’s wan o’ thaise parts.’

‘He’s called Raleigh,’ answered the boy, bluntly. ‘He knows you well enough, and so do I too, by hearsay.’

‘Then you a’nt a yeard much geud o’ me, I reckon, ef you’m wan o’ the Watercombe zoart? Howzomdever, Squire Raleigh follow’th he’s trade, and I follow mine; us be both in the same line; on’y he rid’th a hunting to enjoy hiself, and I rin for my bread; he pay’th for his sport, and I get paid for mine. That’s the gurt difference atween us, you zee. But, fai’, foxes be now getting sca’ce here-about; and I hop’ Squire Crocker will zoon help us to anither coachful o’ they French voxes. They was rare ones to han’le, and hadn’t the sense to save the’selves, like our Dartmoor devils, that al’ays aim for the wust holts and biggest clitters. Why, I’ve a laid out your-and-twenty hours in Waterholt afore I could han’le

‘a rale old Hector, as al’ays saved hiself in thikky clitter; and when ‘I got the screw into un’t last, fai’, he hadn’t a dizzen hairs to’s ‘brish, nor a soun’ tooth in he’s head.’

The French foxes to which Tom alluded had literally been enlarged from a travelling carriage, which an enthusiastic and fine-spirited Devonshire Squire had himself driven into the wilds of Dartmoor, and there, both doors being thrown open simultaneously, the cooped-up beasts dashed forth to stock the country in every direction, and, as might be expected, soon made terrible havoc among the poultry of the Widdicombe and Holne farmers. Not being moor-bred, nor instructed by the wily tactics of a crafty old vixen-mother, the strong earths of the country, such as those of the rubble-heap at Heytor, Dagworthy cleaves, and Huccaby clitter, all fortresses impregnable as Königstein, became known, probably, to a few only of the immigrants, the ranks of which were consequently soon thinned by the energy and hunting craft of Tom Franks.

The trio, led by the moor-man, had now reached the base of the clitter forming the massive outworks of the tor above, when, suddenly putting the hollow of his hand to his ear and dropping on both knees, he exclaimed, in an eager voice, ‘Harkee, du’ee, for wan moment! ‘There, don’t ye hear, mun! Begorz, ef he han’t a shifted farder ‘down, and they’m a tinkering of un, hammer and tongs, home to’s ‘nose! Look sharp, Tammy, wi’ th’ gun; he’ll bolt below, and gi’ ‘us the slip—I know a will.’

At this summons, to the intense surprise of Frank and Harry, a strapping young fellow shot up, like one of Cadmus’s armed soldiers, from the very bowels of the earth, and brandishing a long rusty firelock in his right hand and a tough hazel rod in the left, he bounded like an ibex from one boulder to another, pitching on sharp summits and narrow ledges, apparently without effort or fear of a fall, until he reached the lowermost point of the clitter. There, pausing in his career to turn up his coat-cuffs and cock his gun, he scarcely seemed to breathe as he stationed himself for a shot by the side of a projecting rock.

‘Tammy’s a rare han’ wi’ a gun,’ said the moor-man, in a half whisper; ‘and ev he on’y gi’t’h a chance to zhute un, he’ll gi’ the ‘varmint a reg’lar strammer, I’ll war’n ye.’

‘What! shoot a fox?’ said Frank, indignantly; ‘that’s foul play ‘with a vengeance, and I hope you’ll get well punished for it some ‘day.’

‘Thankee, zur; but I’m more likely to be paid vor it, I reckon,’ said the imperturbable vulpecide. ‘The nasty varmint will tak’ a ‘poor man’s geuse off her nest by dayslight; and fai’, as our passon ‘zaith, him as sheweth no massy didn’t ouft to ha’ massy showed to ‘he. That’s rayson and gospel both, young gen’leman, whatever ‘you’ve a larned to Watercombe.’

While this conversation was going on the two terriers, whose sharp, snarly tongues could now be distinctly heard through the chinks of the rocks, appeared to be forcing the fox by hard fighting and worry

to the very edge of the clitter, where the eager sentinel, by the elevation of his gun half way to the shoulder, and the intent, fixed attitude in which he stood at his post, gave unmistakable token that he expected the wily animal every instant to bolt at that point. Nor was he long kept in suspense; for, unable to withstand the incessant assault of Rag and Tear'em, the fox sprang to the surface, and at once made a resolute dash for the open moor. But he had scarcely taken three strides ere his sharp eye caught sight of the foe in ambush, and instantly turning short, like a squirrel round the bole of a tree, he disappeared again under a hollow rock, big enough, if broken up, to build a set of kennels or an ordinary parish pound.

‘Cri—massy!’ ejaculated the old moor-man, in an agony of despair. ‘That ever I should be the fayther o’ sich a fule—wi’ jist sense enough to kip his nose clean—nit a hap’erth more! Why-for didn’t ee zhute to un, Tammy, an’ he home to the nozzle o’ yeur gun?’

‘I b’ant sich a fule as yeu tak’ me to be,’ said the son, indignantly. ‘I never zeed but the brish of un, I tell’ee, as he flinked it, like a dish-washer, round thikky stone.’

‘Thou’lt mak’ a better han’ at catching wants than voxes, I zee thou wilt, Tammy,’ replied the disappointed moor-man, with a bitter emphasis.

By this time the two terriers were out and after him in a desperate hurry, and, as they dashed abreast into the chasm of the rocks, their eyes sparkling with fire, their wiry muzzles besmeared with blood, they looked the very incarnation of dog-demons in pursuit of their prey.

Frank was on the point of expressing his unbounded gratification at this unexpected turn of luck in the fox’s favour, when the old moor-man, surveying for one instant the interior of the earth into which, on hands and knees, he had followed the terriers, shouted aloud to his son, ‘Han’ me the screw, Tammy. ’Tis nort but a vorce-hole, and ‘us’ll ha’ un out now, I reckon, arter all.’

Frank then for the first time perceived that the long, tough hazel rod carried by the son was armed at the smaller end with a strong screw (designed originally for the tow used in cleaning a gun), and a cold shudder seized him as he saw this instrument of torture about to be applied to the wretched victim within—‘et vox faucibus hœsit.’

‘Hold on, Tammy!’ again shouted the moor-man, as he backed out and placed the butt of the rod in his son’s hands. ‘The screw’s into un fast enow; but zober, I tell ee, zober wi’ un, or, begorz, he’ll gi’ us the slip agen.’

The operation, then, of drawing the fox out gradually and steadily, just as a cork is drawn from a bottle of old port, was very skilfully effected by the two practitioners, the utmost care being needed lest the rod should be broken or the screw break its hold; more especially so as the two terriers, the very moment the screw was applied, had fastened on the fox like limpets to a rock, and thereby greatly increased the difficulty of extraction. At every plunge of the victim, however, an extra turn of the rod gave more hold to the screw, and thus

enabled the men by a steady tug to bring at length the three combatants, fast locked together, to the surface of the earth. Then, like a hawk darting on its prey, the moor-man seized the fox fore and aft; and in another instant, the terriers being choked off and the screw extracted, the poor reeking brute was popped, head foremost, into a purse-net duly provided for his reception.

‘I’d zoonder halle a zammon out o’ th’ dippest pool in Dart than ‘thikky varmint out o’ they rocks,’ said the moor-man, panting with the exertion and excitement he had just undergone; ‘but there, yeu ‘zee, us can ate a zammon arter he’s dead, but I ha’nt yt a tried the ‘tother’—and a gleam of real humour, heightened, doubtless, by his success, sparkled in his eye as he added, ‘thoff I can’t zay how zoon ‘I may be druv tu it.’

Frank having discovered by the smallness of its head that the poor beast was a vixen, and that the screw having penetrated the fleshy part of its thigh, it would probably recover from the wound, controlled as best he could the disgust and indignation he felt so strongly, in order, if possible, to gain possession of the fox, and give it its freedom in some distant and safer spot. ‘And how much do you expect to ‘earn by your day’s work?’ he inquired, by way of opening the negotiation.

‘Ten shillings vrom the parish, and a gallon or tew o’ zider a day, ‘ev us shew’th un about vrom houze to houze,’ replied the moor-man.

‘I have a guinea here,’ said Frank, displaying the coin from his leather purse, ‘and if you’ll sell me the fox and net for that, why, ‘there’s the money.’

‘Begorz, yeu shall ha’em!’ said the moor-man, clutching the coin with an indescribable expression of cunning in both eyes, as the thought probably occurred to him that the animal, if liberated within twenty miles of the moor, would be sure to find the way back to its native tors, and give him another chance to earn the parish premium in the same way.

So the bargain was struck, and the two boys, bearing the fox between them, made the best of their way direct for Forest Wood, in full belief that, by dropping their burden in the earths of that great cover, they would save it from ever falling again, at least, into such ruthless hands.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

ON JOHNNY BROOME, AND OTHER TOPICS EQUALLY INTERESTING
TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

THE Brighton card-case might be said to have passed from the memory of man when it incidentally cropped up in the recent trial of the Tichborne Claimant, and recalled the days of Johnny Broome, who, like other idols of the kind, had his devotees, of whom the victimised Mr. Hamp was an example. The sun of Tom-and-Jerry days had passed its meridian, and was setting to rise no more. Tall,

very tall hats, tight-fitting coats with metal buttons, gorgeous neckties, resplendent waistcoats, tight trousers and straps were still worn, but had begun to restrict their attractions to Sunday, and there were visible indications of a decline in the public taste. At this remote period it affords a peculiar interest to the philosophic mind to reflect on the money we spent, the pains we took, and the sufferings we endured, to stand well in the opinions of those great men, the heroes whom we worshipped, and be worthy of their countenance. You paid exalted prices for your cigar and brandy-and-water for the honour of smoking and drinking in their august presence. You put on the gloves, often to your personal discomfort, with chance customers, to show yourself worthy of the brave. You contributed to stakes, without a hope of return, in manifestation of your contempt for riches; and, finally, you went to a fight to be hunted by the police, and return home starved and minus money, watch, and movables, as a convincing proof of your devotion to the good cause; but, on the other hand, if the tying of a handkerchief round the waist of some distinguished light-weight were entrusted to your hands, or you were permitted to pay for something toward the refreshment of his inner man, you felt that you were wearing a crown of glory, and the cup of your enjoyment was full. A curious specimen of creation is man, especially a Briton. Have we not been doing this all over again at the General Election; attending meetings, smoking and drinking, canvassing and voting, amid execrations, buffetings, and brickbats, for the good of the country in general, and somebody else in particular? We certainly must like it, or we should not do it; and that must be our answer to those who censure us for what we do, and for what we did. Every man is not called upon to set up as a candidate, any more than it was necessary for Mr. Hamp to play at 'blind hookey' or 'wilful murder;' but then he had suddenly acquired a large fortune, which he considered inexhaustible, and resolving to bid high for fame and favour, took the consequences. He was fleeced, and with the aid of an attorney appealed to the law, but whether for restitution or revenge we need not now inquire.

We know that some of the party were tried and convicted at Lewes assizes before Chief Justice Jervis, who, besides his reputation as a lawyer, was known to possess a knowledge of the wicked world exceeding that of ordinary men. The acumen displayed by that learned judge in detecting the false cards and deciphering the mystic note-book is mentioned in his life by Brooke; but the highest encomium on his powers, and which has escaped the notice of the historian, was a remark made by one of the defendants, who, on witnessing his illustrations to the jury of the manner in which cards were selected and changed, exclaimed in strong vernacular that he would take a journey to Hades rather than sit up all night at blind hookey with that deep-dyed judge. His lordship, it is said, was much pleased with the compliment, combining, as it did, vigorous expression with unimpeachable authority.

There were few opponents whom Broome would have declined to

meet, but probably he barred the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and he wisely avoided that ordeal by escaping to Calais. He did not, however, hide himself on the continent, as the sagacious police-officers were led to believe; but, returning to England, found shelter under the friendly roof of an old Birmingham backer—sallying forth by night for a solitary walk by the canal side. A large and tempting reward was offered for his apprehension, and no doubt the officers of justice were considerably stimulated thereby. On one occasion two knowing ones called at his hiding-place, and submitted to his friend's consideration many weighty arguments to induce him to disclose Broome's whereabouts, which they were convinced he knew; appealing to his good nature to give them the chance of the reward, rather than it should fall to the lot of a stranger, in whom he could feel no possible interest. He assured them that he should be most happy to oblige them if it lay in his power, and promised to give them the earliest information. To show his sincerity he bade them come in, and plied them so generously with good things, that when Broome, from the upper landing, saw them depart, he felt that they would not have known him had they met him in the street, and for the present they were more in danger of incarceration than he was. He afterwards surrendered, and was acquitted.

His talents were not confined to the ring; as a foxhunter he distinguished himself upon one occasion at Hampton Coppice, in the North Warwickshire country, when Mr. Shaw Hellier was master. From that large covert it was always difficult to get away; and Broome seeing a fox about to break, hallooed at him a bitter execration, whereupon pug turned back again. 'You shouldn't have done that,' said one hard by. 'I know better; he wanted to bolt; let him stop and have it.' So naturally had the bruiser on horseback blended the pleasure of a close encounter with a gallop across country. His boldness in taking fences caused him to be backed to ride a steeplechase match. Here, however, he was not at home, being literally cut down when he had got half the distance; and his final feat in this department of our national sports was riding from end to end in the Liverpool, which he did for a considerable wager at long odds. Some hero worshippers in a distinguished cavalry regiment used to 'mount' him, and in return received lessons in the manly art; while others practised comic singing under the tuition of an accomplished professor, a friend of Broome's. He took his country rides, and diverted himself by practising the art of balancing and testing the laws of gravitation over the fences of friendly farmers in the neighbourhood of his native town.

On one occasion he jumped over a 'navvy,' who was eating his bread and cheese in the ditch on the far side of the hedge. 'Where are you coming to?' asked the disconcerted navvy. 'Do you want to kill a fellow?' 'No,' said Broome; 'but I think I've frightened you a bit,' and jumped back again as if nothing had happened. 'Your friend means fighting,' said the farmer, as the tall navvy stalked down the field, shutting his clasp knife, and putting himself

straight. 'Does he? let us wait and see,' said Broome, who with his friend had by this time reached the road which is there washed by the river Tame. A fine, tall specimen of a man, fair haired and fresh, his red nightcap, short smockfrock or slop, his big boots and turned-up trousers, presenting a study for an artist in rustic figures, stood at the horse's head, and said, 'Get off that horse.' 'What for?' was the reply. 'And I'll give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life,' continued the son of toil. 'Then I shall certainly stay where I am,' said Broome, modestly. 'I should be foolish indeed, because I should not like it.' 'You must have it whether you like it or not, because I'm agoing to pull you off.' 'Indeed! then I suppose I must do as you tell me,' and so saying Broome descended from the saddle. The navy doffed his nightcap and slop, while Broome buttoned his cutaway coat across the chest. The contrast, as the men stood face to face—five feet seven to six feet, ten stone to thirteen, and a fine young fellow to boot—was as striking as it well could be. They squared for the set-to; the navy made a lunge, which Broome intended to meet with a left-handed counter, but missed his mark. The men closed, and he looked like a lad in the big man's arms; but he freed himself, and stood out again. On the navy's second rush he was more successful, and landed his left hander straight from the shoulder on the fellow's nose, which floored him like a shot. Amazed, and wiping his crimsoned nose, he snorted out, 'I know what you are; you wait a bit,' and rushed to the river to wash his nose, giving vent to his feelings in ejaculatory sentences between each application of cold water to his damaged feature. 'Time,' said Broome. 'Oh, I'm coming. You won't serve me like that again. I'm up to you, Mister Swell.' Sufficiently recovered to renew the encounter, he altered his tactics by throwing his arms forward and seizing Broome by the shoulders; they closed, and Broome wriggled and worked under the man until getting him fairly on the hip he threw him over, his big boots describing a circle in the air, Broome adroitly planting his knee in the centre of his opponent's body as he fell. One prolonged 'Ugh —h —h' proclaimed that all was over. 'Get up,' said Broome. 'Ugh —h —h —h' was the only response. 'Have any more?' 'Ugh —h —h.' The navy slowly rose to his feet, but made no sign of continuing the combat. 'Man,' said Broome, with dignity, for he was an orator, as we shall presently see, 'it is necessary that I should teach a lesson to you and to your class. You thought, because I was a gentleman, that I could not defend myself. You have discovered your mistake. Know in future how unsafe it is to take such liberties; and when you meet a gentleman, touch your hat. I shall box your ears;' and after gently cuffing him right and left, an operation to which the great fine fellow submitted without a murmur, Broome remounted and rode away, the navy and a 'butty,' who had joined him, staring in mute astonishment until he was out of sight.

This is one of his many casual affairs with strong, rough men, and

it was thus he taught himself his art. Anticipating the advice of Mr. Disraeli to the Glasgow students, whenever he failed, and he sometimes did, he ascertained the cause of failure, and persevered until success crowned his efforts. His powers of oratory were displayed at Glasgow, as was the case with the right honourable gentleman whose name has just been mentioned, though under somewhat different circumstances. He was there to fight M'Ginty, with no friend but his second, when he perceived the tide of national feeling had set in against him, and felt that he must stem it or be beaten. The mutterings of the crowd warned him he was not to win. Waving his hand to M'Ginty to hold hard, he turned to the crowd, and said, 'Gentlemen, I am a stranger among you, and have come more than two hundred miles to fight your man. Nothing would have induced me to come so far, and with only one friend, but for the character I have always heard of the Scotch. A brave people can always afford to admire courage in others, and history tells us of their brave deeds. I expect fair play from Scotchmen, and I know I shall have it.' This touching appeal was irresistible. It took him two hours and a half to beat his man; but, said he afterwards, 'I might have fought till now if it had not been for that bit of a speech.' So long as he had a goal to win he was a shrewd man; and in the lexicon of his youth, as Richelieu says, there was no such word as 'fail;' but landing a large stake on the Flying Dutchman, he indulged in libations of champagne and ablutions of eau de Cologne, until—we know his end.

The man who would hold a good position in the circle of the great, as in the larger circle of the outer world, must be ever ready to conform to circumstances, even though those circumstances should be of an unpleasant character. For instance, having tossed for and lost glasses round for a dozen famous men, you are about to pay for brandy-and-water; your challenger calls you 'a sweep!' to insult gentlemen of such high standing by such an offer! He tells you that, had he lost, champagne would have been the beverage—champagne *ad libitum*, and nothing else can be permitted. You do not see the force of the suggestion—albeit forcibly put—and say so. You are 'a flunkey out of collar,' and 'a groom out of place.' The hero of this adventure wore the long waistcoat of the period, and the allusion was too pointed to be ignored. The assembled company insist upon a fight, and fight they must, either in the long room upstairs or in Regent Street, which they please. Historians differ as to the place selected, but the most reliable authorities prefer Regent Street. It was nearly two in the morning; the *élite* of the London Ring was there, for it was about the time of a great fight (the American Giant and the Tipton Slasher); Broome acted as second to his townsman, while some other equally able and celebrated individual performed the like office for the other, who was a London shopkeeper and a distinguished patron. The police were not so troublesome in those days. From nightly intercourse with gentle-

men they discovered and appreciated the virtues of the class, and they were induced to act as spectators on the assurance that it would not last long coming from persons qualified to judge. It lasted half an hour; he of the long waistcoat won, and received the usual sponging and congratulations. His pride and satisfaction, considerable at the time, were afterwards lessened on hearing Broome's opinion that but for those about him he would have 'cut it;' but he was fully restored to favour by offering to fight the gentleman once a day for twelve months for 500*l.* a battle, Broome agreeing to find the money, and there it ended.

As to the pleasure of fight-seeing, probably that between Caunt and Bendigo may be taken as the most severe instance of an effort to be jolly under adverse circumstances, as Mark Tapley has it. The rakings and refuse of London, Birmingham, and Nottingham formed themselves into three separate sets of bands of 'gonnups,' as they were called in the provinces, resolved to make the most of the occasion. A party of gentlemen, some of whom remembered the days of Spring and Langan, chartered a drag to go in style, as they were wont of yore. One, a man of landed estate, told his own experience. 'I put on,' said he, 'a new white hat, a white Chesterfield wrapper, a bird's-eye scarf, with a magnificent pin, and had the box seat. We reached a gate. "Pay here," said a knot of fellows, armed with sticks. "How much?" said I. "Ten bob a-piece." The money was paid, and in return a yellow ticket was given to each man. We reached a second gate, where a second lot of ragamuffins made a similar demand. "We've paid at the other gate," said I. "Then pay again," was the unmistakable reply. There was no help for it, so we paid again—the same price, and got a blue ticket, which we found only passed us to the third gate, where we paid again, and receiving a pink card, found ourselves in the field with the ropes and stakes; thinking thirty shillings blackmail sufficient to keep me from harm, I made my way to the ring and stood looking at the preparations. A smart knock on the top of my new white hat disturbed my meditations, and a gentleman, whose force of character was visible in his countenance, demanded a sovereign for a front seat and some straw. I gave him the sovereign; he gave me the straw and another thump of the hat, telling me to sit down. I am stout, you know, and can't very well sit on the ground all at once, and I knelt upon my straw. In another minute I experienced a most painful sensation—a man was kneeling on the calves of my legs. "Are you aware," I asked him civilly, "that you are kneeling on my legs and causing me great pain?" "Am I?" said the fellow, without moving. "Get up!" I said, "Get up!" "Oh, ah, I shouldn't wonder!" and so saying he put his arms under mine, placed the end of a stick under my chin, and literally trussed me. I could neither speak nor stir. They rifled my pockets, took my watch and my pin, forced my hat down to my shoulders, rolled me over, and told me to sit still and see the fight. I shall never go to a fight again—never,

'sir, never!' and he never did. 'Ah,' said another, who heard his story, 'I was there. I walked with the mob fourteen miles, in my 'oldest clothes; had nothing with me but a cotton pocket-handkerchief and a captain's biscuit, but, by ——! they took both.' That man was made of different stuff, and cheerfully submitted to such trifling inconveniences so long as opportunities offered themselves; and there were many men of his stamp, of whom one other example may be mentioned. A young fellow, all but a stripling, returning by boat from one of the down-river expeditions, sat with folded arms, and looking the beau ideal of self-possession. You could see 'breed' all over him as plainly as in a race-horse or a game cock. His coat and hat had been forcibly abstracted from his person, while his torn and muddy shirt indicated that they had not gone without a struggle; but he cared not a whit. 'I hope,' said a fat and greasy Mr. Chadband, in copious white choker and seedy black, 'that the treatment you have experienced has 'sickened you of these disgusting exhibitions.' 'Not at all,' said the youngster, who would have led a charge of dragoons, pulled the great Mogul's beard, or backed a bill with equal cheerfulness. 'So that they leave me my trousers to walk home in I shall be quite contented.'

T. H. G.

A MONTH IN THE WEST.

IT has been a remarkably open season for hunting. This has been the verdict from every pack in the country, and especially in the West, where a good fall of rain late in October insured a succession of fine sport during November, when both the Berkeley and Badminton hounds had something good to record at the end of nearly every hunting day. Our present object, however, is to pen a few of the more recent doings of these two celebrated packs, and with that view we will begin with—

January 12th.—The Berkeley hounds at Elberton. Found in Heywood, ran hard by Stockwood, Marle, Wolfridge, Tytherton, leaving Rangeworthy on the right nearly to Wickwar, turned to the left, and ran to ground under Milbury Heath; our fox was only just before us, and was bolted and killed. Time, 1 hour 17 min. over a very stiff country, which rode sickly enough. Mr. P. W. S. Miles had the misfortune to have a horse die during the run, and one of Mr. Godwin's only lived till next day.

January 24th.—The Badminton pack at Foss Lodge. Found close to Old Lands, and ran without a check to Allen Grove at a good pace, Colonel Miles having the best of it all the way; we then crossed Badminton Park to Petty France, through the Virge, left Faggot-pile on the left, past Keynton on to Castle Combe, and Ford. Time, 1 hour 40 min.; going, very heavy.

January 30th.—Badminton hounds at Horton; found in 'The

'Bushes,' ran up the hill to Lye Grove, the Virge, Petty France, Bodkin, Chalkley, back to Bodkin, then over the walls to Little Sodbury Wood, and down into the Sodbury vale, killing him in the open close to Chipping Sodbury. Time, 1 hour 18 min. In the afternoon the hounds killed another brace of foxes, though neither gave us much of a run.

January 31st.—Badminton hounds at Hullavington; found in Stock Wood, and had a pretty 25 minutes' ring to ground; found second fox in Stanton Park, ran to Heywood, Hardenhuish, almost into Chippenham, back through Bird Marsh and Heywood, through Easton Spinnies to Stanton Park, where our fox was apparently lost and the field went home. Lord Worcester, however, with that perseverance which always marks his character as a huntsman, would not give it up, and after casting often and in vain, fresh found the hunted fox in Stanton Wood, and killed him after going three or four fields.

February 2nd.—Berkeley hounds at Woodhouse Down; found in Heywood, ran by the Vineyards, Marle, Alveston, past Mr. Bush's house, left Thornbury to the left, on to Morton, turned to the left over Thornbury Parks, and killed him in the open near Jenkinson's withy-bed. Not more than half a dozen absolutely saw the kill, though a few more were in time for the obsequies. Among the former were Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. Burges, and Miss Edith Miles, to whom the brush was presented, both she and her sister having ridden straight through the run, taking fences and rhines as they came in their way. Captain Tomkinson also went well.

Bad scent and frost characterise the next fortnight of our diary, bringing us to the 16th February, upon which and the three following days occurred the best *consecutive* sport we ever remember.

February 16th.—The Berkeley hounds at Alveston. Did not find till we got to Knole, in a withy-bed which owes its name to a celebrated divine now resident near Cirencester. Passing the Mill Rhine plantation our fox led us a merry dance for 40 minutes by Northwick and Littleton, leaving Tockington on his right up to the Vineyards. After this the hunting became slow; but it was a real treat to watch this fine pack plod on inch by inch across Thornbury Parks to Morton, and ultimately kill their fox in the open at the end of an hour and 53 minutes. Both in the fastgoing, and in the slow, two hounds, half-brothers, Wonder and Warrior, particularly distinguished themselves; the former is by Mr. Chaplin's *Regulus* out of *Wrathful*, the latter by the Berkeley Pilgrim. What with bad starts and the size of the fences and rhines during the early part of the run, only a limited number of the field were really in it, and when we reached the big naked rhine with the taking off out of a stiff plough, there were but four who answered the question. It was, in fact, a bumper, almost *Bacchi plenus*, we might say, as our excellent huntsman only got over by the skin of his teeth, and it was nearly a case of 'Going, going, gone,' with the *Auctioneer*,

which he bestrode. Of course Mr. W. H. Miles, who set the whole field at this identical spot early in the season, was not going to be left behind on the celebrated Cricklade; and the other two who got over were Mr. J. Lloyd on Sir Robert, the property of young Mr. Harford, and an elderly gentleman on old Lucksall. We hear the Badminton hounds had a capital gallop the same day in the upper country of over 50 minutes. We cannot take leave of this excellent day's sport without tendering our acknowledgments to Knole Park and its owners for our good fox. May many more such eventuate both in the present and future seasons, and may the Eastwood coverts not be slow in following so good an example.

Tuesday, 17th Feb.—The Badminton hounds at Yate. After Yate Common had been apparently drawn blank, one of the oldest sportsmen in the hunt, feeling convinced that the thick furze in the lower end *must* hold a fox, offered a reward of half-a-crown to any local pedestrian who could enlarge the same. A number of boys set to work, and sure enough a fox *was* the result! However, when the coin was produced it was found to be only a florin; so that, doubtless, there was an early application for the balance next day. We need hardly say that no one grudged the old gentleman the forward place he subsequently held in the run, which resulted in a real clipper. Leaving Wapley bushes to the right, they ran through the top of Bean Wood, then to within one field of Codrington's gorse, turned to the left and went at steeplechase pace right over the vale, and up the hill, which pumped the steeds exceedingly. After a minute's hesitation they carried the line into Doddington Park, through the lower end of the big wood, raced him across to the north end of the park, and pulled him down in the open road close to Cross Hands: time, 37 min.; distance as run seven miles. Mr. Alfred Grace, on the bald-faced chestnut, getting first out of the lane by Codrington's gorse, had the best of the cream of the run, which, however, many others saw well, among them being Lord Worcester, Messrs. Sutton, Lloyd, E. M. Grace, Heber Long, and a farmer, named Drew (we fancy), who was afterwards presented with the brush, the head being offered to Miss Hare, who had ridden much faster than most other people, in her first essay with the Badminton hounds; in fact, we may say that 'most other people' were tailed completely off by the severity of the pace at which we came along. Let us condole with the unfortunate sportsman (we need not mention him, for '*What's in a name?*') who staked his horse so severely that he had to be killed during the afternoon—a rare occurrence, that of a horse being staked in this country; we remember nothing of the kind since Mr. Gerard Sturt had a similar misfortune. In the present case the rider had remounted without observing the damage done, and the game beast actually jumped another fence ere his rider was informed of the extent of the mischief. In proof of this being a real scenting day, the Berkeley hounds had a very fast thing from Redwood, in which Mr. Owen distinguished himself.

Ash Wednesday being the anniversary of the far-famed Greatwood run, the same meet (Swallett's Gate) was made the fixture. Greatwood held another rare fox for us on this occasion, who broke on the upper side, and made his way parallel to the railroad into the V. W. H. country, and so on at a good pace to Wootton-Bassett. Here we got a bit bothered at the outskirts of the town, and our fox must have obtained a long lead, for though we ran right across the magnificent Bushton Vale, the pace was but moderate. However, leaving Cliffwood on our right, we worked steadily on almost to Broadtown, where the hounds could own the scent no longer: time, 1 hour and a quarter. The brooks between Greatwood and Wootton-Bassett afforded the usual fun, and sent a good many of the field round by the railway; and many were the dirty backs to be seen at the finish. Lady Dangan rode extremely well, as she invariably does.

Thursday, 19th Feb.—The Berkeley hounds at Hill's Court. A fox was hollowed close to Long Pool, and going away to the left gave us a rare gallop over the rhines almost to Shepherdine, and round by Jenkinson's withy-bed back to and through Churchwood, on to Hills Wood: time, 40 min. Here we probably changed our fox, but getting away at the bottom of the covert, we had a fresh turn over the marsh, until the hounds eventually divided near Rockhampton, and one lot killed their fox close to the withy-bed above mentioned. The whole time the hounds were running was over 1 h. 30 min., but only seven men saw the cream of it, which was up to Churchwood, viz., the huntsman, Dr. E. Grace, Messrs. Chapman, Burges, Clifford, Tod, and the elderly party referred to in Monday's run.

On the same day (19th February) occurred one of the finest day's sport with the V. W. H. hounds that they have ever had. Not having the gift of ubiquity, we are dependent upon information received from numerous friends who had the luck to be there, though we can hardly expect to do full justice to such a run. They found their first fox in Charlton Park, and ran by Garsden, leaving Andover's gorse to the left, to Hankerton, and then back to Charlton Park, where they killed, after 33 minutes, the last quarter of an hour very fast. On going into Bradon Ponds, the hounds hit off the line of a travelling fox, ran away for Swaffenage, over the Charlton Road, to the left of Andover's gorse, by Hankerton, through Charlton Park, and out at the Tetbury Lodge; then away as if for Shipton Wood, but turned to the right over Bishoper Farm, and again to the right over Hankerton Fields, again leaving Andover's gorse to the left, over the Charlton Road to Garsden, up to Lea, away for Little Somerford, crossing the road close to Mr. W. Powell's stables, on to the Hangrove covert, which, however, hounds did not enter, on to Cole Park, over Grange Farm and Chippenham Road, turned to the left through Corston, up to Rodborne, and then away, as if for Draycot, within three fields of which they pulled down this gallant fox, after running him 2 hours and 40 minutes. Distance, as run, 20 miles.

About fifteen men saw the kill. Those who had only one horse out wished for a second, and those who had two would not have minded a third, notably Bob Warrall, the huntsman, who tired two horses so thoroughly that Lord Arthur Somerset made him the sportsmanlike offer of his own nag to finish the run on, and thus enabled him to kill his fox. Among those who went well were Lord Hardwicke, Messrs. Cator, Bill, C. Bill, H. Pole, and G. Estcourt; but I hear that the freshest nag at the finish was Mr. Gore Langton's 'clinking' white mare, which, be it remarked, he rode all through the run, while the large majority of the *survivors* rode two horses. Colonel Miles, with his son Napier and his brother Edward also got to the finish, as well as Lord Dangan, and a few more, for the absence of whose names we must plead our own run with the Berkeley as a good excuse.

Need we say that 'Election Talk' has formed the chief subject of conversation at our meets during the last month, and that the defeated ones have received condolences as sincere as the congratulations for the victors who have escaped from the snare of the fowler. Thank heaven! there are plenty of good sportsmen on both sides of the House; and this reminds us of an excellent story about a hard-riding Liberal, one of the best men to hounds that it has been our luck to know. Some years since he got his horse planted immovably in a ditch, and then quilting him with the whip, and pulling at the reins, he was overheard to say—'Come up, you 'infernal *Radical*!' Truly 'out of the fulness of the heart,' &c. However, now that the Battle is over, we are sure that the incidents of the combat will be buried in oblivion by all true-hearted sportsmen; there is no more fitting locality for 'earthing' the disagreeables of 'the Hustings' than an English 'Covertside.'

GREATHOPES.

VOLTIGEUR.

MURMURS along the weald, and rumours across the wold

Flying, as evil news ever hurriedly faster spread,
Words in an undertone by each to another told—

Told in a whisper, heard with a wailing—Voltigeur dead!

Voltigeur dead! Oh, keen is the passionate Tykes' lament

For the spotless King of the spots, the hero by whom they swore;
Hark to the splendid groan of an agony long uppent,

When Russborough got to their favourite's head on the old Town
Moor!

Hark to the ringing cheer that peals from the living lane;

Hurrah! for the beavers skied, and acres of silk unfurled,
For sake of the least little mark of a sweaty stain

From whitened flanks of the very best horse in the world.

Hurrah ! for the trophied 'Coop' and the wings of a clipper clipp'd,
 And the haughty noble turning his head to the bitter wall :
 Would it had ended thus—that Volti had ne'er been stripped,
 Broken in heart, to try with the Flyer a final fall.

'Chief of the Blacklock tribe,' 'high-priest of the cursèd blood !'
 'Speedy, and staunch, and stout, and game to the good back-
 'bone ;'

Words ran high as the Swale in its yellowing autumn flood,
 Keen as a winter's blast that lichens the old Grey Stone.

Was he a 'stud success ?'—say, neither better nor worse
 Than many a Derby crack, or Sellinger idol of Tyke ;—
 Angel or devil ? by some ne'er mention'd without a curse,
 While others aver we shall never again behold his like.

Peace—let the bitter past be laid in his grassy mound,
 And the Swale go murmuring by, and the slender grasses wave ;
 And Yorkshire gently tread, like prophet on holy ground,
 And the pensive Doctor strew with a votive wreath his grave.
 AMPHION.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

AFTER a few preliminary skirmishes, of more or less significance, the real war of coursing commenced as usual with a very successful meeting on the fine old grounds of Ashdown Park. The almost unprecedentedly rapid manner in which the stakes filled, and the good quality of the greyhounds entered for competition, gave promising earnest of the good things to come further on, and to warrant a glorious culmination of coursing excellence for the Waterloo Cup. Though making their unwelcome appearance earlier than usual, the obnoxious betting lists were not quoted till close upon the Newmarket meeting ; and Mr. Jardine, from the well-known quality of the 'Muriel' kennel, was at once installed in the pride of place, his nomination being immediately backed first. The Earl of Haddington, however, looked very formidable with the progeny of old Bendimere, and with his fine kennel he was thought worthy of a high place upon the list.

Crowds of meetings all over the land were celebrated before and during the Newmarket week, but the result of the Champion Meeting is always regarded by the coursing betting man as the one from which alone he can at first accurately draw monetary calculations. When that event has been duly celebrated he comes out in all his vociferous objectionableness ; and there being little else in the betting line than suburban 'leather flappery,' he can devote his whole energies and his whole native cunning and powers of

deception to the business of making a book on the 'long tails,' or, as it is now euphemistically termed, 'the Dog Derby.'

The Brigg meeting in Lincolnshire, and that of Ridgway (Lytham) followed, both being well patronised and narrowly watched, with a view to profitable investment upon likely candidates for the great event at Altcar. The Messrs. Lister figured prominently enough at Ashdown and Newmarket, and the dreaded Cræsus was consequently held in evident respect. Still Mr. Jardine and Mr. Hemming kept their ground, it being currently reported, among those who are always supposed to be best informed in such matters, that Peasant Boy was to be the nomination of the latter gentleman. At Lytham Mr. Bake, the Secretary, formally announced the retirement of Lord Lurgan, and also of Mr. Assheton Smith. The deaths of Mr. Spinks and Mr. Teebay left two vacancies, to which Colonel Hathorne and Mr. Twigg were unanimously elected. There is nothing very remarkable, perhaps, about these things; but the retirement from coursing of such a staunch patron of the sport as Lord Lurgan cannot be regarded otherwise than as a misfortune; and the death of Mr. Spinks, whose name has been so long and so honourably associated with Lancashire coursing, and with the achievements of Sea Foam, Sea Pink, Sea Girl, and other famous greyhounds must not be passed over without a passing tribute of respect to his memory, and an expression of regret at his untimely end. The election of Colonel Hathorne must have given great satisfaction, for that gentleman has, by numerous outside victories, long been rising into sound coursing notoriety.

The popular Scotch Member, Mr. Jardine—no longer of Parliament, he having been defeated, strangely enough, by Mr. Johnston, a name very like that which he himself adopts on the Turf, *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*—owed his high position in the betting of course to the fact of the quality of his kennel; and public confidence was renewed, after a temporary fall from high estate, from its having transpired at the Altcar Club Meeting that the '*spes gregis*,' Muriel, had been unable to start, from having been somewhat severely bitten in the shoulder. Mr. Jardine, with Lucetta, however, divided the Croxteth Stakes with Lord Haddington, his Lordship having four—Hurricane, Habena, Helix, and Handmaid—left in the stake; and all of them ran remarkably well, winning three courses. But in the Molyneux Stakes Mr. Jardine was successful with Progress, so that it became evident that he had plenty to fall back upon, even if Muriel's hurt should prevent her from 'coming to the scratch.' At this meeting Mr. Brocklebank also showed up in great form, and with Bravery, Battlement, and Birdlime his chance for Waterloo looked particularly rosy, the last-mentioned greyhound dividing the All-Aged Stakes. But the most interesting event of all at this meeting, perhaps, was the 'first appearance on any stage' of Colonel Goodlake's puppy, Genuine Business, by Racing Hopfactor out of Placid—which, however, he did not run for the Cup, Glorious Apollo being thought the

better animal—and therefore own brother to the renowned Peasant Boy. The dog ran in the Sefton Stakes, and won two courses in very good style, but in the third round he was put out very unluckily in a wretched trial—not the only wretched thing that occurred, be it remarked, for wretched trials are things of too frequent occurrence at Little Altcar. With the remark that old Chameleon, though beaten by Birdlime in her deciding course, performed in a manner positively brilliant, nothing more need be said of the Altcar Club Meeting, except perhaps that the nature of the ground is of such a kind that ‘reliable’ information about most of the performances that take place there must be received *cum grano*.

The Ridgway Meeting at Lytham passed off without anything very remarkable occurring as regarded the running; but it here transpired that the mysterious Peasant Boy, the nomination of Mr. Hemming, had had a satisfactory trial with Fugitive, the nomination of Mr. Dunn; and this result, although there were conflicting accounts of its strict accuracy, had the effect of placing Mr. Hemming clearly at the head of the betting list, and of driving Fugitive quite out of the first batch of Waterloo candidates. Mr. Chesshyre came in for much favour with an animal who had distinguished himself at Lurgan, where he had shown great speed and smartness, in addition to having proved himself a rare killer, and consequently many investments were made upon the nomination at 20 to 1. It must be remarked that the cry of *Arcades ambo* was very frequently to be heard in connection with the trial of Peasant Boy and Fugitive, while of Mr. Chesshyre no doubt was expressed concerning the ‘squareness’ with which he would be likely to fight out his chance. It was rather disappointing to hear of the supersession of Mr. Warwick, after so many years of faithful and thankless service, in favour of Mr. Hedley, who, southwards at least, is comparatively unknown to coursing fame. To Mr. Warwick, however, the disappointment of non-election can hardly be very grievous after the blackguardism to which he was subjected over Muriel’s win of last year; and as the Australians have selected him to judge at their club meetings, no doubt he will find sufficient consolation and balm for his wounded feelings in that important fact. With regard to the Peasant Boy and Fugitive trial, the conscientious historian must not forget to mention that the account given of it at Lytham was by no means universally believed in, or rather relied upon, as trustworthy, there being conflicting statements of opinion as to the relative merits of the two greyhounds in their preparatory ‘mill.’ It was at least satisfactory to learn that Peasant Boy would be the *bonâ fide* representative of Mr. Hemming, and those who knew the good and tried qualities of the dog cared to make no further inquiries, and at once laid out their money on his chance. It is much to be regretted that, in a stake of such magnitude and importance as the Waterloo Cup, there should be any misunderstanding about the reality of any nominator’s intentions with regard to an animal well known to be capable of rendering a good account of himself in any company of

greyhounds ; and Peasant Boy being such an animal, the outside public were beginning to fear either that something was amiss with the dog or that Mr. Hemming intended running something else. Lytham has generally shed the last and broadest glare of daylight upon the probabilities of Altcar, and we are glad that Mr. Hemming set the mind of the public finally at rest as to his intentions, and begged to assure all coursers of the health and brilliant prospects of the world-famous greyhound. After such a declaration—for the making of which, by the way, there was no other actual compulsion than that which naturally suggests itself to the mind of a good sportsman—it was ungenerous, to use no harsher term, longer to doubt the real intentions and ‘tactics’ of any coursing gentleman, and it must be confessed that ‘the Boy’ went to the head of the poll again with something like real satisfaction.

It was not until after the actual draw had taken place that the *cognoscenti* commenced making pecuniary investments in real earnest ; for although the probable starter for each nomination had been published, and the prophets, with all their usual prescience and audacity, had foretold the issue of the great event to a nicety, those who had profited from relying upon these predictions on former occasions perceived too clearly that the inspirations were all drawn from the same source, and that ‘public form’ was the only criterion from which conclusions were drawn. It does not require a very inspired prophet to predict the *probable* success of Muriel or Peasant Boy after the achievements those animals have performed ; and it is curious to observe that every ‘vaticinator’ included them in the list of his probable winners. When the draw at length took place, and not until then, the public knew what greyhound each nominator would run ; and the inability to acquire this knowledge before the draw is one of the chief objections to coursing as at present carried out at head-quarters. It is a great pity, for the true interest of sport, that such a difficulty should exist in the case of gentlemen who are well known to be the possessors of excellent kennels, and who have been before the world for many years as good sportsmen and genuine ‘lovers of the ‘leash.’ And perhaps it has been from a conviction that certain little ‘Turf tricks’ are played at Altcar as well as at Bromley that many respectable newspapers recommended particular kennels instead of particular nominations. Gentlemen cannot always be represented by the best dog they have in training ; but the public would be quite satisfied if they could know that each kennel would be represented by the best animal that could be got fit, and that some other ‘dark’ candidate would not be put forward at the last moment, ‘when something had happened to prevent that best animal from running as the *bonâ fide* representative of his legitimate owner. There are so many really good old English sportsmen among the nominators for the Waterloo Cup, that one becomes dissatisfied with the present system of latitude allowed in the matter of representation. It must have been eminently satisfactory to the generality of public coursers, at all events, to see appended to the programme a notification to the

effect that affairs would 'be governed by the National Club Rules, 'except that nominations would not be void by reason of postponement.' Mr. Borron made some strong and sensible objections to this rule some time ago when a postponement took place on account of frost; but Lord Sefton has taken care that there shall be no misunderstanding concerning the matter of postponement in future on any grounds belonging to him.

The National Coursing Club held their annual meeting on the day of the draw-dinner as usual, and among the motions was a curious one of Mr. Stocken's: 'That during the months of November, 'December, and January no dog shall be slipped after four o'clock 'P.M., and at other times not later than five P.M.,' and, as might have been expected, this was negatived pretty conclusively. The dinner—with the gallant Colonel Goodlake in the chair—was held at the Adelphi Hotel, and it was a most successful one, while all anticipations of an interruption from frost were happily dispelled.

It is not a little singular that, with the exception of Muriel and Peasant Boy, none of the prophets predicted the probable chance of Black Knight, Amethyst, Bandon Bells, or Cræsus, all which animals ran well this year, and the last mentioned was actually singled out to be the positive winner last year. Public form is apparently a treacherous source from which to draw inspiration in coursing matters; and, after the experience of this year's Waterloo Meeting, distinguished as it has been by the more than ordinarily disgraceful overthrow of the favourites, it would probably be the wisest plan to turn a deaf ear to prophecy altogether, to disregard public form, and to trust to the chance of an outsider, who is the representative of a courser well known to fame, and bent upon winning the stake if he can procure a greyhound good enough for the purpose. In future with regard to coursing vaticinations and apparently 'real 'good things' in connection therewith it may be as well to exclaim 'Unreal mockery, hence!'

Much consternation was caused among the Muriel party when it was ascertained that she had been beaten in her preparatory trial with Progress, a kennel companion and the property of Mr. Jardine, but running in the nomination of Mr. Gibson. And for this there was good reason; for although considered well drawn, Muriel was out of all form and was beaten in her first essay, although some thought unsatisfactorily, by Magnano—by Cauld Kail out of Isoline. In fact, Mr. Jardine's kennel must be out of all form entirely, for his three other greyhounds, Progress, Lucetta, and White Slave, made hardly a better fight of it, the last named only getting through the first round, and being put out in the first ties by Willie Galwey, which ran for Mr. G. F. Wise. The opening day was probably the most disastrous one for the favourites ever known at Waterloo, for scarcely a single greyhound of reputed fame lived through the first ties; and it is remarkable, but perhaps satisfactory, that they all suffered the most unmistakable and ignominious defeats—satisfactory, that is to say, inasmuch as there was no misunderstanding about any of the courses.

Poor Peasant Boy, the quondam famous son of Racing Hopfactor and Placid, was taken by 'Surprise' with a vengeance, for that animal—by Sir William out of Modesty—obtained a hollow victory, though the Boy showed in front for a time and scored some points, but he was entirely outpaced and outworked, Surprise finishing with two wrenches and a kill. This result could hardly have been unexpected after Peasant Boy's slovenly performance with Red Prince in the first round. Perhaps as great a surprise as any during the day was the overthrow of Mr. Hornby's Hamilton, a nomination which had always commanded genuine support, by Mr. Evans's Esmeralda, by Bendimere out of En Avant. Mr. Hornby's representative scarcely made a point in the course, Esmeralda leading decisively from slips, and rattling her hare about without any assistance until at the close, when she and her opponent killed together. Bandon Bells, however, who ran for Mr. Briggs, and is by Master Bell out of Briggs's Blarney, afterwards well beat Esmeralda, and therefore was considered about as good as anything left in. The Irishmen were sorely disappointed at the defeat of Royal Mary, but they had three good animals still left to fight for them. Fugitive won his courses very well, and the same may be said of Darcarolle, Diacticus, Larriston II., Tyrant, Amethyst, and Surprise. And among these it must have puzzled the most acute prophet to make a selection.

On Thursday proceedings commenced on the Gore House meadows, where several good trials were witnessed for the second ties. Larriston II. and Fugitive had an undecided, but at the second attempt, although Larriston led, Fugitive got in and won well. Willie Galwey then outpaced the veteran, Black Knight, and did enough to gain the *fiat* before Mr. Borron's dog got placed, when he again raced past, and left off with any amount to spare. Sir William Don's course with Alice Knott was rather unsatisfactory, as the bitch was unsighted from slips; but when she 'got upon terms with the foe she could not do much, and was fairly beaten. Amethyst then made an example of Milky Way—by Bendimere out of My Stars—and had she not tripped in an attempt to turn, would have finished alone. The most interesting course in the second ties was, however, undoubtedly that between Surprise and Darcarolle; for, after running some distance as if coupled together, the former got slightly in front, and in a famous give-and-take and fine working trial, had always a bit the best of the pace, and won an excellent course. After an undecided, for which neither was much the worse, Bannockburn and Heath finished in the order named, and without doubt as to the correctness of the decision.

In the third ties, and when, as may be imagined, the excitement was becoming intense—this being the first course—Fugitive and Willie Galwey were first in slips, and the latter at once led by two clear lengths. The hare bent favourably towards Fugitive, who then made a few points, and finished with a kill—a fortunate thing, as 'Willie' got off with such advantage that affairs might have ended differently but for the eccentricity of puss. Willie Galwey is by Master

Nathaniel out of Gipsy. Magnano won his course with Sir William Don, from whom the hare kept shifting, when the former got in after a bad start; Magnano, after getting past the baronet, made several points, and then stumbling in an attempt to kill let in Sir William. The hare favouring him, however, Magnano raced past again and killed, thus rendering matters decisive in his favour. Diacticus and Amethyst then settled their disputes without much difference of opinion, the nomination of Colonel Hathorn leaving the once celebrated bitch entirely in the lurch; and it was so palpable a beating that many thought that Amethyst had shown more of the 'lurcher' than of the greyhound. Of course, that meant only that she appeared to run cunning, a not uncommon failing in elderly greyhounds, but she was in reality hopelessly lame. She is by Ghillie Callum out of Rosina, and as she was bred by Mr. W. H. Clark, there is not much doubt concerning her pedigree. Bannockburn, before suffering defeat from Surprise, the redoubtable vanquisher of Peasant Boy, managed to lead slightly from slips, but Surprise soon forged ahead, and working the hare about in a determined manner killed grandly. And thus ended the third ties, very satisfactorily so far as the judge was concerned, but not equally so as regarded the slipper. There is every excuse for curiosities in the art both of judging and slipping over Altcar; but Wilkinson will hardly have added much to his renown by his performance in this year's slipping for the Waterloo Cup. The news that the Earl of Haddington had been elected as one of the Representative Peers of Scotland to sit in the new Parliament was very gratifying, and this will soften the blow of defeat on a more useful field of action.

On Friday there was an immense crowd out on the plains to witness the wind-up to this most exciting of Waterloo Cup contests, and the Hill House flat was chosen for the *finale*. Magnano and Fugitive were slipped to a good hare, and the former drew in advance quite three lengths, and gained first turn and two next points. Fugitive got in front for an instant or so, but Magnano again drew clear past, and won the course, leaving the favourite almost pointless. Surprise and Diacticus were then put in slips, and Surprise immediately headed Diacticus by two lengths to the sough. Here the hare was out of sight for a moment, and Diacticus floundered into the ditch in an attempt to kill: the hare was soon out on the bank and Diacticus also, but Surprise got up, wrenched prettily, and killed. The cap, however, came off. In their next trial Surprise did not give his opponent much chance, as he led a long distance from slips, brought his hare round, wrenched twice, and made a very fine kill. This brought the fourth ties to a conclusion, and now there was naturally great excitement to witness the deciding course for the 'Blue Riband of the Leash.' It would require the pen of a Tacitus to describe this momentous event with perfect conciseness and accuracy, therefore, inaccurate as the following account may be, it shall not be asserted with truth that it is not concise. The hare was found on the 'Within's,' and Magnano and Surprise struggled gamely for some distance for

the lead ; at length this was gained by Magnano by a length, after which he scored another point. Surprise's turn had now come, and he gained two points ; but Magnano, not to be stalled off, again took possession, and after a good deal of give-and-take work, in which Surprise did his share, left off an undoubted winner, for although the kill was against him, he yet had the run up in his favour, always a great thing on this ground. This was one of the finest deciding courses ever witnessed at Altcar, where for the most part the final struggle for the Waterloo Cup has been a very scrambling affair. This was an exciting wind-up, but sensational it can hardly be called, when the scene that followed the victory of Master McGrath and the defeat of Peasant Boy is remembered.

The victory of Magnano was most unexpected, but no coursing man will grudge Mr. Morgan his well-earned laurels, for no more honourable name stands on the list of Waterloo Cup nominators. Some sympathy, however, is due to Mr. Massy for the defeat of Surprise, as that good greyhound had a hard time of it, and his second trial with Diacticus might have been dispensed with. Magnano's pedigree is stated above. He is a red dog, in his third season, and weighs 63 lb. In last year's contest he was put out by Magenta, after defeating Lignite and Bed of Stone; and this season, at the South of England Club November Meeting, he beat Piping Robin, Whist, and Quoit, and was beaten, after leading her a long way, by Belle of Havering. This victory of Magnano will tend to dispel the notion that third-season greyhounds are of no use at Altcar.

It is usual, and certainly it is always pleasant, to conclude a description of the coursing for the highest honours of the leash with a tribute of praise to the judge and the 'fewterer,' and richly enough has this praise been earned on many occasions, for judging and slipping at Altcar are no easy matters among such an unruly crowd of spectators. On this occasion, both judge and slipper have been 'damned with faint praise;' and it is hoped that they may earn laudation in a more unqualified manner the next time of the exercise of their thankless and very arduous duties on the plains of Altcar. It remains only to add that the ground was in good condition considering the weather we have been lately having ; and that the crowd was not nearly so large as usual, and the behaviour of the whole far more creditable to a coursing field than that which frequently distinguishes the contest for the Waterloo Cup.

SIRIUS.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Failures.

WHAT a turbulent time did not the month open with? King Gladstone had flung down his glove, which King Disraeli hastened to pick up, while we Bezonians ranged ourselves under our respective banners, and helped the sovereign of our choice to the best of our ability. Among the parcels with which the 'Van' is laden, that labelled politics rarely finds a place; but on this occasion we have no hesitation in admitting it, because politics had not so much to do with the issue of the combat as popularity. There was once upon a time a celebrated Ministry in this country that went by the name of 'All the Talents.' It was not undeserving of that appellation, and it appealed to the nation, if we remember rightly, under circumstances somewhat similar to those in which Mr. Gladstone issued his imperial manifesto to the electors of Greenwich. But there was one essential difference. All the Unpopularities had now replaced All the Talents,—and it must be owned the comparison was not favourable. The Unpopularities were very worthy and excellent men no doubt (all unpopular people are), but their deeds or misdeeds cried to heaven, at least so said the majority of the electors of this kingdom, and very feeble were the contradictions to this assertion. They had alienated many of their old friends, and they had not secured new ones in their stead. Their allies, too, were not always desirable, and the shrieking sisters,

————— 'Obscenæque volucres,'

who ranged themselves under their banners and clamoured for disease and contagion at any price were fatal drawbacks. Above all, they had to a certain extent tried to rob the poor man of his beer, and when we have said that we think we have mentioned their greatest crime. But it was one that brought with it a terrible vengeance. Beer is a hydra. You may conquer it in one quarter, but it starts up a giant in another; and if the secrets of the ballot-boxes could be told, we should fully realise the extent of its power. Londoners do not, perhaps, feel the hardships of the new Licensing Act to the extent that provincials do, but those of the former class who go racing can bear testimony to its tyranny. A sharp request to leave an hotel directly the clock was on the stroke of eleven P.M.,—a request very much strengthened by the apparition of a Bobby with his bull's-eye,—an irruption of the said Bobby into private sitting-rooms to see if any residents in the town were there 'harboured,'—just as Inspector Nipper and Sergeant Gripper look for Champagne Charlies and Flash Freds in Pantom-street dens,—gentlemen of position,—as in one case that came under our own notice,—taken off to the station-house because they quitted an hotel some few minutes past the same sacred hour of eleven,—these were very big straws, and with some few additions we believe they broke that strong Gladstonian back. And a terrible breakage it was. The metropolis pronounced so decidedly, that directly the elections were over a Liberal was as hard to find as Arthur Orton, and our unanimity was wonderful. 'Where,' says Mr. Compton in that most laughable piece of absurdity, 'Committed for Trial,' at the Globe Theatre,—in his rôle of a police sergeant and soliloquising at the station-house,—'Where are all the guilty people? They don't come here.' Where, after the result in Westminster, Marylebone, and Chelsea, were all the Liberals? They most assuredly didn't go there. The 'skedad-dling' at Westminster was of such a decided character that even the Conservatives were bewildered at the result; and that Marylebone, including the

New Road, should return Mr. Forsyth was almost equally staggering. The loss Chelsea, Brompton, and Cremorne sustained in Sir Henry Hoare is to be much lamented, for a more fitting representative for such a constituency it would have been difficult to find. There were many instances of pluck among the various characters who on either side solicited the sweet voices of the electors, and perhaps one of the most notable was that of Colonel Randolph in Finsbury. To those who remember the days of Tom Duncombe and Coroner Wakley, the fact that a Conservative could venture to show his face in that borough without,—as William Day said of the tout who intimated his intention of coming down to Woodyeates,—his returning very much 'altered,' would hardly have been believed. But Colonel Randolph stormed the breach, and moreover made such a good fight of it that Lord Mayor Lusk shook in his shoes. We are not aware if the Carlton and the Reform have a V.C. of their own for distribution among their adherents, but if they have, Colonel Randolph is clearly entitled to the decoration at the hands of the former society.

Many a good man has gone down in the whirlpool of unpopularity for no fault of his own; and brilliant intellects, minds somewhat in advance of the age, wit, humour, and repartee, have paid the penalty of the faults of others. But perhaps there will be found in the new House new faces who will in some way recompense us for the loss of the old. Looking at its composition from a sportsman's point of view, we see nothing to regret. Fox hunting, racing, the gentle craft, will have plenty of votaries on each side of the Speaker's chair. Leicestershire and Newmarket, the pastures of the Quorn, and that other pasture on the Rowley Mile, have secured their representatives, and, if the Turf is to be 'harassed,' there will be a Legard, a Johnstone, and a Walker to the rescue. So we may fold our arms and rest from our labours, secure that neither Conservatives nor Liberals can do us harm, and leaving such minor considerations as the surplus, fresh taxes, and the responsibility of the Ashantee war, to the flies on either side the wheel.

And Admiral Rous in the midst of the excitement of the struggle favoured us with a letter on Turf prospects *apropos* of nothing in particular, except that the gallant writer affects to see a cloud looming on the horizon of the future, 'threatening the destruction of the Turf,'—and as far as we can gather from his rather discursive remarks, the interference of the Legislature is that cloud. We are far from wishing to see legislative enactments brought to bear on the economy and management of our great pastime, and, in fact, have just protested against its being 'harassed;' but as a great many good sportsmen consider some reforms are needful, and as the Jockey Club, or Admiral Rous taken as its mouth-piece, seems to wish to abnegate its functions, who is to undertake them? We should like to be able to share in the Admiral's belief in the halcyon prospects of the Turf—though, by the way, towards the close of his letter he exhibits some just apprehension on the overbreeding and overstocking which is one of the evils of the day—but we are unable to do so. Sorry are we to differ from so high an authority, also, on the vexed question of early training, and, at the risk of 'qualifying' ourselves 'for a lunatic asylum,' must protest against that training being termed 'the secret of our success.' That was an unfortunate allusion to the late Lord George Bentinck as one of the largest triers of yearlings the Turf has ever seen, for that same trying combined with Danebury physic broke down more than came to the post. The assertion that early trials are 'inevitably' to be relied on is equally unfortunate, for do we not all well know that there are many horses given away or sold for an old song which turn out afterwards little fortunes to their new owners? It is towards the conclusion of his letter, however, that we find ourselves happily in more

accord with one whom we so sincerely esteem. Admiral Rous laments over that sin of overbreeding, which we believe to be one of the most unwholesome excrescences on the Turf body. Mr. Blenkiron's example was, in one way, an unfortunate legacy. The 'intense desire to secure a good dividend' has led to bad effects; and we all know, though some of us hardly like to confess it, that the whole thing is terribly overdone. We do not believe, either, that the system can be defended on that principle which, as far as we can make out, the gallant Admiral defends the early racing. We doubt very much if it pays.

Brighton became a great absorbent of the parish of St. James's during the fogs with which our metropolis was visited in the early part of the month. Everybody runs down to Capua-super-Mare some time or other during the winter, and the King's Road is very like a *replica* of Pall Mall. Capua has had a good time, we believe, this season, and gone the pace to the top of its bent. The consequences appear to have been fatal to the Capuans, especially the female part of the population. We never remember seeing so much paint, pearl powder, and other abominations as we did during a week's visit in the last month to that Queen of watering places. Young and pretty girls looking, or trying to look (we are glad to say they did not always succeed) like Miss Blanche de Mowbray (*née* Eliza Watts) of the Nudity Theatre and South Belgravia. The Misses Perkins, from Rhododendron Square, Bayswater, in a ball costume which from the waist upwards might have called for legislative interference from the Lord Chamberlain, if haply that official had had control over Brighton ballrooms. The estimable Mrs. Perkins, also, we regret to say, be-raddled in a way unbecoming a British matron, while elegant extracts from Clapham and South Kensington contributed their efforts in paint, powder, and *décolletéism*, to an effect not altogether pleasing. What can there be in the air of Brighton and its influences that makes women so disfigure themselves? One does not see it elsewhere. Among a certain society in town, doubtless, it may be discovered, but then it is confined to a particular class and set of vulgarians,—and we do not, as a rule, bring the make-up of the stage into our drawing-rooms. But Brighton is always a funny and peculiar place, and its shifting population might find occupation for the pen of a modern Juvenal. The King's Road would be a study for the philosopher, and a Pavilion ball his delight. The Fancy Dress one held there just before Lent was sufficiently amusing, and the local journals went into their annual hysterics over the affair. If they had gone into hysterics over the champagne there supplied it would have been more germane to the matter. There were many charming and pretty faces at that ball—real ladies, who were innocent of paint and belladonna—and there were some other young persons of pleasing exterior with an amount of silk stocking not generally seen out of a Nudity burlesque. In the sacred cause of charity, however, which we know covers such a multitude of sins, we must not be too particular, and we will hope the silk stockings—we are bound to say they were very good ones—helped to assuage the pain and suffering of many a deserving man.

'Though I have hunted for forty years, and might almost be called the 'oldest inhabitant in my county,' writes a good sportsman to us, 'I cannot recall so good a season as this has been.' All accounts confirm this, and when the two or three days' frost came about the middle of the month there were few who could grumble. Indeed rest might have been wanted in many stables.

At last we have news from the Tynedale country, and we think we are justified in saying we have seldom had to chronicle better sport from any part of England.

Though this is only a 'three days a week' pack, the number of good runs has been very great, as the following short summary will show :—

First week.—Three good days, killing three foxes and running two to ground.

Second week.—Killed four foxes, one with a run of 50 min. and one with an hour and a half.

Third week.—Two very quick things of half an hour each on Wednesday, killing the first fox and running the second to ground.

On the Friday a very good day, but the foxes beat the hounds by getting to ground in the morning, and in the afternoon by scent failing.

Fourth week.—Good sport every day, but unlucky in running to ground.

Dec. 1st.—An extraordinary day : killed first fox after a very fast 25 min., and ran a second to ground after a run of an hour over full ten miles of country—straight and all grass.

Dec. 3rd.—A quick half hour and a kill in the morning, and a wide ring of above an hour in the afternoon.

Dec. 5th.—Slow hunting run of one and a half hour and to ground ; close to their fox.

Dec. 10th.—Killed first fox after nearly an hour's work, chiefly in Horsley Wood, and an excellent 40 min. in the afternoon.

Dec. 12th.—Ran first fox an hour, when they crossed the line of a fox that had been disturbed ; four couples stuck to the tired fox and killed him, and sixteen couples went on with the fresh one for nearly another hour, and would have killed him, as he was seen by one of the whips quite tired on the railway at Angerton station. Unluckily a train came up at the time, and the huntsman was obliged to get the hounds off the line ; making a cast to recover the scent they got on another fresh fox, and ran him 20 min. more into a gorse covert in Mr. Cookson's country. The whole distance over twenty miles.

Dec. 15th.—Found on Stagshaw Bank, and killed at Swinburne : 40 min. fast.

Dec. 17th.—Ran two foxes : killed first, and ran the second to ground in a drain after 50 min. work.

Dec. 19th.—Killed first fox in ten minutes, and the second in 1 hour and 5 min : the first 40 min. very fast.

Dec. 22nd.—Two good runs : stuck to first fox for 50 min. and killed, and ran the second from the Heugh and to ground at Shafto Crag : hounds beating horses all the way.

Dec. 26th.—Good day : killed first fox and ran another to ground. Nothing worth naming for three weeks, the weather being stormy, with occasional frost and snow.

Jan. 19th.—Two good runs, but did not kill.

Jan. 21st.—Killed first fox after a good half hour. Ran second fox for an hour and a half—hounds only spoken to once : distance fifteen miles and to ground near Saltwick, a long way out of the Tynedale country.

Jan. 23rd.—A woodland day ; killed two foxes, and ran another to ground beyond the Derwent.

Jan. 26th.—A very windy day, but, getting close away with their fox, they drove him five miles down wind faster than horses could gallop. In the afternoon, unluckily, in drawing the heather on Faucit Hill, two foxes got up in view of the hounds, and were both killed.

Jan. 28th.—A good day, but did not kill.

Jan. 30th.—A very satisfactory day in the Nunwick country. Killed an old dog fox after some good work, and while they were breaking him up

another fox was halloo'd. The dogs were put on his line, and killed him after a very fast fifty minutes.

Feb. 2nd.—A good half hour and a kill, from Capheaton, and a hunting run in the afternoon.

Feb. 6th.—A poor scenting day, but they stuck to a fox for two hours over a great deal of fine country, and brought him to hand.

The dryness of the country probably accounts for the number of runs to ground.

The names of the "meets" are generally omitted, as few sporting men are acquainted with the Tynedale country.

Last season the bitches were the favourites, but this year the dogs have had 'the call.' The truth is, one pack is as good as the other, and they can both chase and hunt in a superior manner.

The great attention Mr. Fenwick has bestowed on breeding has been amply rewarded, for not only has he improved the symmetry of the pack, but also their qualities of nose, assiduity, and endurance are much increased. Their condition also is first-class, and reflects great credit on the huntsman, Cornish. A hound that has been at regular work is never seen the least degree off at the end of the longest day, and they all go home with their sterns up, as if they took no heed of work.

A marked improvement has taken place in the preservation of foxes, and in the early part of the season many kills were missed by reason of changing at critical moments. For some time past however the hounds have been sticking to their game, and generally accounting for their foxes.

The Master has unluckily twice been laid off work for a fortnight. He had a nasty fall about Christmas, his horse rolling over him, and he has lately been laid up with a neglected broken shin. The week's frost has probably been as acceptable to him as to some of his kennel horses, who have had a very hard season.

We continue to hear good accounts from Bedfordshire and the parts adjacent of doings with the Oakley, Fitzwilliam, Mr. Leigh's, and the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Arkwright was unfortunate in the beginning of the year, for there was no scent, therefore no sport; but matters improved towards the end of January, and they have done well since. On the 24th of January they had a run from Milton Mill of 2 hours and 20 min. over eighteen miles of country, somewhat in the figure of 8. An amusing incident in the course of the run created much laughter. The hounds had been going very hard for one hour and twenty minutes, when in a cottage garden the fox slipped through a pigsty and went on over the open country. The second field was a deep plough, the hounds could hardly run the line, and Mr. Arkwright was a little excited at missing his fox, when Mr. Howard, the now ex-M.P. for Bedford, who had just joined the hounds, galloped up to the Master and said, 'Have you heard the news,—a dissolution of Parliament and a general election.' To which Mr. Arkwright replied, 'D——n the dissolution, I want to catch my fox!'

This puts us in mind of another anecdote from the other side of the border, Fifeshire to wit. Sir Robert Anstruther, the member for the county, is very attentive to his duties in the hunting-field, and he was listening one day to the hounds running in covert, when a gentleman gossiping near him said, 'They have dissolved Parliament very suddenly.' Sir Robert thought that he meant the hounds and answered, 'Never mind, they'll soon hit it off again!' We trust Mr. Anstruther Thomson's pack were more fortunate in 'hitting it off' than Mr. Gladstone's.

The Market Harboro' ball this year fell upon a fortunate time, for men and

women danced out the night and almost in the dawn without compunction. It was freezing, had been freezing, and would freeze, and so there were no thoughts of getting up early, of ten-mile drives to covert, no fear on this occasion of expending energies that might be wanted in other fields. A very jolly ball indeed, we were assured by a high authority,—one who can go all day and all night too; and the Leicestershire ladies enjoyed it to the full. But little was done, then, for two or three days after that date (February 5th), though Mr. Tailby and Mr. Coupland both tried hard; and the latter, after going on the 6th to Great Dalby, was forced to return. Previous to that the Quorn had been having excellent sport, particularly on the 30th of January, when they killed a brace, the last one in the open just in time, for darkness was coming on rapidly. Furr hurt his back again in the early part of February, we are sorry to say; but he is about now.

The Pytchley have been having some good sport despite the visitation of frost, and on the 31st of January they had a very fine run from Naseby Court, going by Tallyho, leaving Hazelbeach on the left, by Cottesbrooke, Creaton, and Spratton, finally killing him at Brixworth; pace first-rate all the way; time, one hour and a quarter. On the following Saturday (Feb. 7th) they had another capital run from Badly Wood, going by Newnham nearly to Dedford, then to Everdon, over the brook, on to Stowe Wood, and through that straight into the Duke of Grafton's country, killing at Bugbrook: time, 2 hours—a real good hunting run over a rough country. On the 18th, after ringing round Misterton all the morning, they found a traveller at South Kilworth in the afternoon, who went away to Stanford Hall, across the railway into the very cream of the grass up to the Hemploe; then, disdaining to seek shelter, he bore away on the left to Yelvertoft, through the covert, straight on to Winwick, leaving the latter on the right, to Thornby. The pace up to this point had been first-rate, but the cold ploughs round Cold Ashby and Naseby brought hounds to their noses, and although they did their best, Squires had to give him up at Naseby Reservoir after one hour and a quarter, this gallant fox living to give them, it is to be hoped, another dusting.

'It is an ill wind,' &c., and all good men in this country will welcome Lord Spencer's release from the cares of Viceroyalty. He will doubtless be found in the front rank before the season is over, going in his accustomed style.

The Bicester we hear have been doing capitally lately, and there are some rare good men to ride with them, who would considerably astonish the natives in 'the shires' proper, should the former ever migrate for a few days. The shortest way the quickest is evidently their motto—totally disregarding all obstacles and always in the front, though at the same time thorough good sportsmen, and as anxious as the noble Master himself that hounds should not be pressed upon at a check. We see Lord Valentia intends taking the horn himself next season, a part for which he has every qualification.

It is a good thing to be popular and liked by your neighbours in whatever station of life your lot may be cast. Some men are popular with their own sex, but to be a pet of the petticoats is not always a passport to masculine favour. It is not given to everyone to unite the suffrages and come in head of the poll, but the worthy Master of the H. H. has achieved that feat, and all through broad Hampshire not a man or a woman but call him 'good fellow.' Two or three years ago Mr. Deacon had presented to him a very handsome testimonial from the gentlemen hunting with his hounds; and on the 10th of last month the ladies came to the front and gave Mrs. Deacon a testimonial than which nothing we imagine could have pleased her more, namely, a portrait of her husband on a favourite timber-jumper, The Colonel. The presentation

took place at Mr. E. Shelley's at Avington Park, where the H. H. mustered strongly, and, though a black frost and an east wind made hunting out of the question, everybody, thanks to profuse hospitality and good fellowship, enjoyed themselves most thoroughly. The two spokeswomen, Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Deacon, said their respective says with feeling and brevity, and the good company separated after luncheon to meet again in the ball-room at night—a fitting termination to a very admirable beginning. The ladies of Hampshire have deserved well of their country, and the Van driver kisses their hands.

By the way, Mr. Deacon asks us to correct an error in last 'Country Quarters,' in which it is stated that the best part of the country round Hartley and the Vale, &c., is only hunted towards the end of the season. Mr. Deacon assures us it is regularly hunted throughout it.

This month of February, usually so good for sport, has been a bad month both for the H. H. and the Hambledon; the scent has been bad, and now and then a day of frost, which has prevented hunting. Mr. Deacon, however, has managed to kill some foxes; he had a long draw on February the 17th from Matterley Gate, not finding till 25 minutes past 4 o'clock, in a hedgerow near Bramdean Common, when they had a very fast 35 minutes, and killed at Basing Park.

A rumour has been current that Mr. Deacon has sent in his resignation, but it is hoped it will only prove a rumour.

The Hambledon have unfortunately had three or four blank days. In the country round Bishop's Waltham and Botley foxes are not preserved as they ought to be. Matters are very different from Warnford to the end of the country; Sir J. C. Jervoise of Idsworth House is a grand example, for he has plenty of foxes and as much game, if not more, than anyone in the Hambledon country. It is a hard case upon the Master, and heart breaking to Phillips the huntsman, who has his hounds in most perfect condition—they never tire in the longest day, and their coats shine like race horses—they look as if they were in the habit of using 'Macassar oil.' At Warnford Park, the residence of Mr. Woods, on Saturday the 21st, they found directly in his osier bed, and afterwards they found on Old Winchester Hill, and had a very nice gallop to Highden, then slow hunting to Harwood, and killed in Westbury Park.

On Monday the 16th the Hursley had a 55 minutes without a check. Killed a fine old dog fox. Found at Cranbury, and killed at Chandlers Ford.

We are very sorry to hear the announcement that Mr. Trelawny gives up his hounds at the end of the season, but the regret will be much more keenly felt by all good sportsmen in the West of England, though the decision 'the squire' has come to has not been altogether unexpected. He will keep the hounds till Midsummer, and will give the field all the assistance in his power to enable them to establish a subscription pack, to which he will himself subscribe. There is a good prospect, we believe, of plenty of money forthcoming, but no Master has yet been mentioned. The field will meet on the 2nd March, under the presidency of the Earl of Morley, when, probably, a committee will be chosen to carry out the requisite arrangements.

The racing world is awaking from its torpor, and has broken ground with some rather melancholy jumping at Birmingham, Bromley, and Derby. The first named, a postponed meeting, suffered in consequence, and was only remarkable for the two easy wins of Referee, who, having nothing to beat and small fields to encounter, was a real good thing, by which, we hope, Sir William Throckmorton profited. The Lincoln Handicap and the Liverpool are, of

course, the two events that absorb what speculation there is; but that is not much. Andred has been a pretty firm favourite since the weights appeared, with the exception of a brief period when that very doubtful customer, Hochstapler, was elevated to that position. The perpetual Curate has, of course, figured in the quotations; and Oxford Mixture, with 7 st. 4 lb. on her, has found friends, though the most that can be expected of her, as it appears to us, will be her getting her familiar 'situation.' Everybody asks if Salvanos is the horse he was the year before last; but there seems a difficulty in getting the question answered, for we believe Mr. Radcliff knows as yet nothing about him, except that he is going in something like his old form. The horse is, no doubt, with 7 st. 4 lb. on him, wonderfully well in; and we only wish, for his owner's sake, he may come to the post, with Archer up, the same animal that cantered in for the Cesarewitch four lengths a-head of his field. There would not be much doubt about the result then, only Mr. Radcliff must make up his mind to his being a terribly warm favourite. Somebody is backing Salvanos apparently, not his owner we should say; and it might be as well if early birds held their hands. We were informed at the beginning of February that Wenlock would certainly win the Lincolnshire, and that his party were about to back him for a large stake. We don't believe that the latter assertion has as yet, at the time we write, any foundation in fact; and the former one we dissent from *in toto*. Wenlock may be a very good horse, but we don't think he can carry 9 st. 4 lb. to the front, with Andred and Salvanos (if fit) in the race. Neither do we share in that high opinion of Newry which some excellent judges entertain, good horse though he is. If an outsider is to win the Lincolnshire, we have most fancy for the Lemonade colt; but there may be half a dozen others as good as he. The Liverpool appears to us a much harder nut to crack than the flat race. It is, we believe, a settled article of faith that whoever or whatever beats what we may call Captain Machell's lot will win the Grand National, and the faith has a strong foundation. Two difficulties have to be overcome. In the first place, we must find out the horse of that powerful stable,—and finding him, must find another to beat him,—and then we have the Liverpool cut and dried. Disturbance, Defence, and Furley are, no doubt, steeplechasers of the first class as times go, and with a horse in another stable, Ryshworth, the top weights look very formidable this year. As yet Captain Machell has made no sign; but his elected one will doubtless be a great favourite, even should it be last year's winner, with the steadying weight of 12 st. 9 lb.,—12 lb. more than he then carried. He won in a canter, and therefore must have a very great chance now. Probably Disturbance is not another L'Africain, but as the latter was a great favourite with 13 st., we must not overlook Disturbance's great claims. Defence has had an immensely successful career; and his best performance, defeating Ouragan II. with great ease, and giving him a stone, stamps him as a very superior horse indeed. Of that trio we have no hesitation in preferring him, looking at public performances alone. We as yet know nothing of their present form; and whatever line Captain Machell had hoped to get by sending Diamond King to Birmingham could not have been a very satisfactory one, for he was not in the hunt; and the only getter of a line was Mr. Studd, Jealousy being beaten by a head by Morning Star. Diamond King, it is true, had never been over a country before, though he won the Hurdle Handicap at Liverpool last November in a way to justify the idea that he would make a steeplechaser. Probably he may in time. As Ryshworth has 5 lb. the pull in the weight from what he met Disturbance at last year, there is no doubt he will be a starter, and not only a starter, but probably a favourite. We all said last year that if Ryshworth landed first in the winning

field the race was over. He did land first, and we know how easily Disturbance beat him. How this can be reversed we do not, we confess, see; and if Disturbance is to carry his stable's confidence, we shall expect to see him very nearly win. Of course, there is the everlasting Casse Tête to be considered, and she will run well; and of the host of outsiders we like Vintner most.

Since writing the above there have been some chops and changes in the market, and poor Salvanos seems to have received his quietus for the Lincolnshire (or any other) Handicap. The Curate is forcing his way to the front in the quotations, whatever he may do on the straight mile. The money behind him is genuine, we are told, and the long waited for is to come at last. Furley, it is whispered, will be Captain Machell's horse at Aintree; and Brigantine will win the Bristol Steeplechase. So be it.

Speaking of Bristol, we hear of many improvements there since last year—when both course and stands were necessarily not in that apple-pie order which they were capable of being. Draining has been effectively done where required, and the newly-made ground on the far-side is now in capital order. The approaches to the course and grand stand have also been well looked after, and that building has had many improvements effected in its interior—such as an additional staircase leading to the summit, &c. Anything that the Messrs. Frail have to do with we may always depend on being done well, and the Committee at Bristol ably back them up. Everything promises a brilliant meeting.

A worthy solicitor in a county town not so many miles from London, who had attained to man's estate and got a little beyond it without troubling himself much about hunting and its pleasures, went out the other day with some neighbouring harriers, and addressing the Master said, 'Good morning, ——, 'I see you have twenty-one daugs.' 'No, ten and a half,' was the reply, sharp. Up went the lawyer's eye-glass. 'Which is the half, that little one 'sitting there?' The Master gets rather savage now, and says with greater force: 'Ten and a half couples, I tell you.' The undaunted lawyer is not to be browbeat, so puts question No. 3: 'Is this sport anything like coursing?' 'Not exactly;' very curtly indeed. Presently a hound gets a cut with the whip, and the eye-glass comes up again with 'What is the matter with him? 'does he see a hare?' No reply is vouchsafed to this, and lawyer subsides a little, until at the first bank and ditch he is seen flying over his horse's ears. But even then he is not to be done, for he picks himself up and says to a friend, 'Did you see my horse fall?' This is too much, and the friend's reply must be continued in our next.

The old joke about the death of one's trumpeter might be applied to a gentleman of the name of Mr. Joseph Rawlinson Battersby, a circular from whom we have been favoured with a sight of. It is a very amusing production. Mr. Joseph Rawlinson Battersby, it appears, devotes his energies and talents to 'reclaiming horses that, from want of efficient horsemanship, have become well-nigh ruined.' For this end he announces his intention of taking up his residence at York this season, and collecting there a stud of horses in want of that education which Mr. Battersby is so well calculated to give. He submits to his intending patrons a list of rules to be observed by them if they entrust their horses to his care, from which we select one or two of the most important and most amusing. The italics are our own.

'Rule 4. Each owner must name the lowest price at which he will sell his horse. If Mr. B. can procure a larger sum, *he will retain the surplus.*'

'Rule 7. Mr. B. will be responsible for no damages.'

'Rule 8. Mr. B.'s hotel and other expenses will be fairly divided among the subscribers.'

'Rule 9. Mr. B. can permit no interference; the horses must be entirely given up to him; and *no owner will under any circumstances be allowed to even mount his horses until Mr. B. declares the education complete.*'

It is but fair to Mr. Battersby to mention that, in offering these rules to his patrons, 'he begs to assure all that no insult is intended; and he feels confident that they will see he is actuated by a sincere desire to *promote their welfare.*' He goes on to say that 'they will doubtless be aware that the value of any horse is *doubled after it has been ridden by J. R. B.*' and 'begs to refer them to Mr. Arthur Yates, whose steeplechasers he (J. R. B.) has "made."'
 Unfortunate Mr. Battersby, what evil genius tempted you to put to paper such an awful crammer? Will our readers believe that Mr. Arthur Yates has never even heard of Mr. B.'s name? Perhaps we might here leave J. R. B. and his impudent lies; but as 'Mr. B. has, in anticipation of considerable patronage, engaged a number of commodious boxes at York,' we can only hope that our Yorkshire friends have availed themselves of his offers. As Yorkshiremen are generally supposed to know very little about horses, we anticipate much good effect from Mr. Battersby's presence among them; and we willingly give greater prominence to his efforts on their behalf than his own modesty and the pages of a circular will allow.

There was an example set at Winchester last month by Colonel Williamson and the officers of the 60th Rifles that might well be followed by other regiments. The 60th are quartered at Portland, but they came up to Winchester, and on the 12th gave a theatrical performance in aid of the funds of 'The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society' that was eminently successful. The audience comprised the *élite* of the city and neighbourhood of Winchester, and the efforts of the performers were much and deservedly applauded. To Captains Croft and Bagot the society are chiefly indebted for the suggesting and carrying into effect the praiseworthy idea—and we cannot refrain quoting from a letter from the last-named gentleman, because it only reiterates a feeling we have often given expression to in the 'Van':—'It seems so odd that the thousands who hunt should think so little of those who contribute to their pleasure, and yet do not grudge giving a keeper who does comparatively nothing for them gold, and sometimes paper.' It is 'odd' indeed. We may add that the example set by the 60th has already borne fruit. Captain Pritchard-Rayner, better known as Captain Pritchard when in the 5th D.G., will give a *séance* on Thursday, March 5th, after the Grand Military, in aid of the same Society. Captain Pritchard-Rayner is as good at Electro-Biology, we hear, as he is across a country, and Dr. Lynn could not give him 5 lb.

Messrs. Bentley and Son have just published a three-volume sporting novel, 'Won in a Canter,' by 'Old Calabar,' who has been a constant contributor to 'Baily' for some years past. The book is well and easily written in the author's peculiar style, is full of incident and anecdote, and the story well told from beginning to end. 'Old Calabar' is a good practical sportsman, and he manages in all his writings to introduce some instructive matter from which both old and young can glean something.

An anecdote comes to us from Northumberland worth relating. A certain excellent churchwarden of a parish not far from Hexham was observed by the incumbent to be an absentee from Holy Communion one Sunday, a circumstance almost unprecedented, and he rather anxiously inquired the cause, which was as follows:—'Well, you see, Parson, to-morrow's Hexham Fair, ye know, and I'm going to sell t'auld mare; so I really couldn't come—I *really couldn't.*'

The pantomimes have disappeared, with thanks many and deep. They have, we believe, put money in the pockets of the managers, and have, perhaps, been

sources of delight to many children, so we will not laugh at them. With the pantomimes have also disappeared a great many gorgeous and beautiful ladies who have taken their pearls and diamonds into private life, and no longer, as the Fascinating Fays of Fairy Land and in a costume that makes a transformation scene resemble in some sense Eden before the fall, dazzle the Westminster Road and the New Cut. Burlesque too is we think on the decline. The last production at one of the homes of that species of amusement—the Gaiety Theatre—was a very dreary affair that even Mr. Toole, Miss Farren, and Mr. Brough could not galvanize into vitality. Of course the first-named actor made us laugh, but the laughter was somewhat hollow, and when he said that 'he must dissemble,' why we dissembled too. But there is some genuine humour at another house, and we are indebted to Mr. Montague, and be it said to Mr. Halliday also, for giving us one of the best, or if not quite that, one of the most taking adaptations from Dickens that has yet been submitted to the public verdict. 'Heart's Delight' not only runs more smoothly and tells its story more coherently than some other adaptations we are acquainted with, but it has also enabled Mr. Emery to give us such a representation of Captain Cuttle as makes him the very man that Dickens drew, and Miss Helen Barry to stamp a very decided individuality on the part of Mrs. Dombey. Captain Cuttle must be seen to be appreciated. It is one of the most perfect bits of acting that Mr. Emery has ever sketched, and yet it is no sketch, but a well filled-up subject, with every little detail and bit of colouring thrown in. The rôle of the haughty Mrs. Dombey has every advantage that Miss Barry can give it. Her stately figure and mobility of expression tells well throughout the piece, and in her scene with Carker at the hotel at Dijon, the actress rises to real power, and fully deserves the applause with which she is greeted. Toots is a very difficult part, because it is such an absurd one, but Mr. Montague grappled with the difficulties, and came off with flying colours. There is fun, too, of another kind in the shape of some adaptations from the French stage which, though called pieces of absurdity, yet brim over with sparkle and merriment, and are in reality 'screaming' farces, only that there is in them no vulgarity—an essential quality in old time of an Adelphi 'screamer.' We have before mentioned among the parcels of 'the Van' 'The Wedding March' at the Court—a piece of exquisite foolery, and now the Globe supplements it with 'Committed for Trial.' Everybody who can appreciate fun and likes a hearty laugh should go and see both. To Mr. Montagu we owe the extracting from the Gallery of Illustration and giving him a place on a more fitting stage, Mr. Arthur Cecil. The quiet humour, the irresistibly comic facial expression of this gentleman are well known no doubt to Londoners; but still, at the Gallery of Illustration, he addressed a limited constituency: at the Globe he appeals to the general public. That the verdict was a favourable one we need scarcely say. Mr. Montagu ably seconds him in the rôle of a former lover of the lady who is now Mr. Arthur Cecil's (stage) wife, and the amusing complications that arise from the lover being arrested and taken off to the station by Police Sergeant Compton, who will not believe in the protestations of both lady and gentleman that he is not the husband, 'for,' says Sergeant C——, 'have I not found you by yourselves *and in the dark*?' The original piece, of which this is but an extract, might have been seen at the French Plays in Holborn, but to those who find a difficulty in following the fun and humour, in another language, the Globe version will be more than sufficient.

But there is theatrical food of a higher character than farcical absurdities, amusing though they may be, and to Miss Litton and Mr. Bateman we owe the production of two dramas of a high order, and which we are pleased to

think have been recognised and appreciated by the town. A gloomy story built upon a grim legend has Mr. Hamilton Aïdé given us in 'Philip' at the Lyceum, but he has had Mr. Irving as the exponent of the hero, and Mr. Irving has scored another success. A man of proud, cold, and jealous temperament, capable of strong affection, but carrying about with him the curse of Cain,—these were the passions and mental characteristics that this great actor had to portray. Philip and his brother love the same woman, and the frantic passion and bitter hatred leading to a deadly struggle in which the former kills (as he supposes) his brother and rival, was as fine and real a piece of acting as we have ever seen on the stage, and Mr. Clayton must be understood to share in this praise. Somewhat if anything too gloomy and oppressed with the sense of his supposed crime was Mr. Irving in the second act, in which too his mannerism of voice was most apparent; but in the third, in the scene with his wife, the most powerful one in the play, he surpassed himself. Philip's address to Marie (a part more suited to Miss Bateman than any we have yet seen her in), warning her in grand and solemn language against betraying or trifling with his love, was given with an earnestness that thrilled the house. Mr. Irving rose to a dignity of passion in this scene, and his gestures when he threw away the broken knife were singularly effective. The last scene might have been possibly made stronger, but perhaps the author was wise in leaving the fate of the villainous brother somewhat obscure, and allowing the curtain to fall on a scene of reconciliation and pardon. The play was a grand success, and Mr. Bateman has contributed his measure to it by putting it on the stage in the most finished manner.

In 'The White Pilgrim,' at the Court, taken from one of the most charming of Le Motte Fouqué's legends, both authors and manager have made no doubt a hazardous experiment, but we believe it has proved a successful one. These old Scandinavian tales as a rule appeal so much to sentimentality, and so little to passion, they are such charming companions for the closet, but seem so out of place on the stage, that, so far as we remember, this has been the first attempt to dramatise them. The legend of Sintram has been re-shaped into 'The White Pilgrim,' but, instead of the King of Terrors of the former, we have death transformed into a comforter, bringing

Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends;
To the starv'd babe the mother's tender breast;
Wealth to the poor, and to the restless, rest.

The idea is beautifully carried out. Enough is left of the Paganism of the old legend to contrast with the Christianity of the new, and the struggle between the two forms the interest of the play. The language is poetical, and here and there rises to dignity. Some of the speeches are eminently beautiful. The opening one, in which the foster-brother of the hero relates the legend of the White Pilgrim, and that spoken by the mystic presence itself, are examples. The oath of Earl Olaf, as Mr. Rignold delivers it, is wonderfully telling, and Miss Moody has, as Thordisa, some very exquisite lines to deliver. The drama is pre-eminently a good one, and it is listened to with a wrapt attention, and followed with an earnestness which was pleasant to see.

In these degenerate days of the so-called legitimate drama, it is refreshing to be able to notice the increasing favour which the public are disposed to accord to the performance of French plays at the little theatre in Holborn. Taking for granted half that we hear about the decline in dramatic art, so far as English talent is concerned, we naturally ask how it is and why it is that the star of French ascendancy should still retain its lustre untarnished? For months past the company engaged in representing French comedies have

been kept busily going in illustrating their varied and interesting *répertoire* of Parisian novelties to delighted audiences. In addition to the audaciously improper 'Tricoche et Cacolet,' and the ever popular 'Réveillon,' there have been performances of M. Cadol's comedy, 'Les Inutiles,' which, if we mistake not, has been a stranger to the English boards for some two or three years, whilst the latest feature has been the production of 'Le Voyage de M. Perrichon,' in the whole of which the acting of M. Didier, and indeed the entire troupe, has been beyond criticism. For ourselves we need only express the pleasure we have experienced in being present at any of these performances, and it is a duty we owe to the readers of 'Baily' to notice with what exquisite finish and dramatic effect the pieces have all been put on the stage. MM. Valnay and Pitron have spared no expense to insure success, and we should be sorry indeed if they failed to secure it.

Amongst a crowd of new books that have lately found their way to our library table, is a volume on 'Old Sports and Sportsmen,' interspersed with sketches of Squire Forester and his no less celebrated whipper-in Tom Moody, the Tom Moody immortalised by Dibdin. After giving us an outline of the sporting history of the Shropshire country, we jog along pleasantly with the author, who, roaming at his own sweet will, tells wondrous tales of 'hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field,' in the 'merrie Greenwood days' of the good old Willey Squire. Although times have changed since then, and hedgerows thick with the perfume of wild violets and primroses are now few and far between, the song of the blackbird and the thrush, and the music of the breeze, can still be heard resounding through the woods as in the 'olden time' of which our author speaks in such glowing terms.

The death of the Earl of Howth will be a great loss to the Irish Turf, as his stud is to be dispersed, and there is no coming man on the other side of St. George's Channel to supply his place. His colours lately were not often seen over here, and the last time was when Sutton, a fairish son of Saccharometer and Christmas Pie, carried them to the front over the old Stockbridge ground, so connected with the former successes of his lordship, when John Day trained St. Laurence and other good horses for him, and Harry Hill gave him the benefit of his advice and direction. Lord Howth was associated with the Stockbridge course, too, as an actor upon it, for he was a most accomplished gentleman jock, and the white and black sleeves were often carried to the front in the palmy days of Croxton, Heaton, and Bibury. He was an excellent judge of a horse and what he could do; and yet we remember he would not have the Lamb the first time he won the Liverpool, and told us he was 'too small.' But then there are exceptions to every rule, and the 'little Lamb' was Lord Howth's.

Mr. George Hilton, a somewhat eccentric breeder and racing man, who ran his horses under the name of Fleming—a place in Essex, where he lived—has also quitted the scene. He had one or two good horses in his time, and once won the One Thousand with Nemesis. He possessed, too, about the speediest half-miler of his day in Cecrops, the handsomest horse that ever looked through a bridle. Magnum Bonum and Van Amburgh, of which latter Mr. Hilton had too exalted an opinion, were fair horses; but of late years Vengeresse, by Cecrops, was the only good one we can remember. He was a straightforward, good sort of man we believe, but of most excitable temperament, whether he won or lost. He was apt to express himself freely on the latter occasions, and take the blackest view (without the slightest reason) of the conduct of his jockey. Not to coincide with Mr. Hilton in the estimate he formed of his own horses was a rash step which few of his acquaintance cared to take, for it

either led to your being button-held until you had recanted, or your opinions being treated with the most contumelious scorn. The old gentleman will be missed at Newmarket in the Rutland coffee-room this year, and his place by the fire will know him no more.

The death of that well-known sportsman, Mr. James Randell, formerly so well known in Essex with Mr. Conyers, has caused universal regret among his host of friends and acquaintance, the more so that it was so awfully sudden. He was at Tattersall's on Monday, the 2nd of February, the following day he was out hunting, on the third he was a corpse. The deceased gentleman latterly resided in the most perfect of hunting-boxes at Buckingham, from which he regularly hunted with the Duke of Grafton, the Bicester, and the Baron. A very keen man, he rode with great judgment, was a capital judge of pace, as he was thoroughly versed in all hunting lore. Mr. Randell, who, among other gifts, was an accomplished artist, was one of the first (if not the very first) Englishman who went to Norway for fishing, and he always brought back from that country not only a record of good sport, but many very beautiful sketches of Norwegian scenery. He will be much missed in many a circle.

In the Cemetery at Willesden rest the remains of Baron Mayer de Rothschild. Well known to the public as a city magnate, as a munificent patron of art, as a politician, and as the owner of a large stud of racehorses, which he ran in the good old-fashioned way, it is left for us to speak of him as a country gentleman. Another and abler pen has sketched his racing career, and yet the *rôle* we mention was his true one. His natural inclinations led him to prefer country scenes and rural pursuits to the atmosphere of the city. Amongst his brood mares and foals at Crafton, giving directions to his stud groom Markham, or, at early morn, trudging over his farm—for he held nearly two thousand acres in hand, and was up to the most minute details of management—you might see him in his element. He was a practical farmer. In his younger days few men rode harder to hounds, or had more falls. At that time he was not so devoted to the turf as he became afterwards, and upon the appearance of a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that he had given a long price for a racehorse, he said, 'I would not give so much money for any horse that was not a hunter.' For horses to carry him to hounds he never grudged price, and Tom Brooks and Jack Skipwith used to scour Lincolnshire to mount him. After an accident upon Ascot racecourse, when he split his kneecap, he became a welter weight, but, from his great knowledge of the country, he could still manage to see more of a run than most of his field. In this he was ably assisted by that best of second horse-men, Joe Barker. Up they would come together at the finish, and the Baron, with his face beaming with delight, would sing out, 'Well, gentlemen, was that fast enough for you?'

With an owner abounding in good nature and hospitality, Mentmore was rarely without company during the hunting season. But it is amongst the poor of the place that he will be chiefly missed, for it is no breach of confidence to say that his charities were as unbounded as they were devoid of ostentation.

We may add that the late Baron's horses in training will be sold at Newmarket during the ensuing Craven Meeting; the hunters, however, will none of them be parted with, but will remain at Mentmore. Though the Hounds were hunted in Baron Mayer's name, they were not exclusively his, as the establishment had for years been kept up at the joint expense of the family. It will still be continued with all its accustomed liberality by Baron Lionel and Sir Anthony de Rothschild, but the hounds will not go out again this season.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 170.

APRIL, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. GEORGE FENWICK.

CONTENTS.

SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
MR. GEORGE FENWICK: A BIOGRAPHY	63
MAYER DE ROTHSCHILD	66
COUNTRY QUARTERS.—THE VINE	67
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER III. . . .	85
THE BOOKMAKER'S HORSE. BY AMPHION	95
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT. BY 'OLD CALABAR' .	96
A LEICESTERSHIRE BURST. BY WHOO-HOOP	105
'OUR VAN'	106

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR APRIL, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	
2	TH	Eltham Military Steeplechases.
3	F	GOOD FRIDAY.
4	S	
5	S	EASTER SUNDAY.
6	M	Durham, Nottingham, Enfield, Midland Counties, Streatham, Ward Union Hunt, and Newport Pagnell Races.
7	TU	Durham, Northampton, and Torquay Races.
8	W	Kildare Hunt, Brocklesby, Herts, and South Down Races.
9	TH	Punchestown, Abergavenny, Catterick Bridge, Croydon, Chel- tenham.
10	F	Catterick Bridge, Croxton Park, and Abergavenny Races.
11	S	Uttoxeter and United Border Hunt Races.
12	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Paris Races.
13	M	Godstone Steeplechases. [Rathdrum Races.
14	TU	York Spring Meeting, Isle of Wight Hunt, Knighton, and
15	W	York, Warwick, and Aldershot Steeplechases.
16	TH	Thirsk, South Hampshire, and Lothians Hunt Steeplechases.
17	F	Windsor Spring Races, Ledbury Hunt, and Bangor Steeple- chases.
18	S	Windsor Spring Races. [chases.
19	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Paris Races.
20	M	West Drayton and Lichfield Spring Races.
21	TU	Kilkenny and Morpeth Races.
22	W	Newmarket Handicap ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile), Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechase.
23	TH	Cheltenham, The 9th Lancers at York, and Eglinton Hunt
24	F	Cheltenham Steeplechases. [Steeplechases.
25	S	
26	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Paris Races.
27	M	[Cardiff.
28	TU	Epsom Spring Meeting, City and Suburban ($1\frac{1}{4}$ mile), and
29	W	Epsom, the Metropolitan ($2\frac{1}{4}$ miles). [Steeplechases.
30	TH	Lewes and Doncaster Spring Meeting and Curraghmore Hunt



Geo. Fenwick

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. GEORGE FENWICK.

OF the numerous scions of the widely-spread families of the Fenwick name in Northumberland and Durham, no better man with hounds has been known than the subject of our present memoir. George Fenwick of Bywell Hall, on the northern banks of the River Tyne, was born in the year 1811; and though he did not take the degree of M.F.H. till within the last few years, he was early entered in the field, under the auspices of the well known, and, if not unrivalled, certainly unsurpassed, 'Master' of his day, Ralph Lambton, who for so many years hunted all the eastern side of the county of Durham. The eldest son of Robert Fenwick, who lived some years at Ford, and afterwards at The Green, in the county of Durham (one of the oldest and most popular members of the Lambton Hunt), and nephew, on his mother's side, of John Robinson of Hendon Lodge and Easington in the same county (also a distinguished man with hounds), George Fenwick, when home for Christmas holidays, was always in the field; and with his father, a light weight, good horseman, usually mounted on a thoroughbred horse, and in the van when hounds went the pace, and his uncle also on such occasions 'cutting out the work,' the young one naturally soon learnt that, to live with the Lambton pack, all the requisites of quickness of eye and action were indispensable. After completing his education in France, he soon had the good fortune, through the friendship of his father with Mr. Ralph Lambton, who was then the head of the firm (his uncle, also, Mr. Thomas Fenwick, having for many years been one of the partners), to be received into the banking house of Lambton and Co., in Newcastle. His excellent abilities for business and the unusual amount of general information he already possessed, combined with activity of mind and that same decision which he had found to be so necessary in 'getting away' and holding a place with the Lambton

foxhounds, speedily placed him in such a position, in reference to the business of the bank, as for many years necessarily prevented him bestowing so much of his time and thoughts upon foxhounds as he has been enabled to do since he became a senior partner; but, fortunately, however much engaged in other pursuits, he always found time to keep two or three good hunters in work, and with the hounds of Sir Mathew White Ridley and Major Bell he was a usual attendant.

Mr. Allgood of Nunwick, who succeeded Major Bell as Master of the Tynedale, having retired at the end of his second season, considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining the services of a Master, and the thanks of the country were eminently due to Mr. Fenwick and the late deeply and deservedly lamented Mr. Edward Riddell of Cheeseburn Grange, who, neither of them being then in the prime of life nor anxious to undertake the duties of hunting a country in which at that time considerable difficulties had to be overcome, liberally consented to purchase the hounds and establish a joint Mastership. The health of Mr. Riddell soon after this arrangement becoming seriously impaired, Mr. Fenwick released him from the engagement, and became sole Master and owner of the hounds and hunting establishment.

This is his fifth season in office, and to all who are interested in foxhunting it is most gratifying to observe the progress which has already been effected in the breeding of a very valuable pack of hounds. Being fully aware of the necessity of a constant infusion of new blood, and having made himself acquainted with the distinctive merits of all the best strains of blood in the kingdom, he has availed himself of every opportunity of securing the best crosses from many of the oldest established and best kennels. His entries have consequently been excellent, and are yearly improving, not only as '*summer dogs*' (a well-known M.F.H. will excuse us for using *his* facetious term!) *on the flags*, but in the much more essential requisites of good conduct and performances in the field. Some of the most approved of the stud dogs of the Belvoir, Bramham Moor, Brocklesby, and Milton kennels have contributed much to this success, Mr. Lane Fox's Fugleman, Fleecer, and Striver conspicuously so. Lord Kesteven's Primate, Lord Wemyss' Talisman, and Lord Poltimore's Rifler (by Mr. Lane Fox's Rifler) have also done good service. His own Viceroy, by Lord Yarborough's Vaulter from Mr. George Fitzwilliam's Hebe, entered amongst a young draft from Milton by Major Bell, and still running up at the age of eight years, has also proved himself to be a most valuable dog, combining all the excellent qualities a foxhound should possess in the field with perfect symmetry of form, and as a sire transmitting his own merits to his progeny most remarkably.

Mr. Fenwick is fortunate in possessing the services as huntsman of Nicholas Cornish, well known, when young, in Devonshire, though not *in service* there, and for some time afterwards as first whip to the Cottesmore under Frank Goodall. His knowledge of

hounds and constant attention to his duties are highly and deservedly appreciated.

Mr. Fenwick married early in life the youngest sister of the late Robert Smith Surtees, Esq., of Hamsterley Hall, in the county of Durham, whose authorship of 'Jorrocks' Jaunts,' 'Handley Cross,' 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour,' and other similar productions have contributed so much amusement to many, both old and young, of the present generation.

His sons, as might be expected of such a well-assorted marriage, have 'entered' in the right way; they take a real interest in the hounds at home and get to them in the field in that fine scenting country (where hounds from the extent of the large grass enclosures and the formidable character of the fences have an immense advantage over horses) in a manner worthy of their lineage. His daughters, also, *do more than ride to the meet*, and do not seem to care to go home to luncheon, or even afternoon tea, so long as there is a chance of a run! One of them, not only in Northumberland but for some portion of each successive season in Gloucestershire, may frequently be seen, in the blue and buff of Badminton, well forward in the front rank with her husband, and whether the obstacles are Northumberland 'five-quarter' walls and stone-faced embankments ('dykes,' as they are called), or the stiff bullfinchers and brooks of the V.W.H., they *have to be overcome!*

Mr. Fenwick's exertions and liberality have been responded to in an excellent spirit by the landowners and tenant farmers of the country—foxes being now well preserved, and the best of walks for his puppies, almost to any extent in number, being the 'free-will offerings' of as fine a race of men as England can boast of, worthy of their ancestors of Chevy Chase and Otterburn! The pleasant annual gathering in the summer time at the kennels on the occasion of the distribution of handsome prizes amongst those who have 'walked' the puppies of the year, and when all comers are so hospitably entertained by the Master, contributes no little, especially amongst the wives and daughters of the 'good men and true' to whom we have referred, in rendering the Tynedale Foxhounds a truly popular establishment; and the name of 'Fenwick' is now, in reference to hounds, talked of in the country with the same admiration and local pride as the breeding of the famous Matchem and other celebrated horses of the day by the then 'Fenwick of Bywell' doubtless produced in the minds of the northern patrons of the Turf above one hundred years ago. May the blood of the Tynedale Foxhounds continue to be as renowned in after ages as that of old 'Matchem' is, and will be so long as the 'Stud Book' exists!

MAYER DE ROTHSCHILD.

GONE to his rest—beloved so well,
So widely known—we reck the cost,
But little knowing what is lost,
And leaving lapse of time to tell:

With all that power of wealth could lend
To keen delight in doing good ;
In mellow prime of manlihood,
Like richest ears that earliest bend.

The varied realms of cultured Taste
And Art, too long for life's short day,
Lament his genial parted sway,
And spirit summoned hence in haste :

But chiefest we, who cherish still
The sports his living worth approved,
Nor deemed unworthy to be loved,
Because the good was fused with ill.

Let play with work life's tenor share—
In childhood's bud, in manhood's flower
'Tis sport that cheers the leisure hour,
Redeeming Health from thrall of Care.

Keen Pastime leads her joyous train
Through easy paths and beaten ways,
Where high Ambition seldom strays ;
But lies there not beyond the plain

Some stern nobility of height
To which aspiring souls may reach,
Though labour unrewarded teach
How worthless all the glorious fight ?

So wrought he—seeking to attain,
With noble weapons, noble aims,
The only wreath that honour claims,
Untarnished by desire of gain.

A mighty name in turf or chase,
Redeeming half the ill report
That soils the attributes of sport,
And lending each a purer grace.

No more, with genial ardour fired,
From post to post he wanders on,
Discussing how the favourite won,
Or where the Mentmore blue retired :

No more in yonder paddock glade
 He marshals all the rising might
 Of coursers destined for the fight,
 Or marks the progress each has made.

Oh, muffled horn, and voiceless pack!
 An eloquently silent tale
 You speak to all the mourning Vale,
 For one we cannot welcome back.

Yet lives he in our thoughts, to teach
 A lesson all may take to heart,
 Who striving for the better part
 Above reproach, to honour reach.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE VINE.

‘THE Vine country is now about to occupy our attention, and as
 ‘the accepted leading historian on hunting matters, “Nimrod,”
 ‘resided in this country at Beaurepaire House, before giving my
 ‘humble opinion I will tell you what he said of it:—

‘“It is divided into two classes, viz., a small portion of woodland
 ‘“extending right and left by the Reading and Basingstoke road,
 ‘“and on the right by the Kingsclere hills. This is a rough, bad
 ‘“tract of country, thickly studded with coverts, but holding a good
 ‘“scent. The hill country commences a mile beyond the Vine
 ‘“mansion house, and extends right and left to the extremity of the
 ‘“hunt. This part presents a variety of soils, but by far the greater
 ‘“portion a flinty surface to a thin staple, on a chalky subsoil; and
 ‘“in the valleys, which are narrow, affords a treat to the eye of
 ‘“well-arranged water meadows, clothed in nearly perpetual green.”
 ‘These features are not much altered since “Nimrod’s” day, although
 ‘the boundaries of the hunt have undergone a change. He adds:
 ‘“The Vine country is very easy to get over, and is admirably
 ‘“adapted to sportsmen whose hard riding days are gone by, as they
 ‘“may have much enjoyment of hounds without being called upon
 ‘“to leap, the greater part of it being open.” The fences in the
 ‘woodlands, however, are strong, particularly round Sherborne
 ‘and Sandford Wood, but I may safely say that it is generally a bad
 ‘scenting country, except in the vale and woodlands, but as a
 ‘whole, perhaps it is the best in Hampshire, providing some very
 ‘strong wild foxes and plenty of them. It is a favourable one to
 ‘make a pack of hounds: they must use their noses; and a huntsman
 ‘his head, as well as his eyes and all other faculties. It abounds
 ‘in hares and other game, with every temptation to riot; but
 ‘the great drawbacks are the extensive woods, which often lead to
 ‘a change of foxes, and spoil a good finish. It moreover labours

‘under the disadvantage of being a very poor country in more
‘senses than one. The residents—I mean the fox-hunting portion,
‘or subscribers—are few and far between; and though they are
‘proud of their country and the antiquity of “the Vine,” yet I
‘have heard that they are, like their big woodlands, somewhat hard
‘to draw, and this tends to prevent many a zealous M.F.H. from
‘undertaking to hunt the country in the manner it ought to be
‘done, from a lack of adequate funds. The Vine country has
‘never contained many very keen men, and has not been prolific
‘of riders who have shown daring feats of horsemanship, but
‘nearly all within its precincts, however, possessed one good trait—
‘that of a staunch preservation of foxes—and woe to him who
‘was found to be a vulpecide. In fact, both with owners
‘and occupiers of land, game and poultry are pretty generally
‘looked upon as quite a secondary consideration, and thought to be
‘a part of Mr. Fox’s natural perquisites. A farmer who was in
‘the habit of setting traps for rabbits, and frequently caught or
‘legged a fox (of course by accident), was so bullied by his brother
‘farmers about it that he could not attend the public markets, and
‘came to the Master in great distress, and asked him to do or say
‘something to disabuse the public mind; while, to use his own
‘words, “his life was a misery to him;” and on his faithfully
‘promising that he would take up his traps and never do so again,
‘the Master obtained for him the required pardon.

‘This country had been irregularly hunted, after the fashion of the
‘end of the last century, first by Mr. Sclater Mathew, who kept a
‘pack at Tangier Park, also by Mr. Poyntz and different people. It is
‘perfectly certain that there were foxhounds in the Vine country
‘before Mr. Chute. The tradition is that the original Vine pack
‘were bred from hounds belonging to a Mr. Earle, who hunted
‘them himself. In proof of this there is a large interesting picture in
‘John Dale’s possession at the kennels at Longford Castle, which
‘has been in his family for many years. The Master has a scarlet
‘coat with a white collar; the first whip has a blue livery coat, and
‘the second whip is on an old cropped mare which was bought from
‘Mr. Anthony Dale, of Potbottom Farm, near Laverstoke. But the
‘first regular Master—or, I should say more properly, the founder—
‘of the Vine Hunt was Mr. William John Chute, about 1790, who
‘resided at the Vyne, from whence the country took its name. Up
‘to this time he had kept harriers, and Mr. Stephen Terry frequently
‘hunted with him, and said, “Even if the sport was bad we always
‘had a pleasant day, as his affable, kind, though quaint, manners
‘kept all his field in good humour.” In the formation of his first
‘pack of foxhounds he was assisted by his brother, the Rev. Thomas
‘Chute, who lost no time in going to see old Luke, the Duke of
‘Richmond’s Scotch huntsman, and some eighteen couple of hounds
‘advertised to be sold at the Goodwood kennels. Although Mr.
‘Chute had been used to hounds, he had more confidence in the
‘judgment of his brother, who was some few years his junior. The

‘ elder brother was very reluctant to part with several couples of his harriers, which came nearly up to the standard of the Duke’s, which did not average more than seventeen inches, so he made up twenty-four couples for the next season in that way against his brother’s wishes and that of several old foxhunters. The harriers did very well in short running with the cubs early the next season, but neither when paraded for show in the kennel, nor in the field, did they exhibit the same muscle or endurance that the foxhounds did, and except two or three that had foxhound blood they were drafted before the second season. Until then the packs were frequently hankering after their first love, and when on one occasion two strangers were overheard making some cutting remarks on the subject by Mr. Chute and the whip, the latter commenced galloping, rating, and flogging most vigorously, Mr. Chute, at the top of his voice, said, “ You scoundrel! what do you stop those hounds for? You know we can catch a fox any day, and that we have not had a hare in the house for this month. Now, if you had let those hounds alone, we might have had one for the party to-morrow.” There were some whelps purchased at Goodwood and brought to the Vine walks, and as the Duke’s establishment was reduced, Mr. Thomas Chute from time to time got more hounds from Goodwood, and he also kept up his acquaintance with old Luke as long as he lived, and so had occasional hounds from Scotland to preserve the breed.

‘ During the summer several favourite hounds had full liberty to roam at pleasure about the grounds and premises, and in the month of June, 1822, Mr. Terry met Sir John Cope, Mr. Villebois, and other hunting men going to inspect the brood bitches and their whelps; one was missing. George Hickson, then the huntsman, being appealed to, said, “ She has her puppies in the copper-hole in the brewhouse.” Here was a dilemma, as the copper-hole was very dark and narrow; but one of the guests had his little son with him, and he was sent in to unearth the pups, and I dare say that to this day he remembers his dread of the low growl and the two flashing eyes at the far end of that dark hole.

‘ Mr. Chute was a great supporter of hunting, and at his death in 1824 he left a sum of money to keep up the hounds, on condition that they retained their original name of the Vine. He was a fine specimen of an English gentleman, quite of the old school. He represented the county in Parliament for nearly thirty years, and is said to have been the last of the pig-tails.

‘ His servants were Will Biggs and Phil Gosling from the Hambleton; then George Hickson, a light man with a good voice, who after giving up the horn became the family coachman. Many are the anecdotes told of Mr. Chute and Hickson. When the Squire was quite unable to go out, the huntsman came up to his room to report the proceedings of the day, and once Mr. Chute said, “ Well, George, what sport to-day?” “ A brush, sir, to-day; a brush.” “ Ah, George,” he answered, “ the fox must have run his head

“ between the bars of a gate, or the pack would never have caught him.” Once at harvest time the bailiff came up to Mr. Chute for orders about carrying the corn, both wheat and oats being ready, when Mr. Chute immediately burst out, “ Carry the oats, man! carry the oats! what will the horses do without oats?” To one accustomed always to see wheat made the leading crop, this seemed strange, but the explanation is, that as often as not the hunters at the Vine were fed on new oats, which made the squire so eager to carry them dry.

Mr. Chute was fond of a small hound, and had the motto “ Multum in Parvo ” over his kennel door, and bred them somewhat of the harrier cast and inclined to be rough-coated ; in spite of which his blood was esteemed on account of their perseverance and fine noses, and most kennels at one time had a strain of the Vine Larkspur (a very celebrated hound) amongst them. For an excellent account of the Vine Hunt in the days of Mr. Chute, I must refer you to a most interesting book called the “ Recollections of the Early Days of the Vine Hunt and of its Founder, by a Sexagenarian,”* who, I may add, was a black-coat and a capital sportsman.

After Mr. Chute’s death, his brother, Mr. Frank Chute, was manager for a short period ; and then, in 1825, Mr. Abraham Pole, brother of Sir Peter Pole of West Ham, succeeded as Master, and built stables and kennels there. He retained Adamson as his huntsman, who had lived with Lord Scarborough and Mr. Musters ; he was a very good rider and a first-rate man in the woodlands. “ Nimrod ” said he was a very valuable servant. In the kennel he was undeniably good, always bringing out his hounds in first-rate condition.

Speaking of Mr. Pole, “ Nimrod ” says he only hunted the country two seasons, and then returned to his hunting-box in Warwickshire ; and that it is due to him to remark that, never having been a Master of hounds before, he merely took the management of the Vine until a successor to Mr. Chute could be procured.

The then Duke of Beaufort helped Mr. Pole with some good hunting hounds and a couple of stud-hounds, one a badger pie, brother to a celebrated sire at Badminton. This was the first introduction of any other colour than black pied, for none were ever entered by Mr. Chute except of that colour. During the season that Mr. Pole was Master there were seventeen blank days.

In 1826 Mr. Charles Everett Beaver of Overton, son of Colonel Peter Beaver of Penton, succeeded Mr. Pole ; but he also was Master for only one season, and wisely retained Adamson as huntsman. Mr. Beaver died at Southampton in great distress in 1869, aged seventy-seven years.

In 1827 Mr. Henry Fellowes of Hurstbourne Park became Master, and kept them for seven years ; then the hounds were managed by Mr. St. John and Mr. Hicks Beach, in 1834,

* Published by Spottiswoode and Co., New Street Square.

‘ for three seasons, and by Mr. Donnithorne Taylor, who lived
‘ at the Poyntz Arms at Overton, in 1837. Mr. Taylor went to
‘ live at Southgate, and for many years afterwards hunted with the
‘ Bicester. Then Mr. Fellowes resumed, and was Master until
‘ 1845, making in all seventeen seasons. His kennels were at
‘ Overton. He also retained Adamson, who carried the horn until
‘ 1842, who was succeeded by Will Boxall for one season, who be-
‘ came ill, and for whom a subscription was raised ; and by old Press,
‘ father of John Press, the present huntsman of the B.V.H. ; then
‘ by John Dale, who went to the Lanark and Renfrewshire in 1845.
‘ To both of these Will Borer and Philip Toccock, then quite a
‘ youngster, were whips.

‘ I may here tell you that John Dale is essentially a Vine man.
‘ His father was a large farmer, who lived at Southington Farm,
‘ near Overton, and was a strict preserver of foxes, and a well-known
‘ ram-breeder. From a boy he was passionately fond of hunting,
‘ and, after doing some amateur work as whip to the Brookside
‘ Harriers, he came to Mr. Donnithorne Taylor for one season as
‘ his second whip, under Adamson, Tom Beal being the first.
‘ Then he went to Lord Kintore, who resided at Keith Hall, in
‘ Aberdeenshire, as his whip. After that he came back home to the
‘ farm ; but Lord Kintore would not let him stay there, as he wrote
‘ to him, and said that “If he did not come back at once, he would
‘ “ come and fetch him.” So of course he went, and was with his
‘ Lordship four years as huntsman. He then returned to the
‘ Vine, when Mr. Fellowes was Master, as huntsman for two
‘ seasons, with Will Borer and Philip Toccock, quite a little lad,
‘ to assist him, and when he left Boxall succeeded him. Will
‘ Borer was a kind-hearted man and “good company,” consequently
‘ always a welcome guest at the tap of the Poyntz Arms and else-
‘ where in Overton. After one of these “merry meetings,” Will’s
‘ head not being quite up to the requirements of the Master, his
‘ connection with the Vine hounds ceased. A “black coat,” who
‘ occasionally hunted with them, and who knew Will’s good qua-
‘ lities as well as his “weaknesses,” having first obtained the per-
‘ mission of the Master, coupled with his best wishes for the future
‘ welfare of his old servant, whom he really valued, engaged him as
‘ his “groom and coachman,” subject, however, to a solemn promise
‘ from Will that he never would be so “weak-headed” again ;
‘ “B. C.” also telling Will that, if ever he wished to return to
‘ hounds, he would forward his views as far as possible. Will lived
‘ with “Black Coat” for about a year and a half, *served him well,*
‘ *and strictly kept his promise.* At the expiration of that time
‘ Will’s inordinate love for hounds and hunting broke forth again,
‘ and in terms of the greatest gratitude and modesty he asked his
‘ master (he always called him his master—a hint to the present
‘ generation) if he thought he could “recommend him ?” “Black
‘ Coat” at once replied, “Yes,” and “with the greatest confidence.”
‘ And though he very much regretted losing Will and his services,

'yet he assures me that it has always afforded him the sincerest gratification to look back upon the circumstances which enabled him to place this "right man in his right place again;" for Will was at once, on his "recommendation," engaged by Mr. Thoyts, Master of the South Berks, and lived with him esteemed and respected for several seasons. From him he went to the Old Berkshire, where he remained until natural infirmities, more than age, I believe, compelled him to retire.

'It may be added, as a further proof, if any were needed, of the goodness of Will's heart and principles, that, during his yearly "holiday" of two or three days with his family at Overton, he never omitted to "borrow a horse" and, dressed in his neatest "mufti," "ride over" and offer "his duty" to "Black Coat" and his "belongings."

'Will Borer has long since been gathered to his fathers. May peace be his; and if his "weaknesses" at one time *were many*, yet his "good qualities" *were always more*, and worthy of a place in the memory equally of "masters and men."

'Dale once more crossed the Border, and went to the Lanark and Renfrewshire, when Mr. Cunningham was Master, for one season. Then for a short time he was with Lord Glasgow at Hawkhead; but he could not stand his Lordship's conversation, which he describes as "something awful."

'Dale is in the print of the Vine Hounds, on old Omnibus; but he took such a violent objection to the attitude given him by the painter, that he vowed he never would hang it up in his room, and he has kept his word.

'By this time the pack had so got up that, season after season, they had capital runs, and from two meets in particular—Sandford Wood and Chinham. From the former there were eight splendid runs, and from Chinham to Bramley Frith the draw always produced something good, especially two or three from the Frith to Strathfieldsaye, or rather to Lilley Mill; and from Manydown also they had some good runs.

'Hunting with Mr. Fellowes were so many black coats, that at this period it was called the "Clerical Hunt."

'Mr. James Wickham of Sutton Scotney, who at one time kept harriers, used to go out regularly with the Vine, and he was in the great run from Laverstoke to Conholt. As a young man he was fond of driving tandem; and once, turning into the High Street of Winchester, he cannoned against the corner of the George Hotel. Chinner Barlow, a well-known character about the place, and a great scamp, cheered him on with the exclamation, "Never mind, farmer, it's only a house!" He would never have his horses' legs washed, but made his groom rub them dry. Mr. John Portal of Freefolk kept harriers, but hunted with the Vine, in a very long once-red coat, which reached down to the calves of his legs; and often with him was Mr. David Murray, a constant visitor at Freefolk. The elder Mr. Portal, who lived at Laverstoke, did not

' hunt; Mr. Troughton, of the Mill at Overton, a good old sportsman; Captain Bridges, who lived near the kennels at Overton, and his son, who promised well; Rev. E. St. John of Ashe, and his son, who was just then beginning to go to hounds; Mr. Atkins of Ashe, a yeoman who lived on his own farm. About this time John Elmore lived at Penton. He was not a very strict Churchman, and resided there at least twelve months before he visited the parish church. One day, crossing a large field, at the end of which was a stile, he ran against the parson, who instantly attacked him on his absence from church, and told him that there was a statute which compelled everybody to attend. Elmore quietly replied, "You don't know, sir, what religion I am," at which the parson was slightly taken aback. "Are you not a Protestant?" he asked. "No, sir, I am not." "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, sir, I am not." "Are you a Wesleyan?" "No." "What are you, then?" in despair inquired the parson. "I am an infernal Quaker, sir, and I wish you good morning," was the ready reply, which annihilated his reverence. Mr. John Bushe, who latterly hunted occasionally with the Vine, was one day trying a horse of Elmore's at Paddy Jackson's ground, and, looking him over, said he did not think he was big enough about the thighs. Elmore went up to the horse's head, and, looking into his mouth, said, "You see, he is only five years old; and I should like to know how big yours were at that age?" Mr. Taylor, the well-known stage-coachman, also came out with them; at Ashe Rectory was the Rev. J. Evans, who hunted many years, in Mr. Nicoll's time, in the New Forest, and who was well up in hunting matters. He had a chesnut horse to whom he always gave a cordial ball on coming home after a long day. The old horse, with his bridle on, opened his mouth, and took it as kindly as we should cherry-brandy; and there was no better stud-groom in England than Mr. Evans himself. From Steventon at this time came Mr. Digweed, now living at Itchenswell, in the Craven country; and from Dean, the Rev. Champneys Minchin, one of the neatest men in all his appointments in the kingdom; from Oakley Hall, Colonel Beach, who afterwards had the hounds; and from Dummer Grange Stephen Terry, with a coat and hat to match Mr. Portal's, the former purple in colour; the Rev. Mathew Harrison, of Oakley Rectory, a fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, a tall stout man, and a jolly good fellow, who loved hunting, was always out; and from Oakley Village, another Mr. Digweed, a parson, who hunted regularly. At Malsanger there lived Colonel Pester, who had been many years in India, a regular Vine-ite. At Manydown lived Sir Richard Rycroft, afterwards Master in 1846, and Mr. Bigg Wither of Tangier, who used to hunt on a cob; at Wolverton Rectory was the Rev. Mr. Poole, whose brother Sam, formerly in the Lancers, came there for the hunting season and was a lively bird, generally having a good story from London, causing the few laughs they had in

‘ the field, for it was in truth then a very solemn hunt, as perhaps
‘ was becoming, considering that half the field were parsons ; at
‘ Hannington lived Mr. Twitchen, a farmer who hunted both with
‘ the Vine and the Craven ; then from Wootten they had Farmer
‘ Curtis, who always had two or three horses for sale. He was
‘ a brother of Curtis of Basingstoke, who then kept the inn, horsed
‘ many fast coaches, and hunted regularly in the H.H. country,
‘ where he won no end of farmers’ cups ; the Rev. Richard
‘ Pigott of Ellisfield, and his brother Frank, who was member for
‘ Reading, who married two sisters, Misses Wilder, always came
‘ out ; Mr. Kingswell from Sidmonton hunted occasionally, as did
‘ Mr. Mortimer Thoyts of Sulhampstead, and Mr. Charles Apperley
‘ (“Nimrod”), who then lived at Beaurepaire Park. Last, not least,
‘ the old Duke of Wellington, who came down to Strathfieldsaye in
‘ the night, having a bed in his carriage and sleeping soundly all the
‘ way. When asked how he managed when he wanted to turn
‘ round, he said, “ When a man wants to turn round in his bed it is
‘ “ time for him to turn out.” The horses used to come to Mr.
‘ Minchin’s stables at Dean, which he lent to the Duke, and they
‘ often rode to covert together. His dress was decidedly unique,
‘ consisting of a red dress coat, white trousers made of that
‘ horrible invention, moleskin, cut short to do duty for breeches and
‘ of course bagging out at the knees, boot tops brownish, and both
‘ badly cleaned ; occasionally Lord Charles Wellesley and the
‘ present Duke came with him. He was not a first-rate horseman,
‘ and continued his military seat in the hunting-field, but was a very
‘ great supporter of foxhunting, and he wrote with his own hand
‘ on a lease of Ewhurst to Mr. Chaplin that foxes should be pre-
‘ served ; but there was no occasion for that, as Ewhurst was always
‘ a sure find. The Duke was very civil to the servants, and always
‘ said good morning to them all—addressing them by name.

‘ Also in Mr. Fellowe’s time, in the days of Press and John Dale,
‘ were : Mr. Chaplin of Ewhurst, of coaching renown, and afterwards
‘ Chairman of the South-Western Railway ; he kept a famous pack of
‘ harriers, and it was in this country his four or five sons were first
‘ entered to hounds who have since made their mark in the Midlands.
‘ Mr. Melville Portal of Laverstoke, and his brother Wyndham ;
‘ Mr. Webb, a farmer of Bullingdon ; The Rev. L. Halton and the
‘ Rev. F. Dobson were the two noted black coats ; Mr. Pain of
‘ Woodmancote never missed a day on that side of the country ;
‘ Captain Brown of Strathfieldsaye came out occasionally ; Captain
‘ David Cunningham of Malshanger, who is now Sir David Thurlow,
‘ a very natty man, who rode a good grey mare, which is in the Vine
‘ picture ; Mr. Blackhall Simmonds, who then lived at Wolverton,
‘ a famous old-fashioned sportsman ; I must not omit Mr. Chapman
‘ of the Vine, a steward of Mr. Chute’s, a great man to hold the
‘ country together, and very useful. He knew to within a hundred
‘ yards in a wood where a fox would be lying, and as he was very
‘ keen in covert Mr. Fellowes allowed him to speak to hounds and

‘ told his servants not to check him, but he never rode over a fence, however small, so he did not give a huntsman trouble after they broke.

‘ In 1845 Sir Richard Rycroft, with whom was Mr. John Currie of Southington, one of the oldest supporters of the Vine and who always wore a flat hat, succeeded Mr. Fellowes. Mr. Currie was an old Waterloo man, who had a silver plate in his head. Will Cox from the H.H. was huntsman for eight seasons, and his brother George assisted him until 1848. Then succeeded John Treadwell, now huntsman to the Old Berkshire, who did not stay long, and Charles Barwick.

‘ In 1849, owing to continued illness, Sir Richard Rycroft resigned the Mastership, and the Vine was managed by a committee consisting of Mr. Edward St. John of Church Oakley and Mr. Beach.

‘ In 1851 Mr. Edward St. John became sole manager, and during his time the hounds showed more sport than they had done for some years. Mr. St. John is a first-rate houndsman and famous rider. For many years now he has been a regular attendant of Mr. Tailby, the Pytchley, and the Atherstone, and during the hunting season resides at Bitteswell, near Lutterworth. His servants while with the Vine were Will Cox, Charles Barwick, and young George Hickson.

‘ In 1852 Captain Arthur Mainwaring succeeded, and George Turner, from Lord Southampton, was his huntsman. He afterwards lived with Lord Portsmouth, and when he first gave up hunting he lived as stud groom to Mr. Bristow at Broxmore, where he had nothing to do; then he kept a public house, the Wheatsheaf, at Braishfield, about four miles from Romsey, when he regularly came out with the Hursley. He at this time became of immense size, and recently died at Andover at his own house, the White Hart, now kept by his widow: I think he once hunted hounds at Rome. He stood six feet two inches, but was a capital rider for a big man.

‘ The principal supporters of the Vine at this period were—the present Earl of Portsmouth; Lord Calthorp of Elvetham; Sir Richard Rycroft of Manydown Park; The Duke of Wellington; Lord Charles Wellesley; General Shubrick came occasionally from Andover; he always had some first-rate horses. One of the best was the Old General, which he bought of Ben Land after he had won him a good deal of money. He was very concise in his letters, imitating the Duke of Wellington. Bean used to travel all over England and buy young horses for him. This letter was once written to him by the General:—“Bean, start instanter to “the north, inspect all blood stock from two years old, and report accordingly.” Mr. George Thomas Baring, now Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India; Sir Paul Hunter; Mr. Mortimer G. Thoyts of Sulhampstead, a good and keen sportsman; Mr. R. G. Mount of Wasing; Dr. N. P. Smith; Captain

‘ Bridges of Overton ; H. J. Oldfield of Beaurepaire ; Mr. C. Darby
‘ Griffiths ; Mr. W. L. W. Chute of the Vine. Many words
‘ of praise are due to this worthy descendant of the founder of
‘ the Vine Hunt, who, although not a fox-hunter himself, yet was
‘ a most staunch protector of foxes, and was once more surprised
‘ to see a pheasant in his covert than a fox. His coverts always
‘ held a good one, and hounds must work hard and long to catch
‘ him. In fact, the Vine foxes are proverbial for their stoutness and
‘ endurance. Mr. N. Holding ; Mr. George Lamb of Worting, the
‘ Secretary of the Hunt ; Mr. J. Ponsford of Hackwood Park ; Mr.
‘ H. Porcher of Park End ; and Mr. Robert Allfrey of Wokefield Park.

‘ In the year 1854 Captain Mainwaring gave up in favour of the
‘ present Earl of Portsmouth, who bought Mr. Henry Villebois’ hounds
‘ on his retiring from the Mastership of the V.W.H. His Lordship
‘ retained George Turner as huntsman, and his whips were Frank
‘ Goodall, the present Royal huntsman, and Alfred Hedges, who
‘ has now so long and successfully hunted the Puckeridge. One of
‘ the first things that Lord Portsmouth did was to form the North
‘ Hants Hunt Club, for the promotion of good fellowship amongst
‘ his friends and neighbours. The Vine then hunted a much larger
‘ extent of country than they do at present, as they drew Stype in
‘ the Craven country, and to do this the hounds and horses used to
‘ come to Hungerford to sleep at the hotel kept by Mr. John Free,
‘ whose indomitable love of joking was once likely to have got
‘ Frank Goodall into a mess, and no doubt would have done so had
‘ it not been for the good nature of Lord Portsmouth, who saw that
‘ his promising young whip was perhaps the least to blame of any
‘ one in the matter, and so overlooked what was certainly a very
‘ indiscreet action on his part. The facts run nearly as follows :—
‘ The hounds returned one evening to the Three Swans, after hunt-
‘ ing, on Hungerford market-day, and in consequence the smoking-
‘ room at the hotel was crowded. A farmer, named Tubb, expressed
‘ a great wish to see his Lordship. “ That’s easily done,” said Mr.
‘ Free. “ If not up the yard at the present moment, he will be sure
‘ “ to come in here and smoke a cigar before leaving ;” and forth-
‘ with started to find Goodall, who too easily was induced to act the
‘ nobleman at a minute’s notice. The next thing was to decoy
‘ Tubb from the room, so that the rest of the company might be
‘ made aware of what was going on, and not spoil the joke by any
‘ premature disclosure. That, however, to a host of such marvellous
‘ hoaxing talent was a work of equally short time and labour, and
‘ scarcely was Mr. Tubb once more well seated by the side of his
‘ “ churchwarden and hot with,” when in walked a very smart
‘ young fellow, who with the greatest composure took his seat in
‘ the post of honour, which was at once vacated for him ; the rest of
‘ the company standing up until, with a courteous though dignified
‘ wave of the hand, he begged them all to be seated. A cigar
‘ lighted, and a glass of something hot supplied, he with the greatest
‘ affability addressed some few of the company by name, asked after

‘ their crops and flocks, how the market had gone, and sundry other
‘ questions, not forgetting a promising young horse or two. Tubb sat
‘ in open-mouthed astonishment that a nobleman could condescend
‘ even to know of, much less speak of, such things, and all the while
‘ his heart was hot within to hold his share in the conversation.
‘ The time was not long in arriving, for Mr. Tubb, whose penchant
‘ for aristocratic acquaintanceship had been well rehearsed, was
‘ honoured with especial notice, and his Lordship, if condescending
‘ to others, was positively gracious to him, so that he sat like one
‘ whom the king delighted to honour; and had not his habiliments
‘ been made of such stuff as only a wild country farmer could move
‘ under or a village snip contrive to sew together, he must fairly
‘ have burst with importance. However, the end was not yet.
‘ His Lordship took a gracious leave of all after half an hour or
‘ so, and retired; when, behold, in a few moments a waiter enters
‘ with a card of the meets for the following week, embossed with
‘ his Lordship’s crest, and hands it to Mr. Tubb, with Lord Ports-
‘ mouth’s compliments, and a hope that he should have the pleasure
‘ of seeing him out. Then burst forth in all its glory the pride and
‘ delight of this essentially modest man. “There,” he said to his
‘ brother farmers, bringing his mutton fist down emphatically on the
‘ table, “there, look at that! I’ve only been in his Lordship’s com-
‘ pany half an hour, and I’m d——d if he hasn’t asked me to
‘ “come out with his hounds; and here’s his card, with his own
‘ “crest on it.” How he gloried over his fellows that evening, or how
‘ drunk he got, is perhaps better left to your imagination. It is
‘ enough here to relate that he chanced, fortunately for him, to have
‘ a brother with more sense than himself, who often did hunt with
‘ Lord Portsmouth, and who, to prevent him making a fool of him-
‘ self to a greater extent than he had done, told him what a victim
‘ he had been. The story, I believe, subsequently reached his
‘ Lordship, who, as I said above, took a good-natured view of the
‘ liberty that had been taken with his name, and, if he took any
‘ notice at all, let young Frank off with a hint to be more discreet in
‘ future. Lucky for him he had such a kind-hearted master!

‘ Frank Goodall’s first appearance in the hunting field was as
‘ second horseman to Tom Wingfield, then huntsman to old
‘ Mr. Drake; and he put on his first regular red coat on May 1st,
‘ 1851 (the opening day of the first great Exhibition), when he entered
‘ the service with Mr. Lumley, the Master of the Grove, under
‘ Will Merry; and well he says he remembers his father driving him
‘ to the Bletchley Station, when the poor old man burst into tears
‘ and said to him, “My boy, you are now going into the world to
‘ “make either a man or a mouse,” and if he had lived it would
‘ have cheered his old age to see that Frank has proved himself a
‘ good man in every sense of the word. Then he came here in
‘ 1852, and was under George Turner four years; at this period,
‘ owing to a very bad fall which injured his knee, he was obliged to
‘ go into the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford, where he was attended

‘ by Dr. Acland, and on coming out he went to Mr. Robert Arkwright, the Master of the Oakley, with whom he stayed for three years as first whip. In 1862 he went to the Cottesmore as huntsman, where he remained for two seasons, and from there to Mr. Tailby at Billesdon, with whom he lived nine years; and his album full of portraits of his Leicestershire friends is a complete proof of the esteem in which he was held by those who hunted with him.

‘ The Vine now had excellent sport, and two hounds, Old Pensioner and Sailor, a rough-haired hound, were both wonders in work. There is a picture extant, a print of which may be seen in many print-shop windows, of George Turner, with his fox’s head and brush, holding up his cap and blowing his horn for bare life, with a couple of hounds, Bardolph and Bobadil, jumping up at him (both walked by Mr. Free of Hungerford); the likenesses are good, but in a sporting sense the picture is ridiculous. Frank Goodall is also represented in the distance.

‘ Before long Lord Portsmouth, unable to endure the keen air of Hurstbourne, was advised by his physicians to return to Devonshire, and greatly to the regret of all in 1858 he sold part of his hounds to Mr. Digby of Sherbourne Castle, then Master of the B.V.H., and took the remainder of them to Eggesford, where he now has a pack second to none in England.

‘ The same year the Vine country fell into the hands of an adventurer who called himself Marsh, but whose real name was Walker. He had hunted hounds in Herefordshire for two seasons under the name of Marsh. It is said that he had been stud groom to Sir Richard Sutton. But it must be clearly understood that this Mr. Walker was never the actual Master of the Vine hounds. The country was then vacant, and he got up a few scratch couples and kept them in a barn at Kingsclere, and hunted just a few coverts. But in justice to the country it should be known that his was never looked upon as a real Vine establishment, or that he was acknowledged as Master in the country. He was a lightweight, and, to do him justice, a devil to ride, and he and young Leonard Lywood, a farmer of Newton, used to go out purposely to ride against each other.

‘ In February, 1859, he was summoned before the magistrates for cruelly torturing a fox on a Sunday morning, and as in consequence he was served with notices prohibiting him from drawing the coverts of all the principal landed proprietors, his career as an M.F.H. was soon ended and he retired into social obscurity.

‘ In 1859 Mr. Arthur Whieldon came to the rescue of the country, and commenced a very successful career as a Master of Hounds, his first act being to purchase the West Kent pack, which were composed principally of those bought at the sale and dispersion of the late lamented Mr. John Farquharson’s kennel, who hunted the entire Dorsetshire country, including the Blackmore Vale, for a period of half a century with such well-known success.

‘He then engaged Humphrey Pearce, who continued with him until 1861, when, becoming too much addicted to drink, he often lost his head, consequently his fox, and finally his situation. Whereon Mr. Whieldon decided on hunting his own hounds, and retained George Southwell as first whip and kennel huntsman, and certainly a better aide-de-camp could not have been found in the field; a neat horseman, very civil and obliging to all, and possessing, moreover, those rare qualifications in a first whip—a quick eye and ear and an entire freedom from jealousy. He was never tired, and ever ready and anxious to help his master to kill his fox.

‘Southwell was born at Louth, and was entered to hounds by Mr. Hellier, the Master of the Southwold. He then went to the Craven, as I told you before, and then to the Tiverton with Mr. Cooke for one year only, then back to the Craven for three seasons, then he came to the Vine, and was with Mr. Whieldon for six seasons and one with Sir Bruce Chichester, and on leaving Hampshire changed places with Jem Stacey in Cambridgeshire. After that he went into Herefordshire, and is now huntsman to the West Wilts, residing at Sutton Veney. Mr. Whieldon during his management had many good runs, and amongst the most remarkable was that on the 29th of November, 1862, from the osier bed at Whitchurch into Wherwell Wood, when only five men out of a large field, including Mr. Whieldon and his two whips, were near them when they went into this interesting little spinny of four thousand acres. This they actually forced him through, and again took the open at the further end near Lower Platford, after running quite four miles through the wood; then they crossed the river, threaded the coverts of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Best, and ran into him below Abbot’s Arm after one hour and twenty-five minutes. Those who saw this run besides Mr. Whieldon were Captain Harvey and his brother Mr. Henry Harvey, Mr. George Brooks of Monk Sherborne, Mr. George Rawlins of Bullington, and Mr. Benjamin Bovill of Farley. But perhaps the best and most memorable run of all was on December 29th, 1864, when they met at Chinham, near Basingstoke, and the fox broke away over Wildmoor, crossed the river Lodden, through Tilney Park and Blackwood across Murrell Green, leaving Bramshill to the left, for Blackwater, near to which place the pack ran into him after a long trying run of nearly three hours with a good pace throughout. The distance from point to point by the map is upwards of eighteen miles, and that actually traversed by the hounds cannot be computed at less than twenty-six miles. It was then 5 P.M. and nearly dark and the pack thirty miles from the kennels, and Mr. Whieldon having come to the end of his second horse was obliged to borrow another, on which he jogged his long and weary way homewards in the dark with 18½ couple of tired hounds at his heels, all of which, however, arrived safe at the kennels at Overton about 10 P.M. An incident occurred in this

‘ remarkable run which no doubt old Robert Toccock, then Mr. Garth’s huntsman, will remember. While the Vine hounds were running in cry over Hartfordbridge Flat they met Mr. Garth’s pack with Toccock their huntsman and poor Tom Sweetman at the fore jogging quietly along the road to take up their quarters for the night at Hartfordbridge Inn, near which they were going to hunt the next morning. The moment was a very exciting and trying one. Mr. Garth’s hounds, fresh and eager for the chase, could not resist the temptation, and, breaking away, joined their tuneful notes to the cheery chorus, and for a short time they had almost forty couple of hounds going in full cry. This was, however, soon stopped and put to rights, while the Vine hounds sped on the line of their hunted fox. Many were the accidents and shortcomings by “flood and field.” One by one either horses or their riders had tired, and the field, once so eager, dropped off one after another and were few and far between. Being now in the centre of Mr. Garth’s country, several of his good men and true, who were keeping their horses fresh for the next day, could not resist on hearing the merry cry, but joined the chase, so that at the last they found themselves with many fresh faces and, what was most required at the time, fresh horses. Amongst many other good runs was that capital run with an afternoon fox from Great Dean Wood skirting the Vine, when they killed him in the open in the park at Strathfieldsaye with scarcely a check.

‘ On another occasion, while the hounds were running hard through the fir plantations at Aldermaston, a rather singular incident occurred. Mr. Whieldon having hit off the fox, and galloping fast through the wood, his horse fell into a rabbit-hole and dashed him violently against a tree; here he lay stunned and senseless for some time, until discovered by some friends who rode in search, and they, seeing a white object lying on the ground, were attracted towards it. On a nearer approach they discovered to their dismay that it was dear old faithful Cordial (a favourite hound given to Mr. Whieldon by Lord Portsmouth). She had actually left the pack, whilst running hard in chase, to come to the side of her poor fallen master, and was found licking his blood-stained face. This is a very remarkable instance in the character of the foxhound, which is rarely known to display much personal attachment (probably from his education), and, in fact, generally seems only created to hunt. Many more famous runs and anecdotes might be related did space admit: how old Bounty dived after a fox which had sunk exhausted in the middle of the lake in Ewhurst Park, with the whole pack swimming in view, in attempting to cross to the other side; and although the water was very deep, she succeeded in her attempt, brought up the dead fox, and swam with him to land.

‘ The Vine country was at that time hunted by Mr. Whieldon in its entirety, beginning from Wherwell Wood, on the west, to Cruse Easton, taking a line including the Grotto at Highclere, Sidmonton,

‘ Fro Park, the Kingsclere Woodlands as far as Crookham, and the
‘ boundary of the Embourne river; thence on the east, including
‘ Burghfield, Mortimer, and Strathfieldsaye to Newnham and Old
‘ Basing; and south following from the Stockbridge Road, by North
‘ Waltham to Sutton Scotney; Stratton Wood and the triangular
‘ part lying up to the Winchester Road was neutral ground between
‘ the Vine and the H.H. A small portion of the Vine country by
‘ Sherfield, being a long way from the kennels, was lent by Mr.
‘ Whieldon to Mr. Garth, but reserving to himself the right of draw-
‘ ing the coverts; and during the seven seasons he hunted the country
‘ he had not to record in his diary one single blank day.

‘ Thanks to the good feeling on the part of owners, certain diffi-
‘ culties were in a great measure overcome by the cutting good wide
‘ rides through some of the largest woods—Mr. Melville Portal
‘ setting a noble example at Freefolk Wood (which in former days
‘ kept a pack hard at work frequently the whole day) by cutting a
‘ wide drift way from one end to the other. Then followed Brown-
‘ down and the Dean’s Wood, and, by no means the least important,
‘ those at Great Dean Wood, for which they were indebted to
‘ Messrs. Harworth and Terry, of Dummer. The result was that
‘ foxes would seldom hang long, and, by frequent rattling and getting
‘ away close at their brush, some of the finest runs were often seen
‘ from these woods, especially after Christmas.

‘ During the whole of Mr. Whieldon’s career he never had any
‘ complaint, or had an angry word with any one, save on one solitary
‘ occasion, when he was confronted by a sturdy dame, who presented
‘ a little bill and a long face for damage done to her poultry-yard.
‘ On his return home Mr. Whieldon enclosed a sovereign in a note
‘ with this inscription, “A sovereign remedy for lost fowls.—N.B.
‘ “One dose quite sufficient.” It is needless to add that this mode
‘ of treatment had the desired effect; and though many were the
‘ depredations afterwards, the farmer’s wife always treated him with
‘ a smile and a welcome, and generally found him a good fox. Mr.
‘ Whieldon was presented with a silver horn at a public dinner in
‘ the Town Hall, Basingstoke, in 1862; and on his retirement, in
‘ 1866, he sold his hounds to the Old Berkshire (whose foxes they
‘ rattled in fine style, and pleased John Treadwell immensely), pre-
‘ ferring to sell them as a whole in one lot rather than have them
‘ dispersed by the auctioneer’s hammer; and the good sport they
‘ have shown is the best testimony to their merits.

‘ Hunting with Mr. Whieldon were, first and foremost, his dear
‘ old friend the Rev. Charles Pettat, the Rector of Ashe and Dean,
‘ who, as the late Sir Thomas Miller once said of one of his curates,
‘ “was a Christian and a sportsman”—though I have heard it said
‘ he once put the sportsman first. Mr. Pettat was an excellent judge
‘ of a hound, and took as much delight in visiting the kennels as his
‘ sick parishioners, and knew every hound and whelp by name.
‘ During Mr. Beach’s management he was quite the back-bone of
‘ the kennel, and Stracey’s right hand. Alas! he too is lately gone

‘ to his earth, and *requiescat in pace*. He died very suddenly, being
‘ taken ill at a wedding at Williamstrip, and none is more missed in
‘ the neighbourhood. He kept a diary of every day’s doings, and
‘ was very fond of chatting with Stracey, and if not out, would send a
‘ man down to know what they had done. He was brother to
‘ Captain Pettat, who rode at Bibury some years ago, in the days of
‘ Messrs. Osbaldeston, Scobell, Elwes, and others.

Old Miller Bailey of Whitchurch was as well known at the covert
‘ side as in Andover market, and, with his very old dark-brown maho-
‘ ganies and his bow-legs, his neat snow-white cravat, and, above all, his
‘ broad-brimmed hat and dark-rimmed goggles of vast disc, his genial
‘ spirit, and his nut-brown ale, ever ready and welcome to all comers
‘ at the old mill, will surely long be remembered. He and his fat
‘ cob were a picture to look at, but neither of them were by nature
‘ adapted to get over a stiff country very fast, so they much pre-
‘ ferred a day in the woodlands. On one occasion the old miller,
‘ having attached himself to a couple of stray hounds who were
‘ hunting a second fox in Great Dean Wood, was heard cheering
‘ them on most lustily; and when he could do no more, he amused
‘ the field by coming up very hot and excited, and giving a descrip-
‘ tion of his sport, putting the climax by adding, “ Ah! if I had only
‘ “ known the names of the hounds I must have killed my fox!”
‘ Poor old fellow! he met a sad fate at last, and was killed by a fall
‘ from his gig.

‘ Another character was George Rawlins of Bullington; and if he,
‘ his horse of immense size and without a vestige of hair on his
‘ stump tail, and his immortal never sufficiently blacked fishing-
‘ boots, could have been transplanted to a crack meet near Melton,
‘ how the swells would have stared, though I venture to say no man
‘ of them would have galloped harder than George as long as his
‘ nag lasted. In season or out of season, he would go his hardest, and
‘ reminded one of the man in poor Charles Clarke’s sketch, who was
‘ “ such a beggar to gallop!” Few, however, were more keen than
‘ he was in the sport, or had more falls. Some wag one day caused
‘ great amusement at the covert side by coolly asking him to kindly
‘ lend him one of his long boots (which reached from his toes to his
‘ waistcoat) for a friend who had unfortunately broken his leg, that
‘ he might put a good large poultice in! They certainly were well
‘ adapted for retaining the heat. Colonel Duberly of Dean House,
‘ now of Leamington; Sir Paul Hunter, Bart., of Mortimer;
‘ Captain Fowler, of Crookham House, Newbury; Mr. Joseph
‘ Addison of Mapledurwell; Colonel W. S. H. Fitzroy, since then
‘ of Rugby, who frequently rode all the way from his house at
‘ Bansted, in Surrey, on the day before hunting, and back on the
‘ day after; Sir John Walmesley of Wolverton Park; Colonel
‘ Hardinge of Old Basing, now the hon. sec. of the Hunt. Of the
‘ black coats were—Rev. Charles Johnson of Newbury; Rev.
‘ J. Huddleston of Tunworth, Rev. F. Dobson of Mortimer, and
‘ Rev. J. Bryan of Cliddesdon. The farmers were Ben. Becking-

‘ ham of Ashe, F. Budd of Hatch Warren Farm, a noted ram
‘ lamb breeder and judge of sheep at the Royal Agricultural Shows.
‘ He at one time kept a pack of harriers, but now sticks to fox-
‘ hunting; J. Neat of Overton, and John Arundel of Brimpton.

‘ When Sir Bruce Chichester took the hounds in 1866, George
‘ Southwell was entrusted with the horn and the formation of a new
‘ pack of hounds; but he did not remain long, and then went to the
‘ Cambridgeshire; and not finding the post of huntsman congenial
‘ to his abilities, he gave up, and took that of first whip to the
‘ Herefordshire.

‘ Of Sir Bruce Chichester’s Mastership there is little to record,
‘ as he kept the hounds such a short time; and then came Mr.
‘ W. W. Beach, one of the Members for North Hants, of Oakley
‘ Park, who at present retains the Mastership, with Stracey, who
‘ changed places with Southwell to carry the horn. Mr. Beach has
‘ an advantage that no Master of the Vine has possessed since Lord
‘ Portsmouth gave up, inasmuch as being a resident landlord, much
‘ beloved and respected, he can command a fair amount of walks for
‘ his puppies, an advantage that the Rev. Charles Pettat in his lifetime
‘ made the most of for him, Mr. Beach’s well known devotion to his
‘ parliamentary duties not leaving him much time for such things
‘ himself. He has, moreover, shown much wisdom in going to
‘ Lord Portsmouth for what drafts he may require, and also by mount-
‘ ing the men well, so that the country is now in a flourishing state.

‘ Mr. Beach figures in the old Vine picture on a grey pony, and,
‘ judging from the likeness in the print, I can fairly say that “the
‘ “child is father to the man.” He is also in the celebrated Oxford
‘ Drag picture, painted by Mr. George Winter of Brasenose in 1848.
‘ The Vine now hunt three days a-week—have forty-four couples of
‘ hounds.

‘ James Stracey, the present huntsman, was a native of Sawbridge-
‘ worth, in Herts. He put on his first red coat in Lord Petre’s
‘ service, with whom he lived for seven years. Then went to
‘ Mr. Drax in 1840 as second whip, under John Last; to the
‘ old Earl Fitzhardinge, under Harry Ayries, from whom he says
‘ he learnt all he knows about hunting. After quitting Berkeley
‘ Castle, he went to the Vale of White Horse, when Mr. Raymond
‘ Cripps was Master, under John Dinnicombe; then to the old
‘ Berkshire, where he lived for five years, when Mr. James Morrell
‘ was Master and Jones his huntsman, and he is in the well-known
‘ picture by Goode. For a few months only he left Mr. Morrell, and
‘ went to the Cottesmore, but was soon back again. After this he had
‘ a turn with Mr. Farquharson in Dorsetshire and with Lord Henry
‘ Bentinck, before he crossed the Border, and went to Mr. Ramsey,
‘ with whom he was two years first whip and six as huntsman, and
‘ only left through Mr. Ramsey’s death. Next he went to the Cam-
‘ bridgeshire for one season, and left on account of Mr. Barnet giving
‘ the hounds up; and then he came to the Vine, when Sir Bruce
‘ Chichester was Master. Stracey has had a rare good time; for he

' has never had a day's illness, and only one broken collar-bone during
' his career; and at one time he would far sooner jump a big place
' than take a small one. Few have seen more service, and he has
' never advertised, nor been out of place. No man is fonder of
' hunting, and he is always in good humour if he has a good day.
' He is assisted by Henry Strike, who came to the Vine from Lord
' Macclesfield. Large fields come out with the Vine now, and
' several stand their horses at Basingstoke.

' Amongst them are Mr. James Martin of Fareham; and Mr.
' Tom Blake of Gosport, both keen sportsmen; Colonel Randolph,
' late of the Grenadier Guards; Mr. Edward St. John still comes
' out during the cub-hunting season, and takes great interest in
' the hounds; Mr. Andrew Twitchen, the father of the Vine
' Hunt, is still alive and well, and on his grey mare as keen
' as ever. There is a story told of him, that, being one day
' near Paul's Wood when the Duke of Wellington was there,
' Andrew said, "I have known a fox found in that pit before now."
' The Duke said, "Go and find one now, Twitchen, and let us
' "kill him at Strathfieldsaye." And sure enough he was found, and
' they did run him to Strathfieldsaye Park, and killed him just going
' in. Mr. Chute of the Vine preserves as strictly as ever, but does
' not hunt; Mr. Richard Cary Elwes, who is, I believe, a Lincoln-
' shire man; Mr. A. Biden of Gosport, a light weight, goes well; and
' Captain Broun of the Priory, Monk Sherborne. The present prin-
' cipal supporters and followers of the Vine are—The Earl of Car-
' narvon of Highclere Park, Mr. Melville Portal of Laverstoke,
' Colonel Robert Portal of Southington, Sir Nelson Rycroft of Kemp-
' shot, Mr. Kingsmill of Sydmonton House, Mr. George Brooks of
' Monk Sherborne, Mr. Andrew Twitchen of North Oakley, father
' of the Hunt, who compose the Committee; the Duke of Wel-
' lington, Strathfieldsaye; Lord Northbrook, now Governor-General
' in India; Mr. Alfred Thornton of Beaurepaire, and his brother,
' Mr. Henry Thornton, hunt every day, are very hard riders and
' capital preservers; Mr. Thomas Pain of The Grove, Basingstoke;
' Mr. W. S. Portal of Malshanger; Colonel Bridges of Overton;
' Captain Harvey from the Isle of Wight, who keeps his horses at
' the Red Lion, Basingstoke; Colonel Claud Bouchier, V.C., of
' Basingstoke; Rev. A. Barker of Sherfield Rectory; Mr. W.
' Plowden of Ewhurst; Mr. J. May of Basingstoke; Mr. W.
' Travers; Mr. A. Twitchen, Jun.; Mr. W. Hawkins of Newbury;
' Mr. W. J. Hunter of Baughurst; Mr. J. W. Lamb of Worting;
' Captain Lloyd of Silchester; Mr. R. Allfrey of Wokefield Park;
' Mr. J. Hargreaves, the Master of the South Berks; Mr. H. Harris
' of Longparish; Captain Warren of Worting House; Mr. E. Bates,
' M.P., of Manydown; Mr. Freeman Davis of Surbiton; Mr. W.
' Chute of the Vine; Sir George Clerk of Basingstoke; Mr. F.
' Garland; Mr. F. D. Awbery of Basingstoke; Mr. J. Pitter of
' Wonston; Mr. Walker of Wolverton Park, a staunch preserver of
' foxes; and Captain Vincent of the Priory, Monk Sherborne.

‘ Amongst the ladies who come out are Mrs. Vincent of the Priory, Monk Sherborne; Miss Walker of Wolverton Park, Mrs. Pain of The Grove, Basingstoke; Mrs. Harris of Longparish House, Mrs. Fitzgerald of Candover, Mrs. Barker of Sherfield, Mrs. Thornton of Beauprepaire.

‘ The quarters are, at Basingstoke, the Red Lion.

‘ If better accommodation was provided for hunting men, great numbers would visit Basingstoke, from whence hunting may be had every day in the week. The stabling is bad in the town, and only one hotel—that small. It has been proposed to get up a Hunt Club at Basingstoke, to build stabling and take a house for the hunting season. There is no doubt about its answering, and we hope to hear of its being carried out.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER III.

THE rough woodland country that lies on the right bank of the Dart and fringes the moor, jumbled up as it is into an endless number of rocky knolls and hollow dingles, every one of which is blessed with a brook bright and perennial as the fountain of Blandusia, was yet well known to Frank, who, with his father's hounds, had seen many an otter and many a cub found and killed in those quiet and unfrequented wilds. But, although he and his companion toiled onward with as much speed and diligence as their live burden would permit, they were scarcely able to reach even the outskirts of Forest Wood, the deep covert forming the south-eastern limit of the old forest of Dartmoor, ere the sun declining behind the rugged tors to the westward reminded them that night was at hand, and that, unless they could answer the roll-call at nine o'clock P.M., pains and penalties would be the inevitable result.

‘ Now then, Frank,’ said Harry Somers, coming to a dead halt, and fairly exhausted by the weight and inconvenience of the burden, ‘ you could not possibly find a more suitable spot than this lonesome coombe for liberating the poor beastie; so, for mercy's sake, cut the string and let her go.’

‘ About a hundred and fifty yards higher up the valley would be far preferable,’ said the other, ‘ as there, under yonder stag-headed oak, a colony of badgers has long been established; and if we drop her in that retreat, it would puzzle Tom Franks and a legion of terriers to get at her again; so hold on a bit longer, that's a good fellow.’

The two boys then struggled on, and in a few minutes were able to reach the spot indicated by Frank; and a strange aspect it presented, that old home of the ‘ Grays’ (as badgers are called in that country), about an acre of ground, sloping due south, and destitute

of herbage as a sand-warren, being occupied exclusively by these animals.

Tiers of subterranean passages, serving at once as a refuge from attack and protection from cold, had been excavated with a skill that would sorely have puzzled the ingenuity of the most scientific engineer, civil or military. Waggon-loads of earth lying at the mouth of each main entrance indicated the extent of their operations; and, in fact, the whole area to a considerable depth was a complete catacomb.

‘I won’t go a yard farther,’ said Harry, dropping his end of the net on a huge mound of newly-dug earth, and at the same time stretching himself at full length on the soft sandy soil, that yielded under his pressure almost like a feather bed. ‘I hope the poor brute will live, after all the trouble we have taken to save and carry her thus far.’

‘Little doubt of that,’ said Frank, as he turned up the open net, and the vixen, tumbling out apparently uncrippled, darted at once into the cavernous depths of the badgers’ earth. ‘She takes to it kindly, at all events, Harry; and if, notwithstanding the cruel wound inflicted by that screw, she can only manage to keep clear of the rough tenants within, she is safer here than in the dungeon at Pyles.’

‘But do you mean to say the badgers would worry a fox if they could catch him, Frank? I always thought they were root-devouring, harmless brutes, that only showed fight in self-defence, and then did it right gallantly, even when baited by bull-dogs and blackguards in a narrow box.’

‘True enough; the animal is a downright game one, and owing to that quality, and the vigour with which it defends itself, no poor brute in the creation is subjected to such cruel treatment as the captured badger. But it is not quite so harmless as you imagine; for although he feeds commonly on roots, beetles, and dew-worms, he also digs out rabbit-nests, and eats flesh whenever he can get it. My father declares that more fox-cubs are killed by badgers than by all the gamekeepers in his country.’

‘But surely,’ said Harry, whose knowledge of such subjects was extremely limited, and who still lay prostrate on the loamy bed, as if he would gladly have passed the night there, ‘surely they wouldn’t dare to tackle an old fox unless he was the first aggressor?’

‘Well, it is always an act of aggression on the part of a fox when he intrudes into earths which the badgers have themselves fashioned for their own use; and if, when he does so, a female badger and her young ones should happen to be in occupation, the expulsion of the intruder is instantly enforced by the whole family. Besides, the fox is a fetid animal, and, consequently, his presence is said to be peculiarly offensive to the cleanly badger. I have often heard my father describe a scene he once witnessed with the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds. A fox had been found in Beechwood, which, after a short scurry over the Lansdown racecourse, went to

‘ground in a drain at Tracy Park. The terrier-man, who appears
‘to have been gifted with ubiquity, was quickly on the spot, and a
‘white wiry tartar, one of Jack Russell’s indomitable breed, being
‘uncoupled, dashed into the drain, like a water-rat plunging into a
‘pool. The Duke is still and silent as a statue, and, for a wonder,
‘has no occasion to call on the coffeehouse club, assembled near the
‘spot, to restrain their usual clatter; but although the dog is lying
‘hard, ten, twenty, thirty minutes pass, and the fox either can’t or
‘won’t bolt. So the Duke, whose patience is of the mortal order,
‘sends for a pickaxe, and, the cover-stones being removed, a strange
‘sight meets his eye. First comes the terrier, held in check by a
‘huge badger; then the fox, gasping out his last breath; then
‘beyond him another badger, also of large size. The fox, it would
‘appear, in his eagerness to escape from the terrier, had forced
‘himself in between the two badgers, and they, not liking his
‘company, had seized him fore and aft, and worried him to death
‘there and then. The Duke, said my father, pulled him out by the
‘brush, and threw him, a lifeless carcase, into the midst of his hounds.’

By the time Frank had finished his yarn, which, observing how fatigued his companion was, he had intentionally prolonged, the sun’s last rays were growing fainter and fainter in the western horizon, while the nearest tors, still indistinctly visible, loomed out like vast ruined castles in weird and majestic grandeur.

It was just that period of time between day and night known in Devonshire as the ‘dimmet,’ when the blackbirds, disturbed by vermin or ground-game afoot, keep up a continuous twitter, and the night-jars scare the belated peasant with their grating, inharmonious notes.

‘Now then, old fellow, stir your stumps once more,’ said Frank, in his cheeriest tone. ‘Taking the shortest cut across the moor, we
‘have yet five long miles to travel ere we can reach Buckbury.’

Harry Somers was on his legs in an instant, and, with an expression of intense surprise on his countenance, he exclaimed, as he looked at his watch, ‘Five miles to Buckbury, Frank, and a bare half hour to
‘do it in! I’m already three parts beaten, and I couldn’t do it in
‘double the time. Besides, look at those black clouds—it will be
‘pitch-dark in ten minutes, and then how are you to find your way
‘over the pathless moor?’

‘Never fear, my boy. Buckbury lies due south of Raven Tor, at
‘the head of this covert; and if we keep the westerly breeze on our
‘right cheek, we must make the town in due course; so come
‘along.’

Frank’s manner was so confident that, although it occurred to Harry a change of wind might possibly take place, and thus considerably derange the foregoing calculation, he unhesitatingly followed the
lead of his more adventurous companion, hoping thereby to profit by the shorter route, and at the same time reach the school-house at least before the gates were finally closed for the night. So the two boys stepped out on the dark, desolate moor, depending on the wind

alone to guide them in the direct course, and anticipating no serious difficulty in this really rash and dangerous undertaking.

They had scarcely turned their backs, however, above a minute or two on Raven Tor, the landmark from which they were steering, and the only shelter available for many a dreary mile, when the dark cloud that every moment had been drawing nearer and nearer, wrapping the whole moor in a vast impenetrable shroud, now burst on their heads in a deluge of rain, drenching every thread of their summer dress down to the very skin.

‘The faster it spends, the sooner it ends,’ said Frank, quoting a provincial saw with as much gaiety as he could muster. ‘It is only a heavy shower, Harry, and at all events is far better than a moor-fog.’

At that instant a soft, boggy spot on which Harry had trodden brought him face foremost to the ground, filling his eyes and mouth at once, and all but stifling his utterance, with the peaty soil. His companion was some yards in front of him at the time; but the heavy thud with which he floundered into the mire, and the frantic efforts he made to struggle out of it and clear his throttle, too plainly announced, even in that pelting storm, what his fate had been in the watery sludge.

‘Give me your hand,’ said Frank, springing to his rescue without a moment’s delay. ‘There—hold on, old fellow. One step more, and you’ll be landed all safe in a second.’ So, grasping Frank’s hand, he succeeded with a plunge or two in finding firm ground once more beneath his feet.

‘I thought you told me,’ said he, in the first words he could utter, ‘that there was not a bog within a mile of us on our way to Buckbury.’

‘Quite true, Harry. The nearest bogs are mainly on the hill-tops to the west of Raven Tor; but this quag into which you have so unluckily slipped is a mere mucksy-pot—a green patch not bigger than a carriage umbrella, but deep enough to swallow a bullock; an ugly trap, I own, on a dark night, but very different from our bogs. You may travel ten miles without meeting another on this side the moor.’

‘Thank goodness, one in a lifetime is more than enough; and if I live to the age of Methuselah, I’ll never trust this terrible moor again by night—never, never again.’

In such a woeful plight, soaked to the skin, and begrimed with slush, this resolution of the poor boy’s burst from him with an irrepressible groan; nor will it be wondered at if, utterly wearied out as he was by a long day’s labour and the want of food, not a scrap of which had he tasted for at least nine hours, he should thus have regarded the dark moor with a feeling of increasing dread and awe. Hitherto, indeed, whenever a holiday had enabled him to scamper off and pay a short visit to its heathery wilds, drinking in the fresh, invigorating air, that seemed at every step to make the turf more elastic under his feet, and himself to feel like a racehorse fit to go for his

life, he had only seen the sunny and pleasant face of the grand old moor. But now, without even a star in the sky to guide him aright, the gloom had converted it into a land of horrors, spread with pitfalls and morasses, into which at any moment, from want of light, he might again be precipitated head-foremost, and lose his life.

The contrast would have staggered a stouter and more experienced man than Harry Somers, who now, but for the help afforded him by his cheery, high-couraged companion, would probably have succumbed to the exhaustion which, as he rolled in his gait, seemed to gain upon him at every step.

‘Hold up, old horse! half a mile on it will be far easier travelling, all with the collar,’ said Frank, encouragingly. ‘The sky, too, is clearing overhead; and, if you’ll just let me fasten the end of this fox-net to your coat-button, you’ll step along then as light as a four-year-old.’

Sundry ‘broad meanings’ on Harry’s part, indicating the extreme probability of another fall, led Frank to propose this plan, in order, if possible, to avert the catastrophe and keep him going on his legs as long as he was able; then, just as the drowning man clutches at a straw, Harry caught eagerly at the net, and, securing it to his coat, suffered himself to be towed forward, like a disabled hulk, over the rough, heathery waste that now lay in their course.

‘It makes a rare tow-line, this old net of the fox-killer’s,’ said Frank, who, though encumbered with his drag, still continued to forge ahead with light step and undaunted spirit.

‘See! it’s all right, Harry. Yonder are the lights of the farmhouse at Honeycombe Head, and that’s barely a mile from Buckbury toll-bar; so cheer up, old fellow, it’s all plain-sailing now, and we can’t possibly miss the way.’

During the almost Stygian darkness in which they were wrapped by the heavy shower, Frank, it must be owned, had been troubled with serious misgivings as to the course they were steering; for, in fact, during that heavy downpour of rain and the immediate lull of the breeze that had preceded it, the sole means of guidance on which he had depended were now no longer available. But the boy bravely kept these doubts to himself, fearing, if he disclosed them, the depressing effect they might have on his already dispirited and jaded companion.

The moment, however, he caught sight of the distant lights, which he assumed were those of a lone farmhouse near the outskirts of the moor, his confidence revived, and he reiterated again and again, ‘All right, Harry; we can’t now miss the way.’

‘I expect Gaffer Twigg will be gone to roost, though,’ said Harry, despondingly, ‘before we can reach the school-gates; and as he carries the keys to his bedroom, we shall be locked out to a dead certainty.’

‘Well, if we are, it won’t much matter. I’ve often scaled the yard-gate, spikes and all, as you know; and once within that pale,

‘I can let you in by the stable-door, and then access to our rooms will be easy enough.’

The long, rough heather, through which for the last mile or two the boys had been labouring, had now become broken up, as it were, into a number of small islands, divided one from the other by patches of soft, black mould, utterly void of all vegetation, and becoming perceptibly softer as the wanderers continued to advance in the direction, as they supposed, of the farmhouse at Honeycombe Head. But, alas! encumbered and weighted as Frank was with his almost helpless companion, it required no little endurance and energy on his part to flounder ahead from island to island and hold his own through the tenacious, stoggy mire, which, yielding still more and more as they struggled onward, threatened to engulf both of them at every step.

At length, perplexed with doubt and all but sinking under his labour, Frank threw himself on a bed of thin heather and declared himself unwilling to proceed a yard further in this direction. ‘The wind must have shifted,’ he said anxiously, ‘or we should have won Honeycombe Head long since, and certainly should never have encountered this boggy land.’

‘I feared so,’ said his companion, now utterly dismayed by the peril of their situation; ‘but we have at least sound ground under us at present, and here I propose resting till daylight enables us to proceed on a safer course.’

At this moment a purple, flickering light, as if a bundle of lucifer-matches had suddenly been ignited, danced brightly in front of them, now dilating and now contracting, as the the night-breeze suffered it to rise and waver over the surface of the bog.

‘By heavens!’ cried Frank, greatly excited by the apparition, ‘we haven’t stopped a moment too soon! That’s Jack-o’-Lantern, Harry, and no fire created by human hands; and that’s the farmhouse light we have been steering for ever since the shower fell. See how it dances to and fro, like a spirit of the fen alluring us to our doom!’

A superstitious awe akin to fear now crept upon both of them; nor will it be wondered at if, impressed by the dreary and solemn stillness of the moor, no less than by the peril of their position, the poor boys absolutely shook with alarm and cowered together for mutual support on the firm bit of heathery ground they had now reached. While thus for some minutes they remained gazing with mute astonishment at the solitary, intermittent motions of the mysterious flame which, like a May-fly see-sawing in the sun, played and flickered at various heights above the spongy soil, a hollow dismal sound, as that of a bull moaning, seemed to rise from the very spot where the lights were playing and close by them.

‘What on earth can that be?’ said Harry, jumping on his legs, and forgetting in his terror all the misery and fatigue he had so lately undergone. ‘Let us be off at once, Frank; if that isn’t a bull it must be the devil, and I’ll not stop another instant in this dreadful place.’

‘Hold hard, my boy ; it’s neither the one nor the other,’ said his companion, perfectly familiar with the sound ; ‘it’s simply a bittern, the bird of all others I’ve long wished to shoot. Its feathers are first-rate for a March-brown—nothing like them, so Peter Hambly says, for our rivers ; and I haven’t one in my book.’

This explanation so far allayed Harry’s alarm that he gladly again subsided on the short stumpy heather by Frank’s side ; and there, edging together as closely as they could for mutual warmth, the two boys sat and watched the ever-restless, phosphorescent light which, with the booming of the bittern, now absorbed their whole attention, and caused them for the time even to forget their own personal misery and the danger to which they were exposed.

But their clothes being saturated with wet, and their blood no longer stirred by exercise, the crisp night-wind, now blowing from the north, was beginning to chill them to the marrow of their bones ; and, as a sleepy stupor appeared to be stealing over Harry’s senses, Frank, in order to rouse him from the danger of falling asleep, related the well-known moorland story of John Childe, the hunter, who, whilst enjoying his favourite amusement, was caught in a snow-storm and perished on the moor.

‘Finding himself lost and benighted,’ said Frank, ‘near Fox Tor, under which is one of the dreariest of Dartmoor mosses, he killed and disemboweled his favourite horse, and crawling into the ghastly chasm formed by his ribs, he hoped to sustain life and soul together by the warmth of the animal’s body. But the sacrifice proved a useless one ; the bleak wind and the piled-up snow were too strong for the hardy hunter, even with that protection, and his body was found frozen, together with that of his steed, by the monks of Tavistock, who, soon afterwards, went in search of him to that desolate mire.

‘He contrived, however, before he died, to dip his finger in the horse’s blood and write his will on a stone hard by in the following words—

“The first that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke he shal have.”

‘So, as he was the lord of extensive domains in that district, the Tavistock Benedictines became the fortunate possessors of the property, which they continued to hold down to the reign of Henry VIII.’

‘When of course, at the dissolution of the monasteries,’ interposed Harry, ‘it passed by a royal grant into the hand of some private family ?’

‘Into that of the Russell’s,’ said Frank, ‘who retain it to the present day.’

The interest of his companion having been fairly roused by this legend, Frank, with the first streak of dawn which now appeared, silencing the bittern’s boom and paling the ‘ineffectual fires’ of the bog, proposed a fresh start homeward, remarking they could now

pick their way and take the straight course for Buckbury without fear of another mistake.

'The sooner the better,' responded Harry, making an effort to steady himself on his cramped-up limbs, now all but paralyzed by the cold; 'for we may yet be able to enter the school-house before Gaffer Twigg is astir.'

'My mind is very easy on that score,' said Frank; 'the holidays are so near that, even if we are marked absent, Twigg, who has a keen eye to self-interest, will think twice before he practises any torture on you or myself. Besides, it is just possible that for once our absence may escape his observation altogether.'

'I devoutly hope it may,' said the other, whose prospects of an exhibition at Oxford—a matter of the utmost importance to him—would have been seriously damaged had he fallen under the Doctor's displeasure. 'It is, however, my first scrape this half, so I can plead "*prima culpa*" with a good conscience, and, I hope, with success.'

The first living object that attracted the boys' attention on the break of day was a huge raven, digging with its cut-and-thrust bill into the carcase of a horse that had perished in the bog close to them; and so intent was the bird on breaking its fast that, for some minutes, shy as it naturally is, it appeared to take little or no heed of the boys' presence, but pitched like a ravenous harpy into the putrid flesh.

Marvelling greatly at the bird's unwonted boldness, Frank gave him a lusty view-holloa, thinking the sound of the human voice would at once scare him from the feast; but a hoarse croak was the sole response, as if he meant to say, 'Get on your way, and

'Let me alone
To pick my own bone;'

he then continued gorging the food, heedless of the interruption.

'Confound the beggar's impudence!' said Frank, pointing his fishing-rod at him as if it was a gun; 'he knows perfectly well it ain't my little Joe Manton, or he never would stop there, mocking us in that fashion!'

Another short croak, hoarser than the last, just as if he was swearing at the intrusion, still more astonished the boys, as Frank, grasping a handful of mud in close proximity, threw it with all his power into the very face of the raven. He then rose on the wing and wheeled once or twice round Harry's head, intending, apparently, either to assault him or settle on his shoulder without further ceremony; but a vigorous shot from a clod of earth at length drove him to a farther distance.

'That's a fiend in feathers!' muttered Harry, utterly aghast at the evil omen; 'and what an unwelcome compliment has he paid me, taking me, before my time, for so much carrion!'

'Wanted to change his diet, perhaps, from stale to fresh meat; that was all, Harry.'

After this strange adventure the two boys, getting upon sound

ground, made the best of their way in the direction of Honeycombe Head, which, standing on a prominent knowle overhanging the woodland gorge running far into the vale below, was now a conspicuous object on the southern side of the moor. But, although the glorious morning sun, 'the lord of light and lampe of day,' rose without a cloud in the sky, comforting the chilled earth and inviting the larks to meet him with a song of praise at the very gates of heaven, the travellers trudged on in moody silence, brooding over the presage of that dark and mysterious bird.

On entering the moor-gate, separating the farmstead from the waste land, where scores of rabbits were frisking about on all sides, a man in the coarse, home-spun attire of a moor-farmer, followed by a strong, wiry lurcher, appeared suddenly in view, and coming hastily towards them demanded, in no very courteous terms, whither they were going and what their business was 'trapesing about' at that time of the morning on his grounds? and, catching sight of the purse-net in Frank's hand, he said, savagely, 'I thought zo; darned 'if I ant a got ee both now; how many have ee cotched, and what 'have ye dooded wi' 'em? hid 'em away, I'll war'n ee, in some fuzz-hole or other; but, my life for't, I'll mak' ye tell. I b'ant a going 'to pay four-score pounds a year for thickee warrin and git nort out 'o't but old fuzz and fags! Where d'ye come for, and where bee 'going, I zay?—and the rabbits yeu've a fanged, where be they 'to?'

All this was said almost in a breath, as the powerful fellow planted himself, cudgel in hand, directly in front of the two boys, and, seizing the net as it hung on Frank's shoulder, intercepted their farther progress towards the hollow combe.

'Let go my net,' said Frank, indignantly; 'I bought it to carry 'a fox that was caught yesterday, and have not meddled with a 'single rabbit.' And the boy held manfully on to one end of the net, with his left foot advanced and a defiant air. Harry, too, grasped hold of it at the same time, making the warrener quickly to understand they were no ordinary curs he had to deal with, and that, if he would win the net, he must do battle with both of them, there and then.

'Yeu'm two potchers; that's what you be,' said the man, raising his heavy stick deliberately in the air, but hesitating a moment ere he brought it to bear on one of the boys' heads.

'No, we're not,' said Frank: 'I've told you the truth. My name 'is Raleigh; and you may summon me if you like; but don't strike 'me with that stick.'

'Raleigh be yeu ca'd?' said the warrener, with the utmost surprise, as he gradually relaxed his hold on the net and dropped the cudgel to his side; 'any kin to he o' Watercombe, young man?'

'I'm his son,' replied Frank, regaining possession of the net. 'We 'lost our way last night in crossing the moor; got stogged in the 'mires, and are now returning to Buckbury as we best can.'

'The Squire's son, be you?—why fai,' zo yeu be! What a fule

'I was not to ha' zeed that afore ! Why, yeu'm the living daps of 'un in the vace ; I zee that, begorz, plain anew !'

As changes the hue of heaven in summer when a thunder-cloud has passed away, so quickly did the dark face of the farmer relax at this discovery into a serene and almost benignant smile. Finding the boys were half famished from want of food, he invited them with great heartiness to accompany him to the farmhouse and partake of the best fare he could offer, namely, bread, cheese, and Cockagee cider—which last, he averred, would warm them down to the very toes of their 'beuts.'

Led by the farmer, whose maledictions on his own stupidity were not only profuse, but comically provincial, the boys on approaching the farmstead beheld, with no little wonder, a raven seated on the summit of the entrance-porch, pluming his feathers and expanding his wings, as if to welcome the arrival of the master of the house and his two guests.

'It's the same bird ; I'll swear it !' said Frank, stopping short and staring at the bird almost with dismay.

'Is, is ; that's our old Ralph,' explained the farmer ; 'us have a 'had un now up seven years come next ship-shearing ; he's a rale old 'oresbud, and ate'th more vlesh in a wick than zum volk do in a 'year. But there, yeu zee, he kiph off the pixies from coming 'aneest our groun's. Zo, yeu've a zeed un afore, have ee, young 'gen'lemen ?'

'Yes, up near the turf-ties,' said Frank, 'at break of day ; he 'was very busy getting his breakfast on the ribs of a dead horse, 'stogged in the mire.'

'Our old horse, Sober Robin, I'll warn ee ; us have a lost un up 'ten days or more ; and I zed then that that black varmint wid be 'the fust to find un ; and zo he hath. There's never a hound in 'the Squire's cry hath a nose like he. But, do ye walk in, gen'lemen, 'and I hop' yeu won't look for compliments.'

With a knife apiece in hand, and excellent fare before them, the cravings of nature were soon appeased by the hungry boys, who again and again were invited to 'kip on cutting, and not to wait for compliment.' Above all, the Cockagee cider, rich in colour, full of body, and so delicious in flavour, did its work of restoration with rare effect, reanimating their spirits and imparting fresh life to their wearied limbs.

'The finest cider I ever drank,' said Frank, giving the liquor its due praise ; 'I've often heard of Cockagee, but never tasted it 'before.'

'Then do ee tak' anither half-pint, zur ; 'tis fine trade and will do 'ee no harm, I'll war'n ye. I dursn't trust a zoul in the houze to 'dra' it but mysel or my son Harry ; and when he goe'th to the 'zellar, I kip un a whistling there and back again, and zo, yeu zee, 'he an't a got time to drink the zider.'

The rattle of a horse's heels, coming up the granite road in front of the house, now attracted their attention ; when the warrener,

going to the window, announced with a loud exclamation of surprise that Dr. Host was riding 'like a mazed man' towards the barton, saying, as he watched him, 'I can't tell what ail'th un; us ha' got 'no zick folk here, and don't want no doctor; and I'm zure, for 'myself', I'd rayther die a natural death than zee one o' em to my 'bed-side.'

In another second the doctor reined up his horse at the porch-door.

THE BOOKMAKER'S HORSE.

FOUR legs—one a 'swinger,' perhaps—and a head,
A proper certificate how he was bred;
A public performer of some sort of note
Sufficient to cram down the popular throat;
A high sounding name with a classical ring,
A straightforward trainer, and that kind of thing;
The public must worship the idol perforce,
And put down their dust on the bookmaker's horse.

One morning reported to go like a bird,
The next not a yard from his stable has stirr'd;
Now doing his gallops with freedom and ease,
Now walking in bandages up to his knees;
Now dicky behind, and now shaky before,
Now sound as a bell, now reported to roar;
The public *will* stand him for better or worse,
And stick like a leech to the bookmaker's horse.

Up and down in the market, like bucket in well,
The owner's intentions no mortal can tell;
Knocked out at the Clubs, but reviving at Tatt's,
With a 'genuine move' for attracting the flats;
Written up in the Ranter, and down in the Rag,
It's a wonder the cat keeps so long in the bag;
They don't think of 'claws' in connection, of course,
With that 'solid investment,' the bookmaker's horse.

Reports of a wonderful spin get about,
So deftly concocted for blinking the tout;
A heavy commission is worked for a blind,
And fivers and dollars come crowding behind;
No matter—their pails, like the Danaids' urn,
Can never o'erflow, if they don't overturn:
All cheques in his favour the public endorse,
Discounting the *coup* of the bookmaker's horse.

The last scene of all—when investors are tired,
 The news of his sudden withdrawal is wired ;
 Got a leg—got a cold—thrown a curb—or his jock,
 And dies, as he lives, like a renegade cock :
 Go, put up the shutters, let mourners attend,
 And Shillibeer mutes lay him out to the end ;
 And backers resignedly follow the corse
 Of the dear one departed—the bookmaker's horse.

AMPHION.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.

PART III.—CLEAN HANDS AND DIRTY HANDS.

BY 'OLD CALABAR.'

IT was true that snob Simpson had bought a place near me, and the life I led with my better half in consequence I shall never forget, or the chaffing from my hunting acquaintances either. It was quite enough for them to say, 'Swellington, old fellow, here comes your friend and pal, Jack Simpson,' to turn my blood into ice. A clammy perspiration would spring out of me, and I was off. However, I managed to escape him pretty well. Of course we never called. I suppose it was his wife's good sense prevented him doing so.

He gave no end of dinners ; and the fellows told me, 'Rare wine 'at Jack Simpson's. Never had a better feed in my life. If it were 'not that quarrelling with his h's, he is by no means a bad fellow. 'His wife is a devilish pretty woman, and a very attractive one, too ; 'with the neatest foot and ankle I have seen for some time, beautifully dressed, nice and lady-like in her manners ; not a bit like her 'husband. I wonder where he picked her up ?'

All this was pleasant—mighty pleasant. Here was I to play second fiddle to that cad. It was his eight thousand a year—made by shoddy of course—his dinners and wine that did it, so I consoled myself.

Somehow or other I never got a sight of Mrs. Simpson, so I was not able to judge if my friends' encomiums were just.

Mrs. Swellington's father at this time had a heavy fall out hunting. There had been a lawn meet somewhere, and it was supposed that a heavy breakfast, with plenty of laced tea and curaçoa, topped up with cherry brandy, had made the old gentleman a little shaky in his pigskin. At any rate he came a cropper, and his daughter went away for a month to stay with him.

I thought I might as well go for a bit, too ; so urgent private affairs called me away to Brighton, which was then in the height of the season. Madam had given me such a time of it that I required change of air ; so I went down in my mail phaeton, and sent a saddle-horse on as well for my use.

I secured good lodgings in a fashionable part, got down from town

some first-rate regalias, dry sherry, and drinkable claret, with the determination of having a quiet month of it.

I was riding one day gently along, when I became aware that four ladies were a-head of me. They seemed to be in high glee, from the bursts of laughter they indulged in every now and then. They had all good figures, but one was superior to the rest. She was riding one of the finest-looking horses I ever saw.

‘By George,’ I muttered to myself, ‘I never saw a woman’—alluding to the fine figure—‘sit her horse so well.’ She managed him with the greatest ease and skill: it was a skittish nag she was on. ‘I’ll have a look at these ladies, whoever they are.’ I was going to pass them, when they turned their heads on hearing my horse coming up. Three of the ladies I knew at a glance—the Miss Larkins, who lived about fifteen miles from me, fine, handsome girls, up to every mischief under the sun. Mrs. Swellington did not know them. I had made their acquaintance out hunting. The fourth face was that of a lady three or four and thirty years of age. But, how lovely! Such splendid black hair and brilliant teeth!—this I saw at a glance.

‘Oh, how glad we are to see you,’ exclaimed the three Miss Larkins at a breath, and breaking away from the beautiful unknown, who rode quietly on.

What was it possessed me? An idea struck me—a brilliant one—and I proceeded at once to put it into execution.

‘My dear young ladies,’ I exclaimed rapturously, ‘I am delighted to see you. Now a word. I have a particular desire not to be known here. Remember, I am Captain Green—a single man—*un garçon*. Captain Green—nothing more. The fact is, Madam has gone to see her father, who is very ill; and as I am very ill too, I have come down here on the quiet, so you will not betray me, will you?’

‘Oh, not for worlds!’ chorused the trio. ‘You may depend, Captain Swell—Green, I mean—that we will keep your secret inviolable.’

‘And who is the lady,’ I asked, ‘that is riding with you? I never saw a more beautiful woman.’

‘Oh that,’ replied the eldest Miss Larkin, looking at her sisters, ‘that is Madame Lionel de Courcy, a very wealthy widow. She is such a dear, nice creature! But you will ride out with us every day, will you not?’ she added pleadingly. ‘Papa has such a dreadful fit of the gout, and mamma is obliged to stay with him. We have no one but that shabby old groom from the livery stables to go with us, and if we canter or have a spin over the Downs, he declares we are ruining his master’s horses; but Madame de Courcy’s horse is her own—such a beauty!’

‘Well, you must introduce me to this Mrs. de Courcy,’ I exclaimed.

‘Oh, we dare not,’ said the eldest, looking again at her sisters—‘at least till we have sounded her, she is so proud. We will ask her during our ride. Meet us here to-morrow, if it is fine, at the

‘ same hour ; if not, the day after, and we will manage it. Good-bye now.’ And they cantered away to rejoin their companion.

Cool, thought I. Ask her first, as if I was not good enough ! I see they are giving themselves airs because Mrs. S. has not called on them, and are paying me out for it. That day, when I came home and went to the billiard rooms, I could do nothing at pool. I lost life after life. The fact was that Madame de Courcy was running riot in my brain. What right had I, a married man, to be thinking of enchanting widows ? At dinner I was no better. The soles were badly fried, the claret was over-warmed, and the infernal cigars would not draw ; everything went wrong.

I sat up late, and as the evening wore on things went better. I got a cigar to smoke, I managed to finish the claret and two or three glasses of grog besides, so I went to bed and consoled myself with—a blue pill, and visions of a seidlitz powder in the morning.

Yes, my liver was out of order. The blue pill nipped me most infernally ; that comes of taking hot grog with lemon, I thought. I knew it would make me beastly ill. Serves me right. But gradually I dozed off, and dreamt I was flying away with the fair unknown over the Downs. Then I woke up—that infernal pill—then I fell fairly asleep, and never awoke till my man came in with my hot water.

‘ What the devil’s the use of waking me so early, Johnson,’ I pettishly asked. ‘ Any letters ?’

‘ No, sir ; but you remember you told me to call you at nine precisely, and that you would take a powder.’

‘ Ah, yes, so I did, Johnson. Give me one, will you ? I am devilish seedy.’

‘ I’m afraid you are, sir. If I may make the remark, you took more spirits last night, sir, than you usually do, and hot, too, with lemon. You’re not used to it, sir. Excuse me, I know your constitution, sir ; and after twelve years’ service with you I ought. Lemon don’t agree with you.’

I was rather astonished at Johnson’s long speech, for he was a man of few words. I never encourage servants to speak. So, swallowing the seidlitz, and telling Johnson to have breakfast in half an hour, and to tell them I wanted my horse at two o’clock, I plunged into my bath, and afterwards proceeded to dress and shave.

‘ Dashed if some one has not been cutting string with my razor !’ I exclaimed passionately, throwing down the razor, and by the greatest chance in the world missing slicing off my great toe. ‘ I’ll grow a beard again. I never was so happy as when I had a beard. No trouble or bother. What’s the good of wearing moustaches and whiskers, if you don’t have a beard. All Mrs. S.’s fault ; she made me cut it off. Here, Johnson, you must shave me this morning ; the beastly razor won’t cut.’

After I was shaved I was in a little better temper, and was going on all right till I discovered I had—yes, positively—a grey hair in my left whisker. Fancy a man of my age, only nine-and—well, never

mind, it was there ; so I plucked him out in a rage, and went down to breakfast.

I don't know that a blue pill and a seidlitz powder are conducive to giving anyone an appetite ; if they are they are greatly belied, for I could not eat a mouthful—nothing but a cup of tea and a bit of dry toast passed my lips.

I waded through the 'Times' and tried a cigar, but it would not do ; that infernal hot grog had floored me.

At luncheon I managed a little soup, a bit of cold pheasant, and two or three glasses of Amontillado, and felt better. I dressed most carefully, got myself up within an inch of my life. I don't know that I ever took more pains with myself—and for what ? Hang it, I must tell the truth ; it was to captivate the widow, the beautiful Madame de Courcy.

I got on my horse and walked quietly away. I don't believe I was ever so satisfied with myself. My lavender kids fitted to perfection—everything was perfect. I was before the time, and consequently before the ladies, my impatience was so great ; so I turned back again to meet them.

At last the wished-for moment arrived ; I saw them cantering easily towards me. Yes, there were the three Miss Larkins, and the beautiful widow managing her fiery chesnut with the most consummate skill.

'Ah, who would have thought of meeting you here again ?' said the elder Miss Larkin. She was always the first to speak. 'This seems to be a favourite ride of yours, Captain Swel—Green. Will you join us in our ride to-day ? we have no one with us. We have left the old groom behind, for he was such a nuisance. Oh, I forgot ; allow me to introduce you to Madame de Courcy, my very dear friend.'

I bowed in my most fascinating way, and the widow 'smiled sweetly on me.' What teeth ! what eyes ! what hair ! and what a figure ! She was perfection in her close-fitting habit, her gauntlet gloves, her hat—no chignon—her glorious black hair, braided in heavy masses. I never saw so beautiful a woman. I was enchanted—knocked clean out of time. She was even more lovely than I ever thought. In my wildest dreams I had never conjured up so winning and faultless a person.

Our ride passed too quickly, but it came to an end, as all rides will, but not before I had promised to meet them the next day. How we enjoyed it ! We scampered madly over the Downs, and took it out of our horses completely.

'You are a most splendid horsewoman, Madame,' I remarked one day ; 'where did you learn ?'

'Abroad,' she answered somewhat shortly. 'I have ridden all kinds of horses.'

I saw she did not like to be questioned, so I asked no more.

Papa Larkin remained very ill with the gout, and I devoutly hoped he might continue so, for I had been given to understand that directly

he was better that the rides must cease, as they would have to go out in the carriage with him; that Madame de Courcy was staying with them, and she would have to do the same.

I volunteered to call on Papa Larkin, but this they would not hear of. He was too gouty, too cross, too ill to see anyone—I must not think of it; later, perhaps, he would only be too delighted, &c., &c.

I talked learnedly of the gout; intimated that the faculty were asses; that I knew a very dear friend of mine who had been entirely cured of gout by an unlimited devotion to port wine; that, instead of being bad for the disease, it was now allowed by all who knew anything about the matter to be the correct thing and the only cure, and that a couple or even three bottles a day would do no harm; on the contrary, it would effect a certain and speedy cure.

The Misses Larkin kept my secret rigorously. I was Captain Green, lately from India.

Luckily there was no one I knew at Brighton save a few gentlemen; and as I was tolerably distant with all, no questions were asked. Besides, we never rode in the town, it was always in the country.

One thing was certain—I was making strong running with the widow.

‘I am so sorry, Captain Green,’ said the beautiful Madame de Courcy one day, as we were riding in advance of the rest (they were the most accommodating young ladies I ever knew), ‘that our rides must soon come to an end.’

‘Why, you don’t mean to say,’ I breathlessly interrupted, ‘that you are going away?’

‘No; oh, no, Captain Green; but Mr. Larkin is getting much better, and then we must attend to him. But I am going to part with my darling horse. The doctors say I have something the matter with my heart, and I must discontinue riding.’

I had something the matter with my heart too—a fearful heart disease; but I didn’t say so.

‘Part with your beautiful horse, Madame? if you do, I must be the purchaser.’

I believe if she had asked a thousand for it I should have written out a cheque for the amount at once.

‘Well, I shall try it another week,’ she said carelessly; ‘but I shall want what I gave for him, Captain Green—three hundred.’

‘Don’t talk of price I pray, Madame; I shall only be too happy.’ I thought I would make it a present to Mrs. S. She rode about three times a year.

I was in a devil of a fix. I had made violent love to her for a month. I had been on the verge of proposing marriage and flight five or six times, when visions of bigamy and Portland presented themselves vividly to my mind, and stopped me. Luckily my wife was still with her father, and likely to continue there for some time.

At last the day came when it was announced to me that Papa Larkin was getting well, in spite of his not having followed my

advice of drinking port wine; that the rides must cease and the dutiful be done. I was mad—distracted. The beautiful chesnut was to be sold; the heart disease had increased; that horse be parted with. Spavin nor Neecap should not have the chesnut, although one had offered three hundred for him for the Duchess of —, and the other three hundred guineas for Lady —. He became mine for three hundred guineas, and I sent him home at once, to be regularly exercised and the greatest care taken of him.

‘I have managed so beautifully for you, Captain Green,’ said Miss Larkin. ‘Ah, you naughty, wicked man! you are quite too awfully wicked! You are desperately in love with Madame—you know you are. What would your—you know what I mean—say if she knew all? Well, more than four cannot go in the carriage, so one of us girls and Madame must stay at home. She does not care about driving, so when they go out you may come and see us for half an hour. It’s very naughty of you and very bad of us, but it is so delightful to do something that one does not wish to be known.’

I was in ecstasies. If people had not been about, I should have kissed her then and there.

‘Well, you may come to-morrow,’ she continued, ‘at a quarter after two. Knock, and ask for Madame de Courcy.’

You may suppose I was not a minute after my time. The lovely widow, beautiful as she was on horseback, was ten times more lovely as I saw her then, most tastefully dressed in a pale green silk, her hair in heavy masses falling on her shoulders, and such a foot! encased in a faultlessly-made slipper. I was enchanted—ravished. I confess to a weakness for a pretty woman, but this one seemed to me of all others the most beautiful.

After a little Miss Larkin, under some pretence, left the room, and then did I commence. I never made such hot love in my life, or talked such a quantity of nonsense in so short a space of time.

The widow seemed to enjoy it, for she laughed joyously two or three times.

‘There is no mistaking your meaning, Captain Green,’ she said at last. ‘You are making desperate love to me, which you must not do. Are you sure you are not a married man?’

‘No, upon my soul! By George, do you think,’ I stammered out, as I seized her hand and attempted to kiss it——

‘Well, I must say you two are going it, and no mistake. You’re a nice feller, you are, I don’t think,’ said a voice.

I looked up. There was my horror—my incubus—my Old Man of the Sea, Jack Simpson, standing before me, his face convulsed with passion.

The lady gave a slight scream. I jumped up. ‘What do you want here, sir?’ I asked. ‘Leave the room. What right have you to intrude on my privacy?’

‘Ha, ha! that is a good’un. What right have you to be making love to my wife, sir? and before my very eyes, too! I’ll indict

'you for criminal conversation. I'll tell your wife—I'll expose you to the world—I'll have you in the "Times," as sure as my name's Jack Simpson.'

'Your wife, Simpson? You're mad! This is Mrs. Lionel de Courcy.'

'Mrs. Lionel Devil! It's Mrs. Simpson—Polly, as used to be barmaid at the Green Monkey. Do you mean to tell me you did not know her? Bosh! What fool's trick have you been up to now, Polly?'

Could it be possible? Mrs. Lionel de Courcy Simpson's wife! 'I'll take my solemn oath,' I exclaimed, 'I never knew her, or had I the slightest suspicion who she was. It seems to me incredible.'

'I see I must explain,' said Miss Larkin, coming in. 'Listen to me, Mr. Simpson. We all met Captain Swellington one day out riding. In speaking to us he said he did not wish his name to be known; that he was Captain Green, and a single man, and asked to be introduced to your wife. I, in a spirit of mischief, said she was a widow, and introduced him to her as such next day. He had not the slightest suspicion who your wife was, though she knew him directly. Oh, dear, I am very sorry; but we have had such fun.'

Simpson broke out into a loud laugh. 'Not know Polly! Well, I suppose what you say is true. She worked hard for six years in Australia. She had no end of teachers—is quite the lady, aint she; speaks French, German, Italian; sings and plays the pianer, and she can ride, can't she? That I taught her out kangaroo-hunting. By the bye, 'ow's your 'orse, Polly?'

'I've sold it, John,' she said in a low tone.

'Sold it!—who to? What did you get for it?'

'Captain Swellington gave me three hundred guineas for him. I have spent fifteen pounds, the odd money; the three hundred I have up-stairs.'

Ha, ha, ha! roared Jack again. 'Sold your horse, and Swellington too. Let me see,' disregarding the pleading looks of his wife, 'who did I buy that horse of? Oh, Burley; I remember. Good man, Burley, though he took me in. Do you know him by any chance, Swellington?'

'Yes, sir, I do,' I answered loftily. I had reason to remember him.

'Well, I gave him eighty pounds for that horse.'

'Oh, John, you gave more for him,' interrupted his wife, looking at him.

'Don't look at me, Polly. I will tell the truth. I only gave eighty for him, and dear at the money too. He's as soft as pap, and won't go except he is in company; and he's very uncertain then. Ho, ho! this beats cock fighting, this does.'

I walked from the room without looking or saying a word.

'I say, Swellington, just a word with you, if you please,' said Simpson; he had followed me on to the parade.

‘Well, sir,’ I returned, ‘say on.’

‘I ’spose you won’t deny you have been making love to my wife —desperate love—for the last month, will you?’

‘I never knew it was your wife, sir. She was introduced to me, as you know, as Mrs. Lionel de Courcy.’

‘Well, that may be, Swellington. It’s deuced hard a feller can’t go to Paris for a month’s pleasure, but his wife must be made love to by you. Polly did not expect me to return so soon; at any rate you did make love to her. What right ’av you, a married man, to make love to any woman?’

‘What right, sir, have you to interrogate me? I’m my own master, sir, I’d have you know; there has been no harm done.’

‘Oh, that I know,’ replied my horror. ‘Polly’s been very foolish, but not criminal; she’s too ’cute for that. She’s come out of this with *clean ’ands*, you with infernally *dirty ones*.’

‘I don’t know, sir, what you call clean hands, selling me a horse for three hundred guineas that you only gave eighty for, and which, as you say, was dear at that.’

‘What has that to do with it? How many thousand horses are bought at low figures and sold at high uns? What will your wife say when she hears all this?’

This circumstance I had never given a thought to. ‘Oh, she won’t know it,’ I replied, airily.

‘Won’t she though?’ said Jack; ‘she shall, and every word of it, too, unless you do something for me.’

‘What is it, my dear fellow?’ I replied, seeing there was a loophole for escape.

‘Why, you see, Swellington, no one has called on us since we have bought our place, and because I made my money by shoddy. The fellows will come and dine with me, eat my dinners and drink my wine, but they don’t bring their wives or sisters. Polly is as good as any of them, now, and quite a lady; her education cost me three thousand in Australia. Now, if Mrs. Swellington was to call on her, others would follow her example. Get your wife to call on Polly, without her knowing a word about it, and I’ll keep my mouth shut.’

Here was a blow. Mrs. Swellington, the proudest woman in the whole county, call on Mrs. Simpson; impossible!

It was in vain I assured Simpson that he knew not my wife; he was inexorable.

‘I’ll give you two months to think of it, and if it’s not done then I’ll split on you as sure as my name is what it is.’

In my desperation I said ‘It shall be done,’ and we parted.

The next day I returned home and found that my better half was still absent, and likely to be for some little time. I stuck to my shooting and hunting, and often met Mrs. Simpson out hunting. I could hardly imagine that the beautiful woman had been able to educate herself as she had; but there was no denying the fact, and

that she was one of the most elegant and fascinating creatures in the county.

At last my wife's father died, and after the funeral she returned home. I had seen Jack Simpson several times, and urged that, now as she was in such deep mourning, it was impossible for her to call anywhere. This he agreed to, and all went on well till the last week of the hunting, and when I met him out one day he accosted me in the following manner.

'I say, old feller, time's up; your wife has been making some calls. I know all about it. She must visit Polly, and Polly must not know a word as to what we have agreed on, for she is as proud as Lucifer; it must come spontaneous like on your side.'

'I'll come over to your place to-morrow, at one, Simpson,' I said, in my despair. How it was to be done I had not the least idea. As I lay in my bed, turning the thing over in my mind, I hit on a happy thought, and next day, mounting my hack, rode over to Jack's place; he had furnished the house beautifully, and everything I could see at a glance was well done.

Simpson was on the look out for me, and took me at once to his room. 'Polly is sure to be here presently,' he said, 'so let me know at once what you propose.'

'The hounds meet to-morrow at Wickham toll-gate, I said; let Mrs. Simpson be there in her carriage, at half-past eleven; mind you are particular to time. Let the carriage proceed up Wickham-lane, it is a lonely, little used road, and all will be right. I am going to tell you nothing more, Simpson; do as I say, and it will come off.'

'But, you know, Swellington, Polly is to know nothing about it. How on earth am I to get the carriage there?'

'Square the coachman,' I replied, 'with a fiver; remember, there must be a footman with the carriage as well, he will be wanted.'

'So you have come at last to see us, Captain Swellington,' exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, as she entered the room, looking more lovely than ever.

'Yes; I positively am here. I came to see Simpson,' winking at him, 'about some timber I heard he had to dispose of.' I had noticed some cut as I came along.

'Well, I am delighted to see you, Captain Swellington; there is the gong for luncheon.'

I was delighted with Simpson's place; all was done in first-rate style — only as a man of means could do it. Simpson was hospitality itself, and madam was more charming and bewitching than ever.

A LEICESTERSHIRE BURST.

OH ! give me a chase o'er the green grassy fields
Of Leicestershire, which to no other hunt yields ;
O'er turf like a sponge so springy and sound,
Like a swallow you fly to the cry of each hound ;
A quick thirty minutes and who shall be first
At the end of a glorious Leicestershire burst.

At the gorse-covert side you see not a few
Of hard-riding sportsmen so good and so true,
How keenly do all of them look for a start
When the cheer it is heard, ' Hark to Factor ! hark ! hark !'
Then girths are soon tighten'd, and hats down are thrust,
All bent on a part of this Leicestershire burst.

Heads up and sterns down our gallant pack fly,
True nothing can equal this sport 'neath the sky ;
O'er the wide ridge-and-furrow they sweep like a fan,
While their sweet voices echo ' Come catch us who can.'
For poor Reynard's blood how they eagerly thirst,
Death must be the end of this nerve-straining burst.

There's Custance on ' Doctor ' of Liverpool fame,
Determined to go and to keep up his name,
And of hard-riding captains, who play the first fiddle,
I may mention the names of Smith, Tempest, and Riddell ;
Many others there are, who in turn can go first,
Or at least get a place in a Leicestershire burst.

At starting our field was five hundred or more,
But now it has dwindled itself to a score ;
The pace is so strong, and the line is so straight,
That there's no time to look for gap or for gate,
And proud is the man who's one of the first
From beginning to end of a Leicestershire burst.

Still on go the pack, how they race for the lead,
In a few minutes more they'll outpace every steed ;
Old Vulcan is running with hackles erect,
To show the ' whoo-hoop ' you may quickly expect,
And true to his lineage runs into him first ;
What a glorious end to a Leicestershire burst.

WHOO-HOOP.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—March Memorabilia.

FOR once in a way March in its opening days was a spring month in reality as well as name, and early racing birds eat their *al fresco* luncheons at Aylesbury and Rugby in the warmth of a June sun, and only hoped that Ascot might be half as genial. The characteristics of the Royal Meeting have been latterly east wind and dust, blue noses and incongruous toilettes, and iced champagne a very needless luxury. At Aylesbury gentle spring put in a most unexpected appearance, and, if Jupiter Pluvius had stayed away, it would have been better for the fortunes of the Grand National Hunt, which this year pitched its tent in the far-famed Vale. Not the old Vale known to men of the old generation, the Vale over which Becher, Mason, Charritie, and Osbaldeston rode, and of which Vivian, Grimaldi, and Lottery were the equine heroes, but close to Aylesbury tower and town, over ground where for the last ten or twelve years Oxford men have held their cross-country sports. Here was a capital *venue* in a sporting country, all needful properties and appliances to hand, a central position, a good local committee, and Mr. Marcus Verrall in the *rôle* of C.C. It looked as good a thing on paper as Prince Charlie for a weight-for-age T.Y.C. ; and when it was known that there were one hundred subscribers to the principal event of the Meeting, a great success seemed certain. Moreover, Mr. Marcus Verrall had introduced one or two new features in the programme that promised well. The Masters of Hounds Steeplechase was a pains-worthy effort on his part to rouse an interest among the various hunts in the kingdom, by asking each M.F.H. to nominate two of what he considered the best hunters in his country ; but it did not meet with the support it deserved. Some of us talk a great deal about hunters' races, but when it arrives at deeds little comes of them. Still the whole affair looked very promising on paper, and we set out for Aylesbury heralded by a flourish of trumpets (we blew a small one ourselves), which announced that this would be the very best G.N.H. that had been held since the early days of Burton Lazarus, Wetherby, and Bedford.

How came it, then, that such a brilliant promise resulted in something very like failure? There was an immense attendance of gentle and simple,—the railway companies did their utmost, or said they did,—the whole country side was roused to do honour to the occasion,—so large was the expected field for the Grand National that it was feared there would be dangerous crowding at some of the obstacles—the brook for one,—and the stabling accommodation of Aylesbury was put to the severest strain. On the 26th of February, however, there came a cruel blow, in the shape of rain such as had not fallen there for many a day, and on the 27th and 28th the course was half under water. It flowed up to the Grand and Stewards' Stands, and filled the hearts of the Committee with despair. Happily the waters were like those of the river immortalized by Young Lochinvar,—though they swelled like the Solway, they ebbed like its tide, and by Monday—the day before the races—the course was high, and we wish we could add dry. There could be no doubt that it was holding to a degree, and the worthy C.C. had evidently looked at it through the rosier of glasses when he told us on the Monday night that it was good going. Some members of the G.N.H. Committee had been over the ground a few weeks previously, had ordered the fences to be cut and trimmed, and had expressed themselves, as we understood, perfectly satisfied with the course. This feeling, however, we regret to say, was not unanimous. Other noble

sportsmen there were who had brought their horses to Aylesbury, and when they saw the fences sent them home again. On the flat we know there are owners who keep racehorses to look at, and we have heard that it is an amusing, though at the same time rather expensive pursuit. It would seem they have imitators in the cross-country business. The Holmans had brought Fashionable, a horse belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, and about which rumour was busy as to its being a very good thing, &c. But Fashionable had to keep his goodness, great as it may be, for another day, and George Holman assumed quite an injured air, as if the Committee had done him some personal injury in inducing him to bring a horse into a country which it was impossible to ride over. To hear that celebrated steeplechase jockey talk, one would have supposed he had never negotiated a bullfinch, and had a horror of a double. Mr. Studd had brought Glowworm, and secured Captain Holyoake to ride him; but both owner and jockey shook their heads over the country, and Glowworm returned home unhonoured and unsung. Indeed, there was nothing but grumbling to be heard in the 'George' parlours; and what between the 'big' country, so called, and the dirt, a bad time was clearly in store for Aylesbury. We admit the state of the ground was very bad, and very sorry were we for it. It was an accident, however, against which there was no guarding, and to which all countries, big or little, are subject, and this apart, we could see nothing to object to. Not a steeplechase meeting passes now, especially if over a new country, without protests against its size; and even at the old-established ones there is sure to be some fence over which there is contention and wrangling. What do they want, these grumblers? Has a persistent course of Metropolitan Meetings spoilt their taste for rougher fare? Have the fences of Streatham and Bromley debauched their nerves? We cannot believe it possible, and can only account for it by supposing that we are entering, and have already entered, upon a new phase of steeplechasing, quite distinct from that of bygone days, and that in our sports, as in higher things,

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'

But is the new order the better? We confess we do not see it. We are all for speed now-a-days, pace is everything, and our hunters and hounds are not what they were thirty or forty years ago. The Liverpool course, it is well known, is not the Liverpool of old times; the fences have been cut down, and 'Becher's Brook' exists but in name. So in other places. The last big country we saw was at Bedford, three or four years ago, on the occasion of the first visit of the G.N.H.; and Mr. Chaplin had a fair hunting course at Burton. A good deal was said about Bedford at the time, we remember, and there was one fence a teaser no doubt. It was got over though somehow, and it is only within the last two or three years that complaints have been so rife. We wish the Committee of the G.N.H. would have a course of their own, and a sort of standard of fence from which there should be no appeal; a fair hunting course, which straight goes might negotiate without fault-finding. Could not such ground be discovered, say in the neighbourhood of Rugby, either utilising or not interfering, as might be thought best, with the course the soldiers have made their own? The situation is very central, easy of access, in the heart of a fine hunting country, and we only wish the G.N.H. would seriously entertain the idea. But what of the sport at Aylesbury? Well, there is no doubt that the Meeting was in one sense a failure. Financially speaking, the return was good, we should say, but not so the return of each day's running. The chief event exhibited a sad falling off in numbers and quality; and when we remembered the fine shows in the paddocks at Burton Lazarus and Wetherby, we had to invoke all the faith we could muster in Admiral

Rous's *dicta* about our horses not having degenerated. The best, or the worst of it, which ever readers like, was that the good-looking one of the small lot, and the eventual winner, proved to be another of those French 'cusses'—a winner, too, about whom there was no mistake—a gentleman who took things in the quietest way, and cantered away from his field as if they had been (perhaps they were) the veriest lot of duffers! The race was won by a good sportsman, Mr. Vyner, at which Yorkshire will rejoice, and in Lucellum that gentleman has no doubt got a very good horse. He is well bred enough—by Vertugardin out of Lucy by Lanercost—to have won a Derby, and yet the G.N.H. was instituted for the benefit of the farmers, at least so we were told at Burton Lazarus, and we believed it too. Our belief has had some rude shocks since that time, but we will still venture to plead for those whom the race was intended to serve. We quite agree with 'The Sporting Gazette' in wishing that all farmers running a horse bred by themselves should receive at least a 7-lb. allowance, so as to place them in some sort of an equality with thoroughbreds purchased with an especial view to this race. We have nothing to say against such good sportsmen as Mr. Vyner and Mr. Chaplin winning the race if they can; but give the farmers a chance. The very name of the race becomes a mockery until that is done. So Lucellum cantered in, the only fear his old trainer, Viney, having was, whether he would get over the country, and the fact that he negotiated it might have silenced the complainers. Mr. Vyner ran another—Daddy Longlegs—a very useful-looking hunter indeed, but lacking pace; and Mr. Thomas rode a promising-looking four-year-old of Stevens's, St. Domingo, who ran moreover very well for some distance. Mr. B. J. Angell's colours were hardly worthily borne by Cracknell, and age and rest had done nothing for Melton Mowbray. Minister was perhaps, next to the winner, the best-looking horse there; but he is a non-stayer, as he fell from distress, and gave Captain Riddell, we are sorry to say, a broken collar-bone. Captain Smith rode Lucellum and won two races, and somehow ought to have won a third on Protector in the Borough Members Plate, but he was caught by Crusader close home, and beaten easily. It was a poor day's sport, though the attendance was very large and the quality very good. There was a very convenient but small Stewards' Stand, well filled with pretty Buckinghamshire faces and others from farther afield, in which Lord Carington played the host and the Lord Bountiful to all hungry souls, a rôle which he is very fond of enacting, and in which he always makes a hit. The feature—there is always 'a feature,' is there not?—was the great luncheon offered by the gentlemen hunting from Leighton to the farmers over whose land they rode. In a large marquee, capable of holding some four or five hundred people, there was a hot and cold luncheon going from one o'clock each day, a very first-rate affair indeed, and for which the Westminster Palace Hotel had *carte-blanc*. One hundred dozen of champagne was sent to Aylesbury, and before the close of the first day another fifty dozen was telegraphed for! There was everything that the heart of man could desire in the eating and drinking way, and full justice was done to those desires. We are somewhat doubtful how to handicap Buckinghamshire. We have been at a hunt dinner in Yorkshire, have sat at banquets in the old Town Hall at Windsor, given by the men of the Royal Staggers to the farmers (by the way, we are glad to see that this pleasant gathering will be revived this year), and once assisted—it was in the Principality of Wales—at a hunt breakfast which began at 10.30 and was not over by 3 p.m., when some of us thought the hounds might as well be put into covert—a positive fact—but we really think we must put the Vale farmers top weight. A very

high authority, the Hon. Robert Grimston, told us that they deserved all that could be done for them. As a great deal *was* done for them, and they moreover did an immensity for themselves, we can only say that they must be very good fellows indeed, and such a compliment paid them is honourable alike to hosts and guests. We cannot give the names of all the former, but to Mr. Grimston and Mr. Foy belongs, we believe, the credit of originating and most successfully carrying out the idea. Lord Carington, with characteristic liberality, sent a cheque for 50*l.* towards the expenses, and Mr. Alfred Rothschild, who is not a hunting man, furnished a very handsome dessert. Mr. Foy worked with a will, sparing, as may be conjectured, no money, nor what some men are not so fond of expending—time and trouble in the work. The loud cheers which greeted Mr. Grimston and himself we hope was part of his reward.

The other 'feature' was the defeat of Ryshworth in the Open Handicap on the second day. He has been a luckless horse on the flat, and across country we are afraid will continue to be one of the broken reeds as long as he is in training. His coming to Aylesbury was rather unexpected, as Bristol or Aintree was supposed to be his journey, and his win here would have put him out of court for both these events. However, his backers had still the consolation of feeling that while there is life there is hope, for Ryshworth fell at the brook, being, as it appeared to us, balked in his stride by Judge, who was leading, coming to grief, and Ryshworth's temper being ruffled by this *contretemps*, refused to have anything more to do with the race; and, after vain attempts to get him over the course, Boxall had to bring him back to the paddock. Mr. Chaplin's horse looked and went well enough, but still the book-makers kept enlarging their offers, and with only three runners 6 to 5 was to be had against him at the close. With Daybreak and Judge as his opponents, this indicated a screw loose somewhere, and yet his owner backed him to win a good stake, and, we repeat, the horse looked fit and well. He is never a very taking-looking beast at the best, and he puts back his ears and looked at you with rather a wicked eye on this occasion, but still it ought to have been odds on him with such a field. Daybreak has been in lavender nearly ever since he won at Burton, three years ago; and we rather suspect he had to thank Captain Smith for that win. The 'sharps,' however, those almighty 'sharps,' were on this occasion on him to a man, and we were told to back him in two or three quarters. He came in alone, and that was, as far as we were concerned, the last scene in the G.N.H. of '74. We wish it had had a better beginning and a more brilliant *finale*. Some complaints did reach our ears respecting a want of liberality on the part of the committee, who charged a considerable sum to the gentlemen giving the luncheon to the farmers for the space their marquee occupied on the ground. Now, in a case of this sort we think the committee might have waived their rent. It was entirely an exceptional case, and the liberality shown by the promoters of the banquet might have been advantageously copied by the committee. The lavish hospitality there exhibited cost the hosts about 1,500*l.*, and they might well have been spared other demands upon them.

When first the fixture was made known, it was deemed by many a bold stroke for the Grand Military to follow the Grand National Hunt on the two next days. Fortune, however, favoured the brave, and a better meeting than that of our Soldiers' this year has never been held on Rugby's famous fields, or anywhere else, indeed, for that matter.

A strong pressure was sought to be put upon the Honorary Secretary, who has managed the Grand Military Steeplechases for more than a dozen years, to

induce him to persuade his stewards to join their meeting with the Grand National Hunt, which he was, however, proof against, always maintaining that the Aylesbury course was not to be named in the same year as that of Rugby. And so far as the going, the view from the stands and hill, &c., &c., were concerned, no doubt the Hon. Secretary was right. In fact nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the scene which presented itself to our astonished gaze on our arrival about an hour before the first race was announced for on Thursday the 5th of March. We first of all looked round the course, and on our journey met numerous groups, in all of which the gentler sex largely predominated, but on the same errand—taking stock of the fences; and so well has the land been taken care of and drained, that we returned to the hillside without having encountered the slightest sign of mud. Shooting boots were voted a bore, and the rays of the early spring sun were so powerful that outer garments were discarded, and the vision of that ubiquitous coach of the 12th Lancers was hailed with delight; for already had the champagne cup begun to flow and the picnicing had commenced, which was continued with very slight intermission during the whole of the two days. Ranged alongside the gallant 12th were the coaches of the 7th Dragoon Guards, 7th Hussars, Lord Carington's, and nearly a score of others, mixed up together in the happiest confusion with the carriages, breaks, omnibuses, &c., of the aristocracy of the whole countryside. So crowded an enclosure has indeed never been seen at Rugby; and the splendour of the weather, the charming *toilettes*, and the beautiful scenery made up a picture that lost nothing in comparison with Ascot or Goodwood. But the saddling-bell has sounded, calling on the ancient warriors to parade for the Veteran Stakes, and we must leave the hill and all its charms and be off to the weighing-room, where everyone was sorry to find Mr. Marshall, who has weighed out the Soldiers ever since the Grand Military was run, an *absentee* for the first time for over thirty years. His place was, however, ably filled by Judge Clark, who quickly gave orders for five numbers to be telegraphed. Patch, the property of Captain Coventry, and Northfield, from Captain Pritchard-Rayner's stable, which supplied the winner last year, were equal favourites. Sailor, a horse trained in the neighbourhood in company with The Ægean, was also backed. The winner, however, turned up in Remus, once called Honest Joe, who has run without winning several times in Ireland, but who, now ridden by Captain Herbert, made most of the running, and won easily by three lengths. There was a large entry for the Open Hunters' Steeplechase, which was next set for decision, but only seven went to the post, Harbinger being the selected of the talent; and he would have won had not Mr. Hartigan thought too little of his opponents, for having to all intents and purposes disposed of everything, he allowed Mr. Laxton to get up to him on Glenlyon, and after a rattling set-to was just beaten by a head, Mr. Laxton thereby commencing an extraordinary run of luck. An hour was allowed for lunch on the card; but the gentlemen jockeys had appropriated a large share of it by their delays in the other races; and the commissariat department had scarcely been attacked when the bell again rang, and ten numbers went up for the Grand Military Gold Cup; and a better-looking lot are seldom seen nowadays. Marc Antoine, who so nearly beat General over hurdles a short time ago, and Jorrocks, Lord Charles Ker's late expensive purchase, divided the affections of the backers, each finding admirers at 100 to 30. Camenbert, who has not won since he was a two-year-old, when he gained three prizes for Mr. Savile, now carried Lord Carington's colours and confidence, with Mr. W. H. Johnstone up; Lady Snerwell was backed by the followers of 'the Driver'; Prince Sapieha trusted to Rescue, who won him the Grand Military Hunt

Cup last year; Captain Gilbert Stirling sought to improve the two seconds he ran here last year with Assault, in both Gold Cup and Light Weight; Waterford, who came in first for the last Grand Military at Punchestown, but was disqualified for being entered of wrong age, was watched anxiously by the 12th Lancers; and Hazard, Hautboy, and Sir Bertram, the latter with his Irish honours thick upon him, composed the rest of the field. Sir Bertram was the first to disappear from the contest, persistently refusing fence after fence going down the far side. Jorrocks, Waterford, Hautboy, and Lady Sneerwell alternately made the running to the first brook, where Hautboy refused, and Camenbert took a front place; which, however, he did not long retain, for he came to grief before the second brook was arrived at. Approaching the stand, Captain Tait, on Waterford, improved the pace and led round the top turn, with Rescue, Lady Sneerwell, Hazard, and Marc Antoine at his heels, nothing else being left with a chance, although Assault and Camenbert were seen struggling on in the rear. Rounding the extreme flags the five leaders took close order and raced up to the brook on the way home, which Rescue jumped first, Waterford, Marc Antoine in the air together, next, Lady Sneerwell and Jorrocks having fallen away a couple of lengths. Marc Antoine, running as unkindly as he could, appeared beaten at the next fence, and Jorrocks was quite done with, the other three alternately leading to the second fence from home, where Waterford and Lady Sneerwell cried enough, and Rescue took up the running, but was passed in the next field by Marc Antoine, whom Colonel Harford nursed carefully for one run, and whom he landed a clever winner. Waterford was third, and the others widely scattered.

Fire King had Captain Smith to assist him in the Farmers' Maiden Plate; but their backers lost their money, for Mr. Laxton, on Northern Light, as fine a weight carrier as ever was seen, won in a canter. Lord Charles Ker won the Grand Military Hunt Cup on Donington, beating Sultan, Agitator, and half a dozen others; but the Cup, although one of Hancock's best, will be small comfort for the breakdown of Jorrocks in the Grand Military—a very bad breakdown, sad to say. A Handicap Plate, won by Faliero, brought the first day's card to an end.

On Friday the weather was still splendid, and although the hillside was not quite so thronged, there was little diminution in the ranks of the upper ten, and none at all in the hospitality which was dispensed to all comers. A brace only ran for the Military Weight-for-Age race, odds being laid on John o' Groat; and a good race between them was spoiled by the favourite falling at the third fence from home, for had he stood up it would have been a very fine point between them. A Farmers' Plate induced nine to go to the post, eight of which might have as well stayed at home, for Northern Light and Mr. Laxton again were returned easy winners. Marc Antoine added the Light Weight Grand Military to his Gold Cup victory, after a remarkably pretty race. Of the five runners Hautboy alone failed to get round, the other four running all together until the last fence, where Colonel Harford brought Marc Antoine to the fore, and won at last very easily by half a dozen lengths; Matelot was second, and John o' Groat and Hazard, close up, next. The Ægean, as last year, won the Rugby Open Handicap. The new race, the United Service Hunters' Plate, fell to the lot of Harbinger, who beat Donington and five others easily; and the meeting was over betimes, brought to a most satisfactory termination when the invincible Mr. Laxton had won his fourth race, every one he rode in, on Glenlyon.

A word, before taking leave of Rugby for another year, of praise is due to the entire management, which is so perfect that Mr. Angell, immediately on his

return to town, communicated with the authorities in Old Burlington Street, and gave notice that he would propose that the Grand National Hunt Race be run at Rugby next year in conjunction with the Grand Military.

Captain Pritchard-Rayner's magical and mesmeric entertainment at Rugby for the benefit of the Hunt Servants' Society on the night of the Grand Military was a great success. The Town Hall was crammed, and the audience evidently both appreciated the performance and highly approved the good intention that prompted it. As a conjuror Captain Rayner is quite first-class, and gets through more tricks in a short time than any of the professionals, who take up a great deal of time in generally very mild chaff. Captain Rayner, however, meant business, and after a very few remarks he went through some extraordinary feats of sleight-of-hand with the ease of Frikell or even Dr. Lynn. The Pritchard-Rayner big box trick was a decided hit, his subject being his friend "Driver" Browne, who is well known and very popular at Rugby. Then followed the electro-biology part of the entertainment, and many sceptics who came to laugh remained to believe. Captain Rayner was very successful with his subjects—defied them to speak; made them sing, dance, and swim; converted one into a horse, and set another to groom him, which was most minutely done. But the most amusing episode was this: Amongst the subjects was the servant of a gentleman who has for many years hunted from Rugby, and who was soon under the influence of the operator, but, not being of a very lively temperament, he was allowed to sleep on his back under the platform for some time, and so was quite forgotten until the close of the *séance*. Meanwhile John's master, who was coming down from London by a late train, and had given him orders to be at the station with a fly at ten o'clock, was walking up and down the platform, asking everybody 'where John was?' and finally had to walk up to 'The George,' where he found the victim of electro-biology in such a state of utter bewilderment, that his master immediately jumped to the conclusion that John had backed the winner of the Grand Military, and had been celebrating the event. However, an explanation appeased wrath. John had taken in some fluid of a very mysterious and subtle character no doubt, but he was guiltless of anything so vulgar as beer. We are happy to add that the Society will receive about 25*l.*; and we hope that this pleasant evening will by no means be the last devoted to such a good cause.

Sport, flat and cross-country, is penetrating farther West, and who knows but we shall have a G.N.H. 'in the sweet shire of Devon' in a year or two, unless by that time it has found a home of its own. Bristol, which was inaugurated with such *éclat* last year, has followed up with success No. 2, and the Bristol and Western Counties Steeplechase Company, and their Secretary Mr. Hyde, and the C.C. the Messrs. Frail, have covered themselves with glory and earned a very good degree. Never was there such unanimity of feeling; and as we have mentioned the grumbling at Aylesbury and other places, it was satisfactory to come here and find none. Everybody vied with everybody else in praising the course, the state of the ground, the fences, the stand, the general able management. 'The chiel amang them taking notes' could find no hole in 'a' their coats; and though Mr. Frail lamented that there were still one or two little things that might be improved, it was only his practised eye that detected the blot. Why should not all meetings be like unto this? we thought, as we gazed from the roof of the Stand over the pretty course, with every fence visible, the ground well kept, with no crowd allowed to break through or endanger the lives of man or horse, and room and verge enough for every one to see. Visions of other meetings where things were not so ship-shape, portraits of other C.C.'s and Secretaries not

so painstaking, and of promoters whose rule seems to be to take all they can get and give as little as possible in return, rose up before and rather blurred the fair landscape. But we will try and think, or, at least, hope, that the example of Bristol will have an effect on these hardened sinners, and that their ways will be mended and their paths better kept for the future. And so let us tell the tale of Bristol. In the first place the weather was still unkind to its fortunes, and, bad as it was last year, it was quite as bad this. We had only one fine day, on Wednesday the 18th, for the first was abominable and the last atrocious. The sport on the 17th and 18th was not quite of the character that might have been expected from the good entries; but somehow fields do fall off in a very surprising manner, and, like some other things—things that look good on paper—it is *only* on paper. The Messrs. Frail had succeeded in getting first-rate entries, and yet we were not able, except in the big Hurdle Race and the big Steeplechase, to often get beyond five runners, which came to be a normal number. Some horses ran unaccountably bad, some performed much better than was expected, some did not perform at all. The Duke of Hamilton's colours carried the money in every race in which they appeared, but in only two were they successful. Mobile II. reversed his Croydon running the first day, but found Peter Simple and three miles too much for him on the third; and Whaler, Sir John, and Fleuriste got badly beaten when they were declared to be the best things of the meeting. The greatest grief was over Fleuriste in the Ashton Court Steeplechase on the second day, when Referee, giving her 11 lb., beat her head off, and over Fantome in the great event, the Royal Steeplechase, where the latter fell. Referee ran as straight as a die in the Ashton Court; and we must suppose that the Duke's mare cannot stay, or is not the same mare she was when in 1871 she won at Shrewsbury, and next year was such a good second to Footman at Croydon. This was one of the 'paper' good things, but there were lots of others which the chapter of accidents disposed of. Every one was glad to see the run of ill-luck which Mr. Arthur Yates has had this season checked when he won the City Hurdle Race and the Berkeley Hurdle ditto on Palm. And a very good horse the said Palm is, for he made nothing of his 10 lb. penalty in the second race, and cut down his field, including the impossible-to-be-beaten Whaler, on whom even money was laid. There was a great attendance on the third day despite the weather, which did all it knew in honour of the occasion. 'The heavens were telling' their utmost just as the great event came on for decision, and driving rain mixed with hail spoilt what otherwise would have been a pretty sight. The Bristolians stood it right well, though, and had evidently made up their minds that bad weather was the normal state of things for a race meeting. A rumour had been in circulation to the effect that the Prince of Wales, said the hopeful—accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, added the audacious—would come down by special train that day. The wish was father to the thought, and straightway Bristol took to the streets and the windows, hung its banners on the outer wall, and sent the bad weather to 1000 to 15. The whole route to the course was one long procession; every window and coign of vantage was occupied. As noon passed and the hour of one approached the belief strengthened, and the man who hinted that the Royal party would not come was derided, and lucky for him if he received nothing more than derision. But, alas! neither Prince nor Duke gladdened the loyal eyes awaiting them, and all the multitude saw was a crowd of high and low, gentle and simple (though we don't think there were many of the latter), who toiled up the hill on their way to the course sanguine and joyous, and returned very much

bedraggled, wet, and cross, but who still, as a crowd, contributed a fair amount of amusement to the spectators. The great race, the Bristol Royal Hunt Steeplechase, with its thousand added, brought out, as was only to be expected, a very good field of twenty runners and two very warm favourites in Fantome and Vintner. The former had had the call the previous day, but both settled down to 100 to 15 before the start. The stables represented were both very confident, and Mr. Crawshaw undoubtedly thought he had a real good thing in his mount on Vintner. The horse looked wonderfully well, and so indeed did Fantome, who, despite the bad way in which the Duke of Hamilton's stable had performed, carried a lot of money. Mr. Studd's Alice Lee came at the last, and her owner fancied her, we believe, very much, she and Master Mowbray being the 'features' of the forenoon. Scheidam, who had been so much talked about for this race, was under a cloud during the morning; there was a report that he was lame, and he retreated to 25 to 1. What the reason was we cannot say, but there seemed to be no cause for it, as the horse looked and went very well, and was in a very good place when the chapter of accidents put him out of the race. And such a chapter of accidents as it was! Out of the twenty runners eleven fell, most of them while going well, and two when victory looked as assured for one as second honours did for the other. No one who saw the race could doubt that if Vintner and Merlin had kept on their legs at the fence at which they came to grief they would have been first and second; and Mr. Crawshaw's disappointment must have been bitter. His horse was so full of running that he could not have lost, and nothing could have beaten Merlin but Vintner. No wonder that Mr. Garret Moore, who was riding the patriarch Scots Grey, felt light of heart when he saw two such opponents out of the way. Their fall had left him with the lead, and literally alone in his glory, for Dainty, who was behind him, and might have given the veteran a good deal of trouble, came down 'a buster' at the last hurdle, and Scots Grey cantered in by himself. The fielders shouted uproariously, and the Irish division, who, by the way, were not very strongly represented, shouted too, for the result must have been a delightful surprise. To suppose that Scots Grey could have won if the fallen had kept on their legs is ridiculous. It was the chapter of accidents that gave him the race, and glad we are that such a good fellow as Garret Moore should have profited by it. The list of fallen would read like a despatch from the Gold Coast, "only fortunately there was not even a 'slightly wounded' among them. Fantome, Ryshworth, Scheidam, Harvester, Master Mowbray, St. Aubyn, Général, Merlin, Clifton, Vintner, and Dainty make up the tale—a most unprecedented one. We were struck by the way in which both Ryshworth and Scheidam were going when they fell, and what caused the hostility to the latter we are unable to say. Fantome fell early through coming into collision with St. Aubyn; to mention when and where the others disappeared is needless. So ended the Bristol Meeting. A flat gathering is talked about for the autumn, probably some time in September; but nothing is yet definitely settled.

Though lambs and primroses are now much too plentiful, the running during February in the Midland Counties has been far beyond the average, and the scent, on the whole, has been above par. It is the well-known and valued time of long runs, when a primeval law impels 'Hector' to leave far latitudes in search of the *placens uxor et Tiburni lucus*; albeit the quest of the fair one, even if legitimate and successful, leads sometimes to grief, and the 'too daring prince' often pays the penalty of his fidelity to Andromache. On Feb. 17th the Duke of Beaufort's hounds met at White

Lion Yate, and finding immediately had a quick 35 minutes over the best part of Sodbury Vale, running into their fox from scent to view without the slightest check. It was one of those brilliant bursts that are frequent in the happy lands of the Belvoir Vale, and of which the Badminton hounds can furnish a parallel. The day was finished with another spin of 12 minutes at racing pace, literally bursting the fox. A good day finished by a racing spin has its moral—to use the language of the philosophical twaddlers—for all wend their way homewards happy and contented, well disposed to look blandly and benevolently on the matters if not the frailties of this world. These hounds a year or two ago ran seven miles straight in 33 minutes—a feat of marvellous celerity: nothing except horses from Admiral Rous's batch of thoroughbreds can be expected to live in a run of that kind. Feb. 22nd.—Hullavington. A litter of cubs was found in Stanton Park Wood, and they again whipped off from a vixen in Badminton Park. Found afterwards in some sedge at the brink of an old pond outside the Park, and away and away for 45 minutes—the first 25 minutes of which, as far as Cream Gorse, was perfectly straight and at lightning pace. Here he turned to the left over a good country, and the hounds carried on the line with their fox dead beat to Luckington, where a fresh fox got away and made for Badminton Park. Lord Worcester lifted his hounds when the turns were short with perseverance and skill; they well deserved their fox, and Lord Worcester did his best to have him. The run was of ten miles in 45 minutes, the first five to Cream Gorse being perfectly straight. The fresh fox from Luckington with the body of the hounds went away at a rattling pace to Badminton Park, where several foxes were immediately on foot. The grief amongst horses was lamentable. They might be seen in unhappy positions scattered over the face of the country; Lady Blanche Somerset and Mrs. Cator went well throughout, and reached the park with the hounds.

The V.W.H. have had also a share of sport above the average. On Friday, Feb. 13, the meet was at Crudwell. Found at Flistridge; ran to Ashton Keynes and back. The field were thrown out by a railway, and the hounds had it all to themselves for 35 out of 45 minutes. Thursday, Feb. 19.—Crudwell. Found in Marsh Coppice, Charlton Park, and after a good ring of 35 minutes killed in the open. Charlton Park is always a sure find, Lord Suffolk being a strict fox-preserver, and his keeper having those positive orders which are not to be disobeyed, and which, it must be said to his credit, he punctually and willingly fulfils. It is this conduct in the magnates of a hunt that deserves and ensures general popularity. Later in the day they found at Bradon pond; going away at once and well through the wood, skirting the pond to Withey Cross, and then streaming away by Swaffage to Andover's Gorse and Down plantation, turning slightly to the left, entering Charlton Park, passing out at the western lodge, and going away to Cold Harbour. Here the fox—a brave one—was distressed and turned. To this point the chase had been straight, at the best pace, and the distance over five miles. He now made his way to Bishoper, reached Murcott, turning homeward over Harkerton Field Farm, and crossing his first line by Banbury Hill to Down plantation. This may be said to have been the hunting portion of the run from the extreme point when he first turned at Cold Harbour; the hounds stooping and working admirably, and Worrall handling them unexceptionally, with patience, skill and energy. The pace improved, and Worrall was creeping up to his fox, evidently trying to regain his old country, but it was too late. 'Have at him, good hounds! Leu on him! Yonder he goes!'—and away, away, almost in view, over the Charlton and Minety Road

at a racing pace to Garsdon, Lea Copse, Munditts Park Farm, to King's Mead Mill. This last burst of five miles broke his heart, and he turned short by Angrove Wood, Rodbourne Mill, Cole Park; still on, on, swerving short at last, dead beat, to Corston and Rodbourne, with the hounds racing for him every inch, and screaming into view, they ran into him near Rouden Copse. Time 2 hours and 38 min.; and the distance 22 miles. The blaze-away from Charlton Heath to King's Mead Mill, at that particular period of the run, settled his fate; and in the short and close hunting, at that perilous moment of a sinking fox and a dying scent, Worrall and his hounds very particularly distinguished themselves. Dauntless, by Lord Portsmouth's *Render* from Dorothy—*Render* by Sir W. Wynn's *Regent*, from a cross upon the famous Craven and Portsmouth *Colombine* blood—with Helen and Harriet by the *Drake Hector*, and the latter from Lord Portsmouth's *Needful*, were first and foremost of the hunting and killing lot, and, leading at the very last, raced into their fox. *Pleader*, also by the *Belvoir Nathan* from *Probity*, is a hound that should be used freely, as he combines the qualities of nose, speed, and tongue with that industry and determination that so particularly mark the *Belvoir* and *Eggesford* kennels. Throughout the whole of the run *Lady Blanche Somerset* maintained a foremost place, taking her own line, and swinging over the fences as they came in a determined fashion. The horses were fearfully distressed; only a few were well up at the finish, and one belonging to Mr. Coryton, a fine animal, short in condition, never reached its stable. Worrall's horses were both beaten, and, unable to keep with his hounds at that most trying moment of a dying scent at the end of a run, Lord Arthur Somerset lent him his horse to finish and kill his fox—a very gallant and right thing for a sportsman to do; and moreover, the act of a gentleman, of which the *Somersets* have ever borne the hereditary and unmistakable mark.

Since Sir William Throckmorton has been Master of the V.W.H. the hounds have been steadily improving. The *Belvoir* and *Eggesford* strains—the latter famous for the successful cross of the *Belvoir Guider* and the *Craven Clemency*—are rightly predominating, in accordance with the observation of Lord Portsmouth: 'The V.W.H. will be safe to improve if Throckmorton will be as assured as I am that *Belvoir* quality, after all, is the real article to kill foxes anywhere. They can hunt closest, stop longest, and run hardest of any.' The quarter from whence that advice came is one of assured worth. When at a party at Mr. Trelawny's, the celebrated Mr. Russell was asked which of the two—the Duke of Beaufort or the Earl of Portsmouth—he considered to be the best and most scientific sportsman; he replied, without circumlocution, in his usually plain terms, 'They are the two best sportsmen in England. You cannot give a wrinkle to either of them in the field or in the kennel, and if I place the Duke of Beaufort first it is only in deference to his right of rank.'

The Duke of Beaufort's and the V.W.H. fields are largely patronised by ladies—well mounted and accomplished horsewomen, and some of them, in the neighbourhood of Tetbury, are endowed with such superlative fascinations that nothing short of the mythology of Mount Ida with its *Aphroditean* specialities has been deemed sufficient for their description. Amongst the foremost are *Lady Blanche Somerset*, *Lady Folkestone*, *Lady Dangan*, *Hon. Mrs. Palk*, *Mrs. Middleton Biddulph*, *Mrs. Henry*, *Mrs. Chaplin*, *Mrs. Lawrence*, *Mrs. G. Jarrett*, *Mrs. Ewart*, *Mrs. Eginton*, *Mrs. Pole*, *Miss Little*, *Miss Podmore*, *Miss Key*, and *Mrs. Cator*, who often appears in the field accompanied by four daughters, the youngest being only six years old, and, fearless

of crowds, makes her little way single-handed with the greatest pluck and determination. It would be safe to back her on the roan pony against any other six-year-old young lady in England. Independently of being in reach of the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzhardinge's, the V.W.H., the Cotswold, the Old Berkshire, and the Heythrop hounds, Cirencester offers such social advantages that it is singular it is not more frequented by sportsmen, for it is one of the most pleasant and hospitable of neighbourhoods.

Some amusing correspondence has taken place in a weekly contemporary relative to the sport with the Badminton hounds. The first writer (evidently a one-horse man) complains of numerous *covers* (*sic.*) having been drawn blank, and in his chronicle of a run unfortunately omitted a brilliant finish which he did not stay to see. To this his Grace, who is famous for never going home till dark, replies, firstly, that the correspondent could not spell, having omitted the 't' in the word *covert*; and secondly, that either his horse was tired, or that he was unduly anxious to reach home in time for his tea. No doubt, as an old author observes, much may be said on either side; and we can only suggest the following solution to the difficulty, which we trust may prove acceptable to all parties concerned:

'The one-horse sportsman may no doubt desire
To drink his tea by his own parlour fire;
But why prevent of sport an ardent lover,
If *he* prefers to have his 't' in cover?'

There was a great day in Fifeshire towards the latter end of February, when on the 19th Captain Carnegie brought the Forfarshire hounds, by invitation, to Dairsie Bridge. There had been many hitches from various causes, of which frost, and the upset of the van in which the hounds were being conveyed the twenty-two miles to covert into a ditch, were the principal. But George Rae was equal to the occasion, and though the hounds had to foot it, they were punctual to time at Dairsie Bridge. Captain Carnegie was equally punctual; and Mr. Anstruther Thomson drove up at the right moment to receive his guest. It was one of the largest meets ever seen in Fife, all the country side, and a good bit of Forfarshire to boot, being present. There were Carnegies, Erskines, Gillespies, Laws, Gilmours, Dalgleishes, Oswalds, Babingtons, Thomsons, and there was Mr. John Whyte-Melville. The day was a most enjoyable one, but the one drawback was that blood did not reward the pack that had come so far to seek it. There was plenty of sport, for two brace of foxes in their turn helped to contribute; but three got to ground, and the fourth had such a start that it was useless persevering with him. There was also plenty of riding. Captain Carnegie

'Swam the broad Eden where ford there was none,'

and charged the walls in a fashion that won much Fifeshire admiration. Mr. Anstruther Thomson was always in front, and himself and Col. Raitt, from their knowledge of the country, were able to cross the Eden without a wetting. By-the-way, it was stated that this was the first time a fox has swam the river for five-and-twenty years. We do not know how true this is; but at least this particular one deserved the brush he saved. Everybody hoped that Captain Carnegie would come again next season; and he has invited the Fife hounds to play the return match before the end of the present one.

We mentioned the retirement of Mr. Trelawny in our last 'Van,' and that a meeting would be held early in March to consider what steps should be taken towards keeping the present pack together, and seeking a successor to the squire. We need scarcely tell readers of 'Baily' how associated has been the honoured

name of Trelawny with Dartmoor hunting. For more than thirty years he hunted the country at his own expense, and has moreover in other ways sought to make hunting in the far west take the rank it deserved. Mr. Trelawny was always ready to bring good sires into the district, and did all he could to induce the farmers to breed from them. Moreover, there were his otter hounds in the summer; and he was as untiring in his endeavours to afford sport and amusement with them as he was with his foxhounds. To say that his friends and neighbours, and indeed the whole county, appreciate this and esteem him highly, is equally unnecessary. Lord Morley, at the meeting above referred to (held at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, on the 2nd of March), paid eloquent tribute to Mr. Trelawny's character as a gentleman and a sportsman, and his audience endorsed with loud applause every word he uttered. Of course the future of the Dartmoor country is the object of consideration; and Mr. Trelawny's handsome offer to lend the hounds for one or more seasons seems so to pave the way to a settlement, that we cannot conceive there will be any difficulty. A Master, of course, is wanted; and there seemed to be a very decided opinion that out of the committee appointed to the charge of the hounds that Master should come. The names of Lord Morley, Admiral Parker, and Mr. Bulteel carry weight with them in South Devon; and if the hope expressed by Lord Morley that it would not be long before he took up his residence at Saltram is realised, who so fitted as that noble Earl to take the horn? One thing is already settled: the pack will henceforward bear the appropriate name of 'The Dartmoor Hounds.'

Another good M.F.H., Lord Middleton, who has felt compelled by circumstances to relinquish hunting his country at his own cost, has met with cordial support from the whole district. At a meeting held at John Peart's, the Talbot Hotel, Malton, on the 7th ult., it was announced that £300*l.* had been already subscribed; and though that would not cover the expenses, Lord Middleton expressed himself very willing to hunt the country four days a week on that sum—which we hope to hear has been considerably increased. The district is a very extensive one, and there ought to be no difficulty in finding ample funds.

The Quorn hounds have had a most successful season, with more good runs, and have killed more hunted foxes in the open than almost the oldest sportsman in the country can remember; and the country, as described by the Earl of Wilton, in a speech his Lordship made at a hunt meeting which took place at Melton on the 19th of February, was never in a more satisfactory state. His Lordship highly complimented Mr. Coupland on the sport he had shown, and added how satisfactory it was to see coverts never drawn blank. The sport this March has hardly been equal to the brilliant runs in the previous months, but almost every day they have had a gallop; if not in the morning, you are sure to have one in the afternoon. On Thursday, the 19th, a bye-day at Harsby, they could not run a yard in the morning, but at half-past four o'clock found a fox at Barkby Holt, and had a good gallop. The following day they found in the same covert (thanks to that staunch preserver of foxes, Squire Brooks), and the same evening, at half-past five, found again at that wonderful covert of Colonel Burnaby's at Baggrave, which has not been drawn blank this season; ran up nearly to John o' Gaunt, leaving off at half-past six o'clock, when the hounds must have had sixteen miles to travel home. The small gorse coverts in Leicestershire have stood out the season well in spite of five days a week during the season, and fifty brace of foxes Tom Firr has accounted for.

We are pleased to hear that the Earl of Wilton and Mr. W. L. Gilmore have recovered from their recent accidents, and are able to resume sport.

The fields have been unusually large this season, often exceeding 500 horse-men; and the ladies have certainly become a most prominent feature in the Quorn Hunt, amongst whom we may notice Ladies Wilton, Grey de Wilton, and Down, Mesdames Hartopp, Candy, Tempest, Stirling, Tomkinson, Clifford, Chaplin, Murietta, Molyneux, besides others, all of whom ride straight to hounds.

The Atherstone have had a rare good season, and they deserve it, for the Master does all that can be done to insure sport. He has first-class servants, mounted as well as they can be on real hunters, which are well looked after by John Prye, his master of the horse. The absence of Mrs. Oakeley since the death of her mother has deprived the field of one of its greatest attractions, for, as one of her humble admirers said, 'It's as good as a bit of warm sun when 'Mrs. Oakeley is out.'

There would have been but one feeling throughout the Pytchley country if Lord Spencer had not consented to be the Master,—that of general disappointment,—for he is in every way the proper person. He has every qualification that the Master of this country ought to have, and that is saying everything, as there is no country in England for which it is so difficult to find a Master as the Pytchley. Lord Spencer is in his right place, and long may he live to enjoy it. He will retain Squires and the first whip, Goddard. During the past month the former has been as active as ever in his endeavours to show sport, and we must give him credit for his wonderful command of temper. 'Don't kill 'em all, sir; leave me one or two,' he is reported to have said to Mr. Jumper, who came crashing into the middle of the pack the other day, thinking he was doing something very clever. Some ladies well known in the Row, and one of them at a transpontine theatre, have been favouring the Pytchley with a visit, and astonishing their country cousins at Ashby St. Legers. The transpontine party looked as if she had never done anything but teach in a Sunday school all her life, we hear.

The following story from the Crawley and Horsham country we can vouch for:—On the 5th January of this year these hounds found two foxes together in Mr. Meek's (of Brantridge) forest. The foxes broke in opposite directions. The body of the pack settled to one, and had a very quick and good run of 1 hour and 5 minutes, and killed him. At the same time as the pack settled to their fox, two hounds, Chancellor and Cardinal, got after the other. The find was in a wild country of heather, long grass, occasional bogs, &c.; the whip stopped one of the hounds—Chancellor—but missed the other, thinking he had joined the pack. But not so; Cardinal stuck to his fox. The time of finding these foxes was as nearly as possible two o'clock. Cardinal hunted this fox, over a large tract of country, as we have gathered from the different places he was heard and seen at. About a quarter past five o'clock three men were going home from work, and hearing a hound hunting and coming towards them they stopped to listen. He got nearer and nearer. When close to them a fox a good deal distressed passed close by them, and very close after him a hound. They put down their tools and followed the hound to see the fun. Of course they were soon left behind; but knowing the country well (this happened in Tilgate Forest) they made for a high point, on which they stopped to listen. In about a quarter of an hour they heard some little distance off a hound holloaing lustily. They made for the place, and found the hound bleeding a good deal about the jaws, but the fox lying nearly dead, and torn about tremendously. They took the fox from him, at which the hound seemed perfectly contented, and just turned round and trotted off to the kennels, which he reached at 7.30 P.M. The time the men took the fox from the hound, they

said, must have been about a quarter to 6 o'clock. Two of these men were well known to the huntsman, and the next day they took the brush to the kennels and told their story. Cardinal is a very good hound, a fourth season hunter, and was bred by Lord Portsmouth, by his Major out of his Compliment. The men who told the story said that from the appearance of the ground the hound and fox must have had a tremendous fight for it. The fox was a three or four-year-old dog fox, and a very fine one.

We have not heard much from the Bramham Moor and the 'five-and-forty couple' lately. We used to get some stray notes from an old hound among the pack who now and then sent us his experiences; but we fear something has happened him. One of the five-and-forty, though, has been distinguishing himself, or rather herself. They had a grand run on the 13th of more than an hour, and at the end of it the fox attempted to cross the River Wharfe, and was drowned by the hounds in deep water under some rocks on the opposite bank. A favourite bitch of the Master's, Dairymaid, was seen to dive down and fish up the fox, and then swim back across the river with it in her mouth to the huntsman! Bravo, Bramham Moor!

The hunting season at Leighton Buzzard was brought to a close on Saturday, March 28th, with a steeplechase between some of the junior members of the Leighton division. It was a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, owners up, carrying 11st. 10lb. each. Any rider objecting to a fence to be allowed to call upon the umpire to ride over it, and, upon that gentleman complying, the objector to pay 5*l.* to The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. The line chosen was from Wingrave village to Chelsea Clump, and the riders had to find their way from point to point as they best could. The only flags were the winning flags, which were placed below the clump of trees, the landmark the riders had to make for. Mr. Robinson jumped off with the lead, which he maintained for about a mile, when his mare fell and got away from him. Prince Galitsin then took up the running, and was first over the Ledburn Brook. The Prince appeared to be winning easily, but, two fields from home, he took a line too much to the left, which brought him to a big rough fence which his horse refused. This mistake let up Mr. Freeman and Mr. Charles Smith, who were respectively first and second. After the race Mr. Lowndes's hounds met at Ascot cottage, about a mile from the winning flags, where Mr. and Mrs. Brown gave an excellent champagne breakfast. The ground was too dry for scent, and there was no sport. It was more a drinking day than a hunting day.

A leading sportsman in the West of England writes us as follows: 'I believe the great cry against the Game Laws has been caused by the over preservation of game. Would not the prohibition of the sale of game act beneficially to prevent this? I have an idea that ninety-nine out of every hundred game preservers who are not satisfied unless they kill their thousands per day would hesitate before they incurred the expense of preserving such quantities when they found they could not recoup themselves in the market. And if keepers found they could not *sell* rabbits, they would not be so careful of them, and foxes would be the gainers as well as farmers. Many a fox loses his life for taking a rabbit out of the trap where the keeper expected to find one.'

A good deal of injustice has been done by the critics to 'Mary Queen of Scots' at the Princess's; but perhaps after all Mr. Wills has done the most. We do not quarrel with his falsifying history. It does not matter an iota to us so far as our feelings are concerned, if he makes Cromwell a scoundrel or John Knox a buffoon; but it does matter that he should give us an interesting and

dramatically constructed play, and not a succession of scenes strung together with little or no consistency, and lacking too, we must say, in that poetry and passion which was the great charm of Charles I. The title, or rather double title, of his last work, 'Mary Queen of Scots, or the Catholic Queen and the Protestant Reformer,' appeals more to such minds like Mr. Whalley's than to those of sensible people, a sort of *ad captandum vulgus* attempt not worthy of Mr. Wills' pen. Neither has he chosen the most dramatic scenes in Mary's life; the episode of Chastelard is weak, and the action of the piece is sought to be weighted with theology. The author has certainly succeeded in this; but the artists have rather a thankless task, Mr. Rousby as the great Reformer the most of all. It is not quite clear to us what Mr. Wills intended John Knox to be; but when he determined to make him feel a passion for the Queen, he surely must have felt that he was sketching him in a comic light. Cromwell being a scoundrel we could swallow; but John Knox in love was as strange an animal as the oyster who was crossed in that tender passion. It is to Mr. Rousby's credit that he seized on the humorous side of the idea, and the scene between Mary and him, where she exerts all her art and coquetry to gain him to her side, tempting him with many a honeyed word and look, was capitally acted. Knox's struggles with himself against the witcheries of the Queen were well given; and in the last act Mr. Rousby rose to a dignity of demeanour that he had not previously exhibited. He is cured of his momentary weakness, but he is Mary's friend, and he pleads for Chastelard's life with feeling and passion. This of course is not history; but, as we have said before, that does not in the least signify to us. It was something tangible, something that appealed to the heart, and touched one more than the interminable polemics in which the author had previously caused Knox to indulge. To say that Mrs. Rousby made the most charming and fascinating of Marys is only to say what every one would expect. Her adieu to France in the first act was given with much pathos; her avowal of love for Chastelard in the third, and her passionate appeal for his life in the last act were both very effective. The other characters were but poorly supported.

Brightly sparkles the Strand with a new burlesque, not quite equal to 'Nemesis,' but still lively and amusing. 'Eldorado' is the story of some French rustics who come to Paris for a holiday, how they eat and drink, make love, and have matrimonial designs, which each conceals from his or her companions. It is funny, but still not quite so funny as it might have been made, it struck us. Mr. Terry bears the burden and heat of the piece, and the ladies do their spiriting most charmingly. Miss Bromley never looked so well as she does in her peasant's dress, more telling far than the silks and satins of Woerth. She acts too with much archness and vivacity; and Miss Claude looks, what we presume it is her ambition to look, very mannish and impudent. The garçons at the café too were very nice young men, and we should like to be served by them when we next go to Paris. Taken on the whole, 'Eldorado' is good. 'Ready-Money Mortiboy' is worth seeing at the Court. Miss Litton has a part that just suits her, and Mr. Clifford gives us one of the best portraits of a miser we have ever witnessed. The glories of the Criterion Theatre have not burst upon us yet, for our opportunities have been scanty, but next month we hope to see the always delightful Mrs. John Wood and them.

The mock sentimental traditions of the department presided over by a certain great dignitary have not, it appears, been in anyway modified by the accession to office of a new ministry. The pets of the ballet may continue to disport themselves in varying degrees of diaphanous attire, and our censor of public morality only nods his disapproval, and mildly winks at some of the

scenes in 'Vanity Fair.' Strange to say, when Messrs. Valnay and Pitron, whose management of the French Plays at the Holborn Theatre has been such as to win the commendations of all well-wishers to dramatic art, prefer a modest request to be allowed to represent the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the modern French school, they are told such things cannot for a moment be tolerated in our virtuous and highly respectable society. If we mistake not, such pieces as 'Le Supplice d'une Femme,' 'Julie,' and 'Seraphine,' have been the principal attractions in continental cities for a long time past, while our enlightened country, which boasts of its emancipation from dictatorship, is given over to a master of the ceremonies who, by a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, finds himself invested with the power to say yea or nay. For the present we must be content to wait, and perhaps the time will come—but *nous verrons*.

There is war at the Alhambra. Some thrice-cursed sons of Belial have been found to express disapproval of 'the English Schneider,' and the offenders have been summoned before Mr. Knox, and made to apologize for their misdeeds. We confess when we heard of it we could not believe it, because we never gave an Alhambra audience credit for the slightest taste or knowledge where art was concerned, and the hissing of 'Schneider' would seem to show they had awakened to a better conception of things. There was a talk about 'a conspiracy' on the part of the malcontents, and Mr. Knox seemed to think it proved. All we know is, that on the occasion of a visit which we paid to the Alhambra on the first night 'Don Juan' was performed (see 'Our Van' for November) we found the state of affairs quite the reverse of which Miss Kate Santley has complained. What looked very much like an organized *claque* to applaud that lady and ignore Miss Rose Bell was the order of the night, and the scene excited our disgust and the disgust of every gentleman present. Of course, to compare Miss Santley with Miss Bell is perfectly impossible, and, therefore, we cannot go into the merits of the two ladies, but we must protest against the unwomanly treatment that, according to the public journals, Miss Bell is now nightly subjected to at the hands of the Alhambra gents. She, at least, is perfectly innocent of 'conspiracy,' for, supposing she had been capable of it, she has no need to conspire.

The lamented death of the Hon. George Fitzwilliam is a great loss in every way, almost an irreparable one. One who knew him well in all the relations of life, whether as an English country gentleman, a Master of Hounds, an agreeable companion in society, and a staunch friend, says 'It is quite impossible to speak too highly of him.' Thoroughly a sportsman, with a perfect knowledge of the science he so loved, and a firm adherence to its conventional rules; a famous horseman, quiet in the field, but yet keeping order with a firm dignity, and popular with all classes, we shall not quickly look upon his like again. The fact that in these days of rapid and frequent changes his huntsman, George Carter, than whom there is no better in the kingdom, lived with him twenty-eight years, speaks volumes for master and also for man. Who will be Mr. Fitzwilliam's successor we have not yet heard; but there seems a general wish that his brother Charles should take the hounds. We believe his so doing would be most popular.

Poor Lord Rossmore, the 'Rossi' of his own circle, the good fellow and great favourite in general society, his end has been sad indeed. The circumstances attending his lamented death are so recent that we need not dwell on them here. The only surprising thing is that he lingered so long when his case was thought hopeless from the first. It seems hard to quit this busy

scene at three-and-twenty, doubly hard when, as an old playwright somewhere says, 'Death finds us 'mid our playthings.' The greatest sympathy has been felt for the sufferer, and from Her Majesty, who was a witness of the unfortunate accident, downwards, there is but one feeling of painful regret at the termination of a career so full of promise.

There is a story going about which, if not *véro*, is sufficiently *ben trovato* to tell. The present noble Master of the Buckhounds, on paying his first visit to the royal kennels and stables, is reported to have said that the former were in first-rate order, but that the stables 'were like a butler's pantry.' On his Lordship being asked for an explanation, he said, 'They were full of *Corkscrews*.'

Our space warns us that we can touch but very lightly on the concluding events of the month. The prices realised at the sale of the late Baron Mayer Rothschild's stud caused some astonishment. Mr. John Foy was for a brief space credited with having found the philosopher's stone. When it became known that he had been commissioned by Sir Anthony de Rothschild to purchase Coomassie, Carnation, Pedometer, and Beaconsfield, every one was pleased to think that the old colours would still be seen on the Rowley Mile, Ascot, Goodwood, &c., and that the old and honoured name would not be lost to the Turf. The horses will still be trained by Hayhoe at Newmarket.

The Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National have each given their quota of sensation. Tomahawk's win at Newmarket, where he beat Couronne de Fer, is no longer a 'fluke,' and Mr. Swindells showed his judgment when he gave 1000 guineas for him last summer. There were people inclined to deride it at the time, but we need scarcely say that they have now retracted their words, and have declared that they ought to have backed him, only they didn't. Andred, whom everybody thought the distance and course would suit exactly, could only get about half-way, and the same may be said of Salvanos and many others of the large field. The untried Curate so far justified himself in that he got fourth, and the race was over directly Tomahawk shot to the front. People are now talking of the Chester Cup being 'over,' but that is an expression which we have heard too often to put much reliance on. It does not follow that Tomahawk is a stayer because he has won the Lincoln Handicap; and, if he is, why there is the Derby, for which his owner may elect to keep him instead of exposing him to the pains and perils of the Rhooode. The Grand National was chiefly remarkable for the mystery that surrounded the intentions of owners and stables, and Captain Machell and the Limber one was the most mysterious of all. This establishment had four horses in the race, and no one could say with certainty, until four-and-twenty hours before the race, which of the quartette was the genuine article. We believe Captain Machell had the most money on Furley, and only took seven 'monkeys' about Reugny at the last moment. The whole fleet was started, and the best was to win, and the result of the race seemed to show that the stable might have been first, second, and third. Mr. Richardson scored his second win in succession, and never rode more brilliantly than he did on this occasion. There was some little doubt about Reugny's staying, and his rider nursed him most judiciously for the final struggle, but which proved to be no struggle at all, for Reugny won very easily from Chimney Sweep and Merlin. Defence was fourth, and Disturbance carried his top-weight among the first half-dozen. With these two exceptions we must say Reugny had but little to beat. He was favourably handicapped, he is a brilliant fencer, and he stood the course, but still he is a lucky horse. Mr. Crawshaw's ill-luck pursued him, for Vintner ran into a fence instead of jumping it, giving his rider a severe fall, and good-looking horses as Heraut d'Armes and Eurotas were—undeniably the

handsomest in the race—they were hardly up to Liverpool mark. Who backed Reugny seems another mystery. We don't think the public did, for they had hardly time, though if it had been known for a certainty a fortnight before the race that Mr. Richardson would ride him, the whole country would have been on, and we should probably have seen him at an unprecedented short price. We are sorry to add that the result of the race has caused the break-up of the Limber stable, and a cessation of the connection between Captain Machell and Mr. Richardson. The horses have returned to Cannon's, at Newmarket, and are understood to be in the sale list. They were offered to Mr. Gerard Leigh for 10,000*l.*, but that gentleman declined.

Coaching will be more popular than ever this season we foresee. New roads are being chalked out, and there will be a considerable addition to the many teams that left the White Horse Cellar last summer. The 1st of May will doubtless see the start of many, and among them the afternoon Dorking, familiarly known as 'Cooper's Coach,' from the accomplished whip who drives it, will take its old road, halting through this year at the Burford Bridge Hotel at the foot of Box Hill, a charming little hostelry about a mile and a half short of Dorking, but, from its being near three railway stations, even more convenient for the return journey to town the same evening. The coach will leave Box Hill each morning at 8 o'clock, so as to reach London at 10.30.

And the great aquatic contest of the year is over as we are 'closing up,' and again light blue is your only wear. It was a race at one time though. Those who were fortunate enough to see it off Chiswick Mall and the Bathing Place saw a very exciting struggle of which Oxford had decidedly the best, but at Corney Reach or soon afterwards they fell to pieces, and the race was virtually over. Cambridge won easily, though if the water had been rough and the westerly gale which set in that night had ruffled the surface of Father Thames in the morning, their task would have been one of great difficulty we fancy. One word here, which, at the risk of having 'byegones be byegones' flung in our face, we must add. There was a time—*consule Planca*—when if Oxford men prided themselves on one thing more than another it was emphatically on being gentlemen. Perhaps they were if anything just a little too 'bumptious' on that point; but, at all events, it was a fault on the right side, because it was clear that those who so exalted themselves would take jealous care that no stain should rest on the scutcheon they were so proud of. Now it has always been considered a *sine qua non* for a gentleman to reply to a letter, and the failing to do so one of the signs that marks the cad. The Oxford crew would have been quite justified of course in declining Lord Mayor Lusk's invitation if they thought proper. The present civic dignitary, like his predecessor, is fond of asking people to dinner, and all is fish that comes to the Mansion House net. But the invitation was meant to do honour where honour was due, and how it came to pass that the Oxonians allowed it to be unacknowledged is past our comprehension. The explanation put forth was no explanation at all, and every one jealous for the good name of his *Alma Mater* so felt it. It was a painful thing for the old generation, though the present one may think lightly of it, to hear and see the remarks made on the conduct of the representatives (for the nonce) of that University, of which they had been taught, as they have taught others, to be proud. It may seem a trivial matter, too, to make a fuss about to the world at large. But 'manners maketh men' is a good old motto and a true one, and we can only regret that there should be the slightest symptom of its disregard by any members of the first University of Europe.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 171.

MAY, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

CONTENTS.

SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS: A BIOGRAPHY	125
COUNTRY QUARTERS.—THE HURSLEY	126
NEWMARKET A.D. 1900	139
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER IV.	143
SENSATION SKETCHES BY PEN AND PENCIL	152
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT. BY 'OLD CALABAR'	156
TWO DAYS' SHOOTING IN FATSHAN CREEK, CANTON	165
YACHTING AND ROWING	170
'OUR VAN'	173

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR MAY, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	Lewes and Eglinton Hunt Races.
2	S	Eglinton Hunt Races.
3	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Paris Spring.
4	M	
5	TU	Newmarket First Spring Meeting.
6	W	The Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards).
7	TH	Newmarket Races. Hexham Hunt Steeplechases.
8	F	One Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards).
9	S	Lothians and Edinburgh Races. Sale of the New Forest Hounds
10	S	ROGATION SUNDAY. Paris Races. [and Horses.
11	M	Baldoyle Summer Races. M.C.C. at Lord's v. Fifteen Colts.
12	TU	Chester Races. Exhibition of Horses and Donkeys at Man-
13	W	Chester Cup (2½ miles). [chester.
14	TH	Chester Races. Paris Races.
15	F	Chester and Chelmsford Races.
16	S	London Athletic Club Meeting. Sale of the Cheshire Hunt
17	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION. Paris. [Horses.
18	M	M.C.C. at Lord's v. South of England.
19	TU	Newmarket Second Spring Meeting and Scarborough Spring.
20	W	Newmarket and Cork Park Races.
21	TH	Newmarket and Cork Races.
22	F	Newmarket and Eastbourne.
23	S	
24	S	WHIT SUNDAY. Chantilly Races.
25	M	West Drayton and Eltham Races. North v. South at Lord's.
26	TU	Manchester and Bath Races. Paris. [Auteuil Steeplechases.
27	W	Manchester, Bath, and Wye Races.
28	TH	Manchester, Salisbury, and Chantilly Races.
29	F	Manchester, Salisbury, and Harpenden Races.
30	S	Civil Service Athletic Sports.
31	S	TRINITY SUNDAY. Chantilly Races.



L. Adams.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

WILLIAM AURELIUS AUBREY DE VERE BEAUCLERK, tenth Duke of St. Albans and Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, must be, to a certain extent, a sportsman born. True, the fine old pastime which our ancestors held so dear has vanished, except from some nooks and corners of the land where the trained hawk may still be found with a few enthusiasts, who will discourse learnedly on the science of that sport which was once thought a royal one, and we believe the subject of our present sketch, as in duty bound, keeps hawks at Bestwood Park, his seat in Nottinghamshire, but still his Grace has other claims to be considered a sportsman.

Born in 1840, he succeeded his father when quite a boy ; and after going through the usual course of Eton and Cambridge, the Duke of St. Albans soon evinced a taste for the Turf, and his colours—a French grey and crimson, cross belts—were occasionally seen at Newmarket and other places. His Grace, however, had but few horses, and none of them of any great repute that we can remember. Isaac Woolcot was then his trainer. Latterly he has owned Visor, a fairly good horse ; and he bought Tomahawk when a yearling, but sold him to Mr. F. Swindells for 1,000 guineas last summer.

The Duke of St. Albans is a yachting man, and has flown the burgee of the Royal Squadron in the Mediterranean and other seas. He has recently purchased the 'Dream' yawl of Mr. Allen Young. His Grace is not frequently heard in the House of Lords, but speaks well and to the purpose when he does so. He was Captain of the Body-guard under Mr. Gladstone's administration. The Duke has been twice married, his first wife being a daughter of General the Hon. Charles Grey ; and the present Duchess is the daughter of Mr. Bernal Osborne.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE HURSLEY.

‘ I MUST now,’ said our friend, ‘ give you the description of another Hampshire country, “ The Hursley,” that has sprung into existence within the memory of those who have not now attained more than middle age, as before that period the larger portion had belonged to the H.H., who used to come to Hursley for a month at a time, and hunt the country while Mr. Poulett-Poulett decidedly hunted North Park, Phillip’s Heath, Sandy Down, and Dumper’s Oak, and I believe crossed the Test to the country round Danebury and Clatford Oakcutts, since hunted by the Tedworth.

‘ What sort of country is it ?

‘ Why, a heart-breaking one for a huntsman ; for a fox is no sooner out of one of these enormous woods than after going a field or two he is into another, and unless there is an extraordinary scent to drive him out, finishes the day there. The country is a small one, so one day pretty well tells another ; and there is an old saying, “ that you are sure to find them at Crabwood after luncheon.” It is divided into the upper and the lower country : in the former a child may almost go where he likes on a donkey, and hounds are always overriden ; in the latter only a wild duck or moorhen can go straight over it, so hounds have it pretty much to themselves, and the field, with very few exceptions, ride about the roads.

‘ From the immense woods, such as Ampfield, Parnholt, and Crabwood, hounds are of course more heard than seen ; and it is not at all an uncommon event for them to find in one at eleven and never get out until they leave off at four or later, so that unless they have an extraordinary scent or get hold of an outlying fox they may be said to be cub-hunting all the season. Still there have been exceptions in the case of strong old foxes who have been hunted before, and carried on right through the woods and shown wonderful runs, as in some of the instances I have related to you. But these are the exception, not the rule. The country may be said to be between Winchester and Romsey, Southampton and Andover, and is rather a long, narrow one.

‘ In those early days the coming of the H.H. into the country was eagerly looked for by the Hursley men, who were so situated as to be within not very easy reach of foxhounds at other times. Concerning this I can tell you rather an amusing anecdote :—At Mere Court Farm, Sparsholt, lived a worthy yeoman named Forder, much addicted to the chase in all its branches, and the owner of a few couple of old-fashioned harriers. Mr. Forder was also the possessor of a wife, whose tastes in this matter did not exactly accord with his own, and who was accustomed to make her opinions known in terms not altogether of the mildest. The harriers were bad enough, but the foxhounds were an abomination

‘ to her, so that Farmer Forder, as he was generally called, used as
‘ many stratagems to enjoy a gallop as would have done honour to
‘ the celebrated Moltke himself. On one occasion the meet was at
‘ Crabwood, and the farmer started ostensibly to draw some hay to
‘ the sheep with a waggon and three horses and a strong lad to help
‘ him. The third horse, however, was Diamond, the old man’s
‘ hunter, and in the bed of the waggon a bridle and saddle was
‘ stowed snugly away. Once out of sight of home, Diamond was
‘ stripped of the cart-gear, bridled and saddled, and Mr. Forder,
‘ giving his smock-frock a twist, tucked it inside the band of his
‘ unmentionables, and, thus equipped, trotted off to meet Mr. Ville-
‘ bois, while the lad executed his hay-drawing mission. Great was
‘ the laugh when he told the Squire, with whom he was a great
‘ favourite, how he “had done his missus;” but, alas! fate was
‘ against him. A fox was found in Crabwood, the scent was good,
‘ and right merrily they rattled him across the glades of Bushes
‘ through Vauxhall and then over the hill by the farmer’s own
‘ house, and little did he think, as he sent old Diamond along
‘ right in front, of the eyes that were watching him. However,
‘ some one thrashing had seen the fox and hallooed; that was enough.
‘ We have it on the authority of Chaucer that women, more than
‘ other beings, cannot withstand the sight of a fox, and Mrs. Forder
‘ was only human; but she ran with the maid to see the hunt, when
‘ the following dialogue ensued: “Lor’, Mary, who’s that a riding
‘ “like a wild man, in a round frock and without a hat?” “Don’t
‘ “’e know, missus? why that’s our master on old Diamond.”
‘ “Master! you fool, why he’s gone to draw the hay; I see’d ’im
‘ “start myself.” However, the scales fell from her eyes on a
‘ nearer approach, and, no doubt, Forder suffered. On another
‘ occasion the farmer, with his nephew, Jem Biggs, and old Mullins,
‘ who had been feeder to Mr. Poulett-Poulett, were trimming some
‘ lambs for Winchester Fair in October. Suddenly the cry of
‘ hounds was heard, when, putting down his shears, he exclaimed,
‘ “Hanged if there ain’t Mr. Villebois, Jem! How long is it to
‘ “fair?” “Only just time to finish the lambs by Saturday night,”
‘ answered Mullins, “and the fair is on Monday.” “That’ll do,
‘ “Jem; go and get the horses,” said the farmer, “and, look here,
‘ “John, you come down to the farm as soon as it’s light, and we’ll
‘ “finish the lambs afore church-time Sunday morning;” and so
‘ they did. Forder afterwards won the Hampshire Hunt Cup with
‘ a son of old Diamond, ridden by Gilbert Biggs, Jem’s brother, and
‘ it took him a week to get back to Sparsholt with it, so often had it
‘ to be filled and emptied.

‘ Another great man in those days was Mr. Edward Godwin of
‘ Slackstead, who hunted an old chestnut mare for twenty-four
‘ seasons. He once told me that he could remember when there
‘ were only two or three fences in the Hursley low country, which
‘ is now a regular network of banks and ditches. He was also a
‘ favourite with Mr. Villebois, who, it is said, left him some of his
‘ wine.

‘ In these early days we have little record of gentlemen hunting in this part of the country ; but Mr. Meyler lived at Crawley House, where he hunted a pack of harriers in the autumn, and got his horses into condition for his annual journey into Leicestershire later in the season, in which country he met his death from a fall ; and Mr. Shard, of whom I have before spoken, hunted deer for a season or two from Little Somborne House with the old Devon and Somerset staghounds, which he bought of Mr. Lucas in 1825, and afterwards sold to go abroad.

‘ The first that we hear of the Hursley as an independent country is in 1837, when Sir John Barker Mill of Mottisfont applied to Major Barrett, then Master of the H.H., for permission to hunt the Hursley country west of the River Itchen. This was granted, but the H.H. reserved to themselves exclusively the right to draw Norwood, Crabwood, Worthy Groves, the racecourse, and the Crawley Belts and Hare Warren, all of which were hunted by Major Barrett. Sir John Mill, who was a clergyman, but soon dropped the outward and visible signs of one, bought the Sandbeck hounds, which had hunted the North Notts country. Sawyer was his huntsman ; and he also hunted the Speery Well country, which afterwards came under the rule of Mr. Assheton Smith, and is now in Lord Radnor’s country. This management only lasted three years ; for Sir John, who wore the loudest of plaid trousers and cherry-coloured ties, had his heart more in the racing snaffle than the scarlet, and up to the time of his death delighted to drive over to Danebury and see the horses in their work. He was the owner of Cymba, who won the Oaks in 1848, entered in Mr. Hill’s name, and in later years had the Flying Englishman and a few other fair horses. The savage brute Deerstealer also belonged to him. Many years ago, a very bumptious country squire and parson was telling Sir John that he had a well-known trainer and his brother to dine with him, and gave them some champagne for a treat. “ Bless your soul ! ” was the answer, “ they have drunk more champagne out of tumblers than ever you saw in all your life.”

‘ In 1840, Mr. White of Ampfield became Master, with George Sharp from Findon as huntsman, and Jack Bradley, who had previously hunted Sir John Halkett’s staghounds, turned them to him. He was subsequently a horse-breaker ; then went to Australia, but returned to England and died in Winchester Hospital in 1865. Jack ought to have been in a different position, but, like Tom Moody, he was troubled with pains in the chest, which nothing but a little drop of drink could cure. Mr. White was a big, heavy man, who did not much care for riding. He obtained his hounds by drafts from the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Codrington, Mr. Assheton Smith, and Colonel Wyndham. At this time the H.H. gave up the part of their country lying west of the River Itchen and bounded by the turnpike road from Winchester to Andover, through Wherwell, for a period of three years.

‘ Good men at this time were Mr. Colyer, Mr. Allee, senior, of Rookley, a fine sportsman and capital pigeon-shot, though he could

‘ not kill game the least, and always consoled himself for a miss by
‘ thinking he had blown the bird all to pieces. He was a very quiet
‘ man with hounds, and took little out of his horse in these large
‘ woodlands, where it is very easy and not uncommon to ride one to
‘ a standstill without seeing a hound. Doctor Twynam of Lainston
‘ House was also a capital man, and went in first-rate style on his
‘ old grey horse. Mr. William Baily of Parsonage Farm, Hursley,
‘ though a welter-weight, was generally there or thereabouts. During
‘ Mr. White’s reign that fine horseman, young Sam Day, was killed
‘ by his horse falling and rolling over him near Parnholt. On the
‘ retirement of Mr. White in 1843, Mr. R. D. Cockburn, son of
‘ the Dean of York, nephew of the late Sir Robert Peel and cousin
‘ of the present Lord Chief Justice, took the hounds, and a further
‘ period of seven years was granted by the H.H. to Mr. Cockburn
‘ to hunt the Hursley country. This may truly be called the golden
‘ era of the Hursley hounds, and the succession of sport that Mr.
‘ Cockburn showed has never since been equalled. As a houndsman
‘ and huntsman he was “nulli secundus;” and had his lot been cast
‘ in a more favourable place, he would most assuredly have made a
‘ name equal to any that has graced the annals of the hunting-field.
‘ With small means—for he was not a rich man, and the subscrip-
‘ tions were only moderate—he managed to get together a first-rate
‘ pack of hounds and stir up the Hursley woodlands in a way that
‘ they had never been used to before. Mr. Cockburn hunted his
‘ own hounds, and was assisted by his brother, Mr. George Cock-
‘ burn, and Dick Teed; and although the stud was none of the best,
‘ all of them managed to be with their hounds. Mr. Robert Cock-
‘ burn, a very tall man, was noted for the activity with which he
‘ could dismount at the large banks, go over by the side of his horse,
‘ and mount again with scarcely a check to his speed; he rode two
‘ mares, a black and dun, the latter very restive; and, strange to say,
‘ at the end of one hunting season she foaled twins, no one having
‘ been aware of her condition. Mr. Cockburn was a first-rate artist,
‘ and painted a picture of himself, his brother George, and Dick
‘ Teed, all mounted and surrounded by the pack at Farley Mount,
‘ the likenesses of men, horses, and hounds all being capital. He
‘ was also a poet and musician, and it was really a treat to hear him
‘ sing one of his own hunting-songs at a hunt dinner, and many
‘ who knew him have lamented that such soul-stirring verses died
‘ with him, for they were never printed. He was as celebrated for
‘ his breed of pointers and terriers as for his hounds; and, take him
‘ all in all, it will be long ere the Hursley men look on his like again.
‘ In drawing and in hunting he was patience itself, and no covert,
‘ however thick, stopped his being with his hounds. To facilitate
‘ his movements, he used to go with a woodman’s small axe and bill-
‘ hook on non-hunting days, and cut tracks for his own use through
‘ the worst parts, never however bringing them right out into the
‘ regular paths, so that he had a network of paths unknown to the
‘ general public, and, consequently, could get about quickly and un-

‘ hindered by a crowd of horses. He was also indefatigable in rattling ‘ the woodlands, and many a bye-day have I had with him in Parn- ‘ holt, a little spinny of three thousand acres, with a few old hounds ‘ and some of the wildest of the young ones. He was popular with ‘ all classes ; and during his reign Winchester was full of horses, ‘ brought by men from distant countries, attracted by the sport he ‘ showed. From wearing brown tops to his boots, many years before ‘ that colour was revived as a fashionable one, he was nicknamed ‘ “ Mahogany Bob ;” and many anecdotes were in circulation at the ‘ time concerning this and his wonderful skill in the chase. One ‘ was as follows : “ A fox seeing a woodman at work, stopped to ‘ “ have a chat with him, when they suddenly heard hounds in the ‘ “ distance. “ Who is out to-day ?” asked Reynard. “ Mahogany ‘ “ Bob.” “ Then I must be off at once : had it been the —, I ‘ “ would have stayed and chatted an hour with you.” ’

‘ On one occasion Mr. Cockburn had been out with the H.H., ‘ and returning fell in with a young officer who had recently come ‘ to Winchester, and did not know him personally. After a little ‘ chat, Cockburn asked with what hounds he intended to hunt on ‘ the morrow, when he replied, “ I think I shall go and have a look ‘ at Mahogany Bob.” “ Then I hope I may show you good sport, ‘ “ sir,” was the answer, quietly raising his cap, to the chagrin of ‘ his companion. He and his brother lived together in quite ‘ a little cottage, and were excessively attached to one another. ‘ After Robert’s death, his brother George fairly pined away from ‘ grief, and was continually saying, “ Poor Bob ! poor fellow !” ‘ Mr. George Cockburn was a great hand with his fists, and nothing ‘ pleased him better than to get on the gloves with any professor of ‘ the noble art, though once at the Rack and Manger, when the ‘ Tipton Slasher happened to be passing that way, he got rather ‘ more than he anticipated for losing his temper and hitting viciously, ‘ as the Slasher knocked him all across the room and nearly through ‘ the door. But George, whose life had been discounted pretty ‘ freely, was far past his best day then. He used to go gaily on ‘ Elastic, an old steeplechase mare, also on a thoroughbred chestnut, ‘ which dropped dead with him, and gave him a very nasty fall which ‘ all but settled him, crossing Oliver’s Battery in a grand run from ‘ Hursley nearly to Winchester, thence to Crabwood, and back over ‘ Pittdown to Hursley, where they pulled him down in the parson’s ‘ garden.

‘ Dick Teed, the whip, was a quick, hard-riding fellow, who used ‘ to get about wonderfully on a stumpy old chestnut horse amongst ‘ the banks and ditches, and was a first-rate hand to make a young one.

‘ Amongst other notorieties of this *régime* I must not forget to tell ‘ you of Pilot and Bender, two noted finders in the pack ; the latter a ‘ very deep-toned, grey-coloured, throaty hound. Another celebrity ‘ was Racer, yellow and white, who always would be first in chase. ‘ He was reserved when the pack was sold, and lived afterwards as a ‘ pet at the Dean of York’s.

‘ I have said that these hounds showed first-rate sport, and may now tell you that there was a little dark fox who made Crabwood his home, and was continually giving them fine runs over Teg Down, Oliver’s Battery, and Compton Down, and so away into the deep country, where for a season or two he managed to save his brush after tiring out hounds and horses. I am not quite sure whether he was satisfactorily accounted for at last or not. In one of the runs five horses all fell at the same instant at a drop into a lane about half a mile on the Winchester side of Oliver’s Battery ; and the rolls in the deep after they had been a burster across the Downs were neither few nor far between.

‘ Another fine run with these hounds, under Mr. Cockburn, took place from Toothill Brickkilns, killing at Stoneham, after nearly twenty miles without a check. During the course of it Mr. J. P. Fitt jumped a fence into a bog, when his horse rolled on to him, and he emerged minus a boot. “Thank you,” said the Master, who was close behind ; “you have just saved me that.”

‘ Amongst the good men and true now going were—

‘ Lord Palmerston. He used to come out occasionally, but was never very regular with them, and liked racing better than hunting, though he could stand a great amount of work in the saddle up to the last. He owned Iliona, winner of the Cesarewitch in 1841, and had a good horse in Mainstone not so very long ago.

‘ When staying with the late Emperor of the French at Compiègne he joined the hunt, the Imperial costume of which was a Louis-Quinze coat and waistcoat, cocked hat, and breeches with long boots. Lord Palmerston, however, turned out in his old Hampshire pink. The day was drizzly, and the Emperor urged him to put on a great coat. “Oh, no, your Majesty,” he answered ; “you know nothing ever gets through our red coats.” A telling answer.

‘ Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park, who rode a magnificent grey horse ; Mr. W. T. Græme of Highfield Lodge, Winchester ; Colonel Wm. Gauntlett of Kingsgate Street, Winchester, a funny, irritable little man in the field, who always had a racehorse, and was said to have been the smallest man in the British army of his time ; Mr. White, and his son Mr. Ben White, who went famously on a capital bay mare ; Mr. George Wall of Worthy Park, who kept a neat pack of harriers ; Mr. Charles Deane, the banker of Winchester, was very regular ; Major Charles Lowth, who now came to Winchester, went well to hounds ; Mr. John Tregonwell, afterwards Master of the Hounds ; The Hon. Arthur Arundell of Houghton Lodge ; Mr. Lowndes of Worthy, a good old sportsman ; Mr. Wm. Colyer, who never missed a Hursley meet ; Mr. Edward Hopkins of Worthy, a most eccentric man, who had a famous old white horse, on which he could go well when he liked. Although a rich man, he would often come out in clothes not worth eighteenpence, and with only one spur on, but his horses were always beautifully

‘ turned out. He was a well-read man, full of anecdote, and
‘ generally had a walking tour on the Continent all the summer.
‘ Like Doctor Johnson, he abhorred clean linen, so he was able
‘ to go in light-marching order. Mr. Richard Bayley of King’s
‘ Worthy occasionally came out with them. Robert Jesset, a right
‘ good man on a rum-tempered horse, and a fine rider, who won the
‘ St. Albans Steeplechase on Moonraker; Mr. Edward Bailey of
‘ Martyr Worthy; Mr. George and Mr. Ben Bailey of Stoke;
‘ Chantry, the pigeon-shot, who lived at Cranbourne, and always
‘ had some racing ponies; Mr. Jacob Courtney of New Barn Farm,
‘ Crawley, a regular welter-weight, who had a celebrated white-faced
‘ horse by a thoroughbred out of a cart mare, for which Mr.
‘ Anderson several times bid him large sums. Messrs. William and
‘ Charles Allee of Rookley, sons of the man before named. Both
‘ went right well, the former on a wonderful little chestnut not
‘ over fifteen hands high, that was like a cat and could go anywhere,
‘ notwithstanding his rider was a tall man. He was by Teddy the
‘ Tiler. Mr. James Reeves of Up Somborne was a good friend to
‘ the sport; Mr. Thomas Edwards of Compton, a wealthy yeoman,
‘ who came out in scarlet, and rode well on Slashing Harry; Mr.
‘ Henry Edwards, the solicitor, of Winchester, his brother, who was
‘ fond of the sport, came out whenever he could, but never rode
‘ hard; Messrs. Thomas and Henry Wheble of Marsh Court, both
‘ good men; George Rawlins of Lee, near Romsey, also turned out
‘ well; Mr. Nevill of Chilland, also often hunted with the Hursley;
‘ Benjamin Nevill of Slackstead, a neat horseman, and his sons;
‘ and Tom Nevill, who used to get about in an extraordinary way
‘ on a wonderful cob named Dartmoor, considering his infirmities;
‘ but he always cared more for stag-hunting than for fox-hunting.
‘ Mr. Walton of Merdon, a Yorkshireman, very excitable in the
‘ field, and a hard rider, who hunted a big half-bred Yorkshire
‘ stallion called Pretender, that got some fair stock in the country;
‘ his son-in-law, Mr. Barton of Pitt, who could ride above a bit
‘ when in the humour; and William Pain of New Barn, a very
‘ hard man, who could go anywhere on a hard-pulling chestnut.
‘ Mr. William Newton of Twyford, a regular bruiser; Mr. J. Pern
‘ Fitt of Westley, a very cheery man, who saw most of the fun on
‘ the “Great Western;” so named ironically by George Cockburn,
‘ from being a *banging* roarer, which, however, did not stop him,
‘ under a heavy weight. Mr. Green, a wonderfully hard man,
‘ who, if a horse refused a gate, would stick his chest close to it
‘ and whack him until he either jumped or fell over. He died very
‘ early from fever, within a week or two of the death of Charles
‘ Allee from the same cause. Thus the Hursley lost two good men
‘ almost together. George Rider of Brashfield, a very keen sports-
‘ man, and Tom Birt of Otterbourne, who was always jumping gates
‘ on an old bay mare.

‘ Ladies did not hunt so much at that day, but the Misses Hill of
‘ Brashfield were regular attendants, and always stayed until the

‘ hounds went home, let it be ever so late. They also subscribed
‘ as well as walked puppies; their father, Admiral Hill, hunted a
‘ little, but not so much as his daughters.

‘ At this time the cloth also turned out in great force, and Parson
‘ Lukin, well known in the New Forest, was generally there. He
‘ once had a great swell just before him in the deep country where
‘ there was only one way out, a very nasty blind ditch. This the
‘ swell was half afraid to face, checked his horse, and landed him
‘ well in the middle on his back. Lukin exclaimed, “Lie still, sir!
‘ “lie still, and let the old parson ride over you,” which he did.

‘ No man went better than the present Warden of Winchester
‘ College, the Rev. Godfrey Lee, who always rode thoroughbreds.
‘ He had capital hands, knew how and when to gallop, and to pop
‘ over a stile rather better than most people.

‘ Mr. Andrew Quicke, from the college, was also often out.
‘ Dr. Smith of Winchester was a very good man to hounds con-
‘ sidering how badly he was horsed. John Day was very regular,
‘ and rode across country as he did on the flat, A 1. His brother
‘ Alfred also was generally out; and that fine horseman, William
‘ Sadler, who began life as a swell, and then became head man
‘ to Mr. John Tubb of Winchester, and literally died in a ditch,
‘ for he was drowned in one. Hopkins, the dealer of Stockbridge,
‘ who brought some rare useful horses up out of Dorsetshire.
‘ When he had one for sale he would override the hounds; and
‘ Assheton Smith once stopped him by saying, “For God sake,
‘ Hopkins! take that ugly brute of yours home, will you?” Tom
‘ Chamberlayne, the dealer of Southampton, a very cheery man
‘ in the field and fine rider over a country in his best day; Mr. Tom
‘ Gearing of Twyford Manor used to go wonderfully well, and
‘ did not mind a bit of timber on a high bank.

‘ Mr. George Wall now bought Mr. Cockburn’s hounds for 300*l.*,
‘ the favourite, Racer before-mentioned, being reserved, and took
‘ the Hursley country. Henry Nason, from the Monmouth, and
‘ Will Fisher were his whips, and Mr. Wall carried the horn
‘ himself. No one could have done the thing better than he did;
‘ the hounds were well turned out, and there was such a stud of big-
‘ weight carrying horses in the stables as is not often seen in
‘ Hampshire; and Slasher, by Jack Tar, brother to Lord Giffard’s
‘ celebrated Sam, Squib, Gold Drop, and the white-faced bay that
‘ came from Mr. Napper’s are all worthy of note. On the latter
‘ I have seen Mr. Wall, who was a bruising rider, hop over a
‘ couple of stiff gates in and out of a narrow lane. During the two
‘ years that this Mastership continued some capital sport was shown;
‘ and by arrangement with the H.H. the Hursley now had Burnt-
‘ wood and Winchester racecourse thrown into their country for
‘ the time being. On the latter place several acres of good gorse
‘ was fenced in and preserved as a fox covert, and a lot of cubs
‘ put down there, which, during the ensuing season, showed some
‘ very quick bursts across the open country in the neighbourhood.

‘ They also brought a fox away from Burntwood on a frosty day, and had a good hunting run over the open to Norwood, by Westley, Ashley, Parnholt, and away to Ampfield, where, I believe, he ran them out of scent.

‘ Another good run occurred on the 15th of December, 1851, when they found in Sandy Down, ran two or three times round that covert and Phillip’s Heath, when the fox set his head over the open and went away by Mr. Lewis’s farm at Leckford for Leckford Plantation. He then turned on the right in the direction of Newton, crossed Bransbury Common, and was run into and pulled down in a hedgerow one field short of Wherwell Wood. Mr. Frederick Baily of Candover, on Bramdean, was first up and took him away, having got a little advantage by knowing the ford over the river. Next were Mr. T. Edwards, Mr. J. Nevill Fitt, and Mr. Barton Wallop on the Sweep. Mr. C. Pain of Borough having met with a bad fall through his horse slipping up a field or so back when in a good position. In a few seconds came up the Master, his whips, Colonel Arthur Onslow, Captain Forrest, the present chief constable, Mr. Colyer, Mr. Jacob Courtney, and the rest of the field.

‘ Hunting at this time were most of those I mentioned before, also Mr. Blackall Symonds, who always hunted in a grey horsehair cap, and rode big, useful horses; he was a capital sportsman, and at a check always reminded us of the old Hampshire song :

“ Mopping his front with double chin,
Each weary blue comes puffing in,”

‘ for it used to take a deal out of him.

‘ Mr. Sumner Smith, who then lived with Mr. Wall, and had two handsome black mares so much alike that it was impossible to tell them apart, was a light-weight who went well; Mr. John Ede, brother of George Ede, the celebrated steeplechase rider, was also often out; Mr. Edmund Robertson of Newdown, a regular welter-weight, went well, and had some good horses; Mr. James Dear had not then started his clever pack of harriers, and was often seen at the Hursley meets; Colonel Nicoll, who then lived at Worthy, was also a regular attendant. A younger race of farmers also now came out, amongst them: Mr. Edward Bailey, jun., of Worthy; Mr. E. Bailey of Hursley, and his brother; Mr. Henry Bailey of Hursley, a steady rider and good sportsman; Mr. J. Nevill Fitt of Westley, on a thoroughbred grey, by Sea Horse, whose turn of speed often got him into the bad graces of the Master; Mr. H. Reeves of Somborne, who, though a bad horseman, would go full tilt at blind banks and ditches on a little cobby horse, and jump gates on a road with equal impunity; Mr. T. Pern of Crawley, was generally out in the up country; Mr. Charles Pain of Westover, who had a pack of harriers; Mr. C. Courtney of Bransbury, and Mr. H. Neat of Wherwell, who rode some very useful horses; John and Alfred Day were also regular attendants.

‘ In 1852 Mr. Wall resigned the Hursley and took the Hamble-don country, and Mr. Stanley Lowe, from the North Devon, supplied his place, bringing up a pack that he had bought from the celebrated Jack Russell. Mr. Lowe first tried his hand at hunting the hounds himself, with Tubb, an Irishman, as whip, but did not make much of a hand at it, and then Summers came from the H.H. and took the horn, Tubb still continuing to act as whip. Mr. Lowe resided first at Worthy, then at Sparsholt, and afterwards at Lainston House, which, after having been in ruins for some years, was now made habitable. The run of sport was not very great during this *régime*; the men were badly mounted, and the old Hursley prestige gained under the Cockburns and Mr. Wall was entirely lost. Summers did what a man could do, but the sinews of war were wanting. Mr. Lowe’s daughters were generally in the field, and Miss Bertha Lowe used to go capitally on a clever white-faced bay cob.

‘ In 1857 Mr. John Tregonwell of Cranborne Lodge, Dorset, took the hounds and lived at Lainston House, the kennels being still the same as those occupied by Mr. Cockburn at Crawley, and Summers was continued in command, James Roffey and George Summers turning them to him the first season, and then the former was succeeded by Edwin Summers. No man brought up his family better than Will Summers. They all learnt church singing, and Archdeacon Jacob said, when they left Crawley, that he regretted the departure of the family, but not the smell of the soup kitchen. Mr. Tregonwell, who knew the country well from having constantly hunted there in Mr. Cockburn’s time, was a good rider, and had the peculiarity, that let the country be what it would, he always kept free from dirt. They had some capital sport for the country, and during this time the great run occurred from Norwood by the Rack and Manger over the open past Spittlebushes to Lechford Hut and Titcombe Bridge, then turned on the right by Chilbolton at the back of Mr. Lywood’s at Newton, and away to Bullington, crossed the open at the back of Hunton, over the water by Stoke Charity, and thence past Newdown, and pulled him down just on the edge of Mitcheldever Wood, after a run of two hours and fifteen minutes through thirteen parishes, and with very few checks. This was a very unusual run for Hampshire, being nearly all over the fine open country, which is so tantalising to a fox-hunter when he finds that foxes seldom run over it. Nearly all the horses were beaten, and some of them had to be left on their road home, though from the easy nature of the country a good portion of the field saw the finish. The Hon. Arthur Arundell of Houghton Lodge rode the celebrated Jenny Jones in this run. Going in Mr. Tregonwell’s time were Mr. Arundell, who lived first at Houghton and afterwards at Winchester, where he had four stallions which he sold to the King of Hanover for 1600/., amongst them Paddy from Cork, who won over twenty steeplechases in Ireland; Major Charles Lowth, a

‘good sportsman and nice man, who had a kind word for every one in the field; Mr. Fred Heysham, of whom I have told you in my Hertfordshire and H.H. articles, and his nephew, Mr. W. N. Heysham from Winchester; Mr. William Standish of Quob Lye; Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker of Bossington; Mr. Charles Day of Southampton, a very hard man indeed; Mr. F. Bowker of Winchester, and his daughter, Miss Bowker, a magnificent horsewoman, whose old chestnut was generally to the fore in a good thing; The Hon. Ralph Dutton of Timsbury, M.P. for South Hants; Captain Bidgood of Wallop House, and Mrs. Bidgood. Amongst the farmers were Mr. George Pern of Crawley; Mr. William Pern, who however did not hunt many years; Mr. W. Gater, a capital man, who also hunted with the Hambledon; Mr. William Courtney of Bullington; Mr. William Shrimpton of Newton, who hunted a well-known steeplechaser called the Major. Mr. Bedford of Somborne, a very good sportsman; Mr. T. Cordery of Bossington, who rode a wonderful black mare by Sir Hercules; Mr. Sillence of New Barn, and his sons, who generally had a good young one or two for sale; Mr. William Lipscomb of Sevington, was also at this time pretty regular.

‘In 1862 Mr. William Standish became Master of the Hursley, and entered into the thing with a zeal worthy of a better country, taking the horn himself, and working, as one who knew him well said, “like seven niggers.” He had Will Summers as kennel huntsman, and Walter Bell and Edwin Summers to turn them to him. After a season or two, finding the distance to Crawley from where he was living, Stoneham House, inconvenient, Mr. Standish built new kennels and stables on his own estate at Hensting, close to Golden Common, and about halfway between the north and south ends of the country, though, strange to say, situated within the boundaries of the Hambledon, and a mile or two from the outside of their own country. These, though no expense was spared in their erection, from standing on a strong soil, were never so healthy as the old ones at Crawley, which stood on chalk, though in the first place they were only made from an old cart-shed; and unfortunately dumb madness broke out amongst the pack, so that a large portion of them either died or were destroyed. Mr. Standish was indefatigable in his endeavours to show sport; and although Summers was kennel huntsman, he was oftener than not to be seen at the covert-side on old Peacock, a chestnut whom he had ridden for years, and many a holloa-away he has given.

‘The stud was first-rate, and capitally turned out by a Frenchman; though, strange to say, one of the best of them was Ebony, bought from John Tubb of Winchester for a mere song.

‘In the spring of 1866 they had a great run from Stoneham House, where there had been a lawn meet. Finding almost at once in the osier-beds, they took one turn round by West End, and then the gallant fox set his head straight into the Hambledon country, and ran with-

‘out a check by Botley, Durley, and on to the Rookeries near Wickham; from thence they forced him out into the open, and killed him close to the Bold Forester at Soberton, after a run of thirty miles. Mr. Standish, who rode Eagle, his favourite horse, jumped seven gates that day. The country was most severe, being a great deal of it soft, marshy grass, and divided by high banks and deep, wide ditches, and the pace, although not racing, was a good holding one throughout. I need not say that falls were numerous, and very few saw the end. One boy on a pony told Summers when, I believe, they stopped somewhat short of the finish together, that “he had enjoyed his day immensely, for he had jumped a lot of fences, had three falls, and eaten four oranges.”

‘On another occasion, from the same meet, they rattled a fox across the Test, and opened his jacket in the New Forest country after a first-rate run of an hour and a half.

‘Hunting at this time were—Mr. Wm. Everett of Abbotswood, who acted as secretary; Mr. Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park, Colonel Dowker of Winchester, who took great interest in the kennel, and generally walked several puppies—a capital judge of hounds; Colonel Nicoll of the Close, Winchester; Mr. George Deane of Bishopstoke, a good rider, and very hard man indeed, who likes the sport; Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker of Bossington, Mr. Charles Deane of Winchester, and his son Mr. Arthur Deane, occasionally; Mr. F. Heysham, Mr. Acheson Gray of Bishopstoke, Captain Talbot, Colonel Bouverie Campbell of Winchester, Colonel Forrest of Winchester, his nephew, Mr. George Forrest, Mr. Kent, from Southampton, Mr. Barnes of Lainston House, Mr. Ritchie of Wonston, occasionally; Mr. Jarrett of Winchester, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Acheson Gray, Miss Jarrett, Miss Deane of Bishopstoke, Miss Everett of Lainstone House, The Misses Chamberlayne of Cranbury, The Misses Hitchcock of Week, Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, Mrs. Clara Wabey of Leckford, who formerly lived near Royston, hunted occasionally on a pretty grey horse with an Arab head. She was a very plucky old lady, came out alone, and used to wear a hat as broad as a dean’s, which no doubt was a great defence against the weather; and two Mr. Drakes of Sparsholt, two or three Mr. Bails, Mr. Reeves, a good many officers, amongst them Captain Croft and Captain Buller, Mr. Hambro of Crawley, and his young brother in the holidays; Mr. Pery Standish of Marwell Hall, Lord Gardner of Wherwell Priory, Mr. Heathcote, son of Sir William Heathcote of Hursley Park; Major Williams of Worthy Park, who always has a good sort of horse; Mr. Joseph Anderson, then of Longstock Park; and Mr. Alfred Dyson of Longstock, who rode a fine bay thoroughbred stallion; Mr. J. P. Fitt of Westley, Mr. Wm. Allee of Rookley, Mr. Smith of Dean, Mr. House of Crawley, Harry Goater of Littleton, the trainer, and his brother Jem, the well-known jockey; Mr. J. Russell of Longstock, who generally walked a puppy; as did Mr. Watkins of Sparsholt, though not

‘ a hunting man ; Mr. Stagg of Chilbolton, Mr. George Rawlins of
‘ Crawley, Doctor England of Winchester, who likes a gallop as
‘ well as any one ; occasionally Mr. John Bushe, who lived latterly
‘ at The George Hotel, Winchester, more especially to hunt with
‘ Mr. Dear’s harriers, who detested the sight of a big wood, and
‘ always kept outside.

‘ In 1869, Mr. Wm. Standish resigned the Mastership of the
‘ Hursley, and for a time things had a very blank appearance indeed,
‘ so that it was feared the country would be given up. Colonel
‘ Nicoll, however, who may fairly be termed the Saviour of the hunt,
‘ made the most strenuous exertions to keep things going, and prin-
‘ cipally through his efforts a Committee was formed, consisting of
‘ Mr. Chamberlayne, Colonel Nicoll, Colonel Dowker, and Mr.
‘ James P. Fitt, who acted as secretary. The New Forest Pack,
‘ then in the market, was secured, and Richard Morris, who had seen
‘ much service in many countries, entrusted with the horn ; while, as
‘ the finances were not in a very flourishing state, they jobbed the
‘ horses from Mr. John Tubb of Winchester instead of buying.

‘ Things, however, went well with them, and good sport was
‘ shown ; but it was found necessary to make a change at the end of
‘ the season, and Alfred Summers took the place of Morris, who
‘ went back to his old master, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, as his
‘ Man Friday at Atherstone. New kennels were built at Pitt,
‘ or rather converted from farm-buildings, on land belonging to
‘ Sir William Heathcote, who, I believe, also gave most of
‘ the materials needed, and they have proved wonderfully healthy
‘ for hounds. Things went on smoothly with them and without
‘ alteration, except that Colonel Dowker withdrew from the Com-
‘ mittee and Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker filled the vacant place. Their
‘ sport was good, and the subscription under Colonel Nicoll’s and
‘ Mr. Fitt’s management increased from something like 300*l.* to
‘ near on a 1000*l.*, so that they were able to buy their own
‘ horses and do the thing well. In the spring of 1873 they had a
‘ memorable run from Baddesley Common to Slackstead, Parnholt,
‘ Ashley, North Park, and on to the town of Stockbridge, then
‘ turned back as far as Ashley, where this game fox fairly ran them
‘ out of scent, and, as Summer’s horse was done, they had to give him
‘ up. This run would, without doubt, have ended with blood but
‘ for a young man’s getting too forward when they circled a little
‘ in Ashley the first time and heading the fox, thereby causing a
‘ check and losing ground, which was never afterwards recovered.
‘ Nearly every horse was beaten in this run, and many had a
‘ difficulty in getting home.

‘ Hunting with the Hursley during the present management are,
‘ from Winchester, Colonel Nicoll, Colonel Bouverie-Campbell,
‘ Colonel Forrest, Messrs. Charles and Arthur Deane, Mr. F.
‘ Heysham, Mrs. A. C. Bidwell, Mr. and Miss Jarrett, Mr. H.
‘ Simonds, Mr. and Miss Bowker. From Southampton, Sir C.
‘ Harvey, Mr. Charles Day and his sons, Mr. W. L. Parry,

‘ Mr. Lenthall, Mr. H. Bull, and Mr. Kent. From Bishopstoke,
 ‘ Mr. B. Robinson, Mr. George Onslow Deane, Mr. Barton, Mr.
 ‘ Elkington, and Mr. Hill. Also the Hon. Ralph Dutton, of
 ‘ Timsbury, Mr. Chamberlayne of Cranbury, the Hon. Cowper
 ‘ Temple, Major Williams of Worthy Park, Lord Gardner, Colonel
 ‘ Reeve, Mr. T. Barnes of Lainston House, Mr. Acheson Gray of
 ‘ Worthy, Mr. Reeves of Compton House, Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker
 ‘ of Bossington House, Captain Ritchie of Wonston, Mr. Fitt
 ‘ and Mr. Drake of Sparsholt, Mr. Stratton of Chilcomb, Mr.
 ‘ Jones-Bateman of Otterbourne Grange, James Goater of Littleton,
 ‘ and Tom Cannon.

‘ For quarters Winchester is decidedly the best place, and you
 ‘ will be fairly done at the George or Royal, and have the chance
 ‘ to meet the H.H., the Hambledon and Mr. Dears’ very clever
 ‘ pack of harriers into the bargain. John Tubb of the Garrison
 ‘ Stables will look after your horse, and find you one also when short of
 ‘ a mount. From Southampton you reach the lower end of the
 ‘ Hursley, the wild duck country, and the same from Romsey.

NEWMARKET A.D. 1900.

‘ COURAGE !’ he cried, and pointed to the ‘ Ditch,’
 ‘ This parliamentary will land us soon ;’
 Then crawled they to a landing-place, on which,
 So oft begrimed by Cockney pilgrims’ shoon,
 Impetuous glared the solitary noon ;
 Heavens, what a solitude !—no hack, no fly,
 No cards, no cads ! Newmarket in a swoon !
 O for one moment of the days gone by !
 But onward, habit still compels us to the ‘ High.’

Where is thy blazoned tip, O man of pork ?
 Where the loud clatter of that quick machine,
 For ever unrelentingly at work
 With tooth impartial upon fat and lean ?
 Segrott, like Rome and Ephesus, has been ;
 Nor as they turned into the winding sheet
 Did swines’ loud grunt disturb the stilly scene ;
 No undertaker started to his feet,
 No silent spider came with unctuous smile to greet.

The Rutland yawned untenanted, and grass
 Drowned weary echoes of the White Hart yard ;
 Before the Rooms two elephants might pass,
 Or Tichborne loiter to consult his card,
 Unjostl’d, unmolested ; closed and barr’d,

The halls within return no well-known name ;
 And slowly moving to the classic sward,
 Exclusive sharers in the racing game,
 The high aristocratic legislators came.

Volumes they bore of antiquated calf,
 The flower of coming, fruit of races past ;
 Whereof they rather conned the latter half ;
 But whosoever of those leaves did taste,
 To him it seemed 'twere labour cut to waste,
 And all in vain ; and when his comrades spoke
 Their words were thin, and he in too great haste
 With some old saw the gathering silence broke,
 Whereat they laughed, and deemed his phantasy a joke.

They sat them down upon the blasted Heath,
 Between the Bushes and the Judge's chair,
 And sweet it were to talk with 'bated breath,
 Feeling the languid pulses of the air,
 Now uncontaminate by vulgar stare
 Of frousty crowds that wont unasked to come ;
 Then one proposed a game of solitaire,
 And all at once they sang, ' Our racing home
 Is fixed for ever here, we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

There is excitement here that never palls ;
 Racing, that soothes the apathetic soul
 Like monotone of distant waterfalls ;
 From course to course we lounge, from goal to goal ;
 Racing that milder on the senses lies
 Than all the Chlorodyne which Browne supplies,
 Racing that makes one yawn, and close the weary eyes.
 Here is a selling sweep,
 For fifty sovereigns here they creep
 Across the Flat, or face Criterion steep
 For guerdon scarce enough to cover winter's keep.

Why are we not from ridicule exempt,
 But utterly o'erwhelmèd by contempt ?
 Like Rip van Winkle have we slept and dreamt ?
 All things have rest ; why should we only fret ?
 We only fume, who are the lords of sport,
 And for some vain regret
 Break up our ' special and exclusive ' set,
 And with the herd consort
 In durance peine et forte ?
 Nor steep our ears in adulation's balm,
 Nor listen to the fulsome flunkey's psalm—
 ' We are such popular men !'
 Why can't they let alone the *crème*—the Upper Ten ?

Lo ! by the middle summer's breath
The thistledown is blown about the Heath ;
Our donkey crops its buds, and there
Grows lazy, fat, and takes no care,
Kicking at morn, for want of corn ;
And with one deep melodious bellow
Rolling, jerks his heels in air :
Lo ! reddening in the autumn light,
Like Ribstone pippin waxing over-mellow,
Our trim custodian, taut and tight,
Surveys the varying fortunes of the fight.
All our allotted span of days
We hope to pass in this sweet place ;
Grow old and crusty, fade and droop and die,
And in its cemetery lie.

Hateful is the public eye,
Public jargon, public scorn :
Peace is the end of life, then why
Should trespassers be borne ?
Let us alone ! Why comes the special train,
Bearing the ragamuffin rout from town ?
Let us alone ! Remonstrance is in vain ;
All things—the very air we call our own—
Marred by the vulgar accent of Cockaigne.
Let us alone ! What pleasure can be thrashed
From 'good attendance ?' Is there any fun
In rubbing shoulders with the great unwashed ?
All things have rest, then why should we be squashed ?
What have we legislators done ?
Give us the loaf entire, for heaven, or give us none.

How sweet it were behind the Devil's Ditch
To scratch our noses when they itch !
Awakening with a pleasant twitch
From dreams of winning, then discounted most,
To find our horses will not leave the post ;
To hear each other's silvern speech—
'There off !' 'There coming !'—genial talk,
Not disenchanted by that vulgar screech—
'The sanguinary fav'rite in a walk !'
To chew the cud of handicapping,
Like weasel tribe unused to napping ;
To sip in thought and taste in memory
That old sustainer of our infancy—
Milk, daily fresh from cow at grass,
Two polished pewter pails, with furniture of brass.

Dear are the old traditions of the past ;
Those crowded days, too popular to last,

Of Middle Park ; but now we've changed all that,
 And the new order yields before the old ;
 No stranger ferrets us, no stable cat
 Come 'twixt the wind and our nobility ;
 No pampered ' feather ' waxes over bold ;
 We hoard our substance, our decrees are set
 Before us in the page of Weatherby,
 And racing deeds we never can forget.
 Is there monotony in this small spot ?
 Let what has been be still, what will be must,
 And resignation be our lot.
 'Tis hard old customs from the mind to thrust ;
 There is confusion sometimes here.
 Storm and thunder, rain and dust,
 With no protecting ' Ulster ' near—
 Slow work for patriots going to the wall,
 With eyes grown dim by watching for the flag to fall.

The Bushes flourish on the blasted Heath,
 The Bushes tremble in each zephyr's breath ;
 All day the wind comes sweeping o'er the Flat,
 With mournful whisper, ' All around my hat,'
 For days that are no more, the days of ' Joe ' and ' Matt.'
 We have had enough of travel and of trouble we,
 Like our ancient handicapper, Rous of blessed memory,
 Roll'd to larboard, roll'd to starboard with the shore upon his lee ;
 Let us make a law to keep it (long as e'er we can),
 Every other racing scheme to place beneath our ban,
 Unbeholden, unindebted still to any other man.
 As we lounge beside our comrades, with Voightlanders unfurled,
 Gazing far beyond ' the distance ; ' while our lips are slightly curl'd
 At the low insinuations of the baser outer-world.
 There we cull in secret precedents from every page,
 Cross and jostle, extra weight, objection on account of age,
 Forfeit list and false description, flying start and broken gage.
 And we smile in the enforcement of the majesty of law,
 Press or public interference, matters it a single straw ?
 Lion-strength of free opinion 'bated by an ass's jaw !
 Bothered by an ill-bred set of men we cannot bear,
 Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, wherefore should we care ?
 Breaking yearly little rogues, the flies we well might spare,
 Till they seek a happier region ; some, 'tis whispered, turn'd to
 touts,
 Go upon their bellies ; others, in Suburban roundabouts
 Waken weary echoes ever with their vulgar shouts.
 Surely quiet is more sweet than riot here, the Heath,
 Than running up and down the earth, like Satan, out of breath,
 Oh, rest ye brother senators, and cut your wisdom teeth !

GOSSAMER.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE arrival of a visitor at so early an hour, and that, too, of a man who only made his appearance at Honeycombe Head in cases of emergency, so perplexed the warrener that, before the doctor could alight from his saddle, he rushed out to meet him at the porch door, and eagerly demanded the object of his unexpected visit.

‘Glad to zee yeu, doctor; but I reckon yeu’m a come to the wrong houze thes time: they’m all zound and healthy indoors, zo var; thoff I can’t zay how long they’ll bide zo.’

‘I’m not come on a professional visit,’ said the doctor, still keeping his seat in the saddle; ‘but to ask you to join me in searching the moor for two young gentlemen who ought to have returned to Buckbury School last night, and, we fear, have been lost in the mires.’

‘Then, doctor, yeu may zoo well ’light from yeur hoss; they b’ant in no mires now; they’m indoors, zafe anew, getting zome lap and tackle, and nit a happerth the wuss, I zim, for the company they’ve a kipt up in they mires.’

‘In your house now?’ inquired Host, with unfeigned delight. ‘Why, I’ve ridden fifty miles in search of them since eleven o’clock last night, and all the while they’ve been safe and sound under your hospitable roof.’

‘I didn’t zay zo, doctor; they’m on’y just a come to our houze. I zeed ’em up in the new-take fust, and I zaid that be two potchers, sure anew, arter our rabbits; and I’ll clink ’em both, or my name’s not John Mumford. But, faix, I zoon vound they was gen’lemen; and I zeed by the mux all ovver ’em that they’d a bin trapesing about all night in our gurt mires, and had falled in wi’ th’ Pixies, or zum wishtness or other; zo I axed ’em in, to cheer ’em up a bit with zummat to ate and a drap o’ our Cockagee zider. But, walk in, zur, do ye, and ha’ a tell wi’ em yersel’.’

Before the farmer had quite finished his story the doctor, having already quitted his saddle and affixed the bridle-rein of his horse to a hook near the porch door—a cold berth to which many a steed of his could assign its chronic cough and death-knell—entered the house; and there, true enough, were the two boys, still working away at the brown loaf and blue vinny, and helping down that welcome but still somewhat dry food with copious draughts of the Cockagee cider, for which the Honeycombe orchard was so famous.

‘All’s well that ends well,’ said the doctor, seizing Frank’s hand and expressing his fervent gratitude that no worse mishap had befallen them than a night’s lodging in the bogs. He then listened with great interest to the tale of their adventures, which—from the barbarous capture of the fox by Tom Franks to its subsequent enlargement in the deep earths of Forest Wood; their bewilder-

ment after the storm; the danger and exhaustion they underwent by mistaking the bog-lights for those of Honeycombe Head; and, finally, the rough reception they had at first met with owing to their suspicious appearance in the warren inclosure,—Frank related with all the force of fresh impressions and plain words. ‘So, doctor,’ said he, warming up under the influence of the Cockagee spirit, ‘I quite agree with you that this is a good finish to a bad start, and ‘a very pleasant end to the troubles of the night.’

‘But the end is not yet,’ said his companion, Harry Somers, who was looking forward with gloomy apprehension to the punishment awaiting them at the merciless hands of Dr. Twigg. ‘We shall ‘probably be expelled, and that would at once put an extinguisher ‘on all hope of the exhibition or scholarship for which I have so ‘long worked.’

‘No, no!’ cried the doctor, ‘he could never expel you for what ‘has clearly been your misfortune rather than your fault. The ‘holiday was your own; and if, by an accident, you failed to ‘return at the usual hour, he is bound, I think, to accept your ‘explanation and take no serious notice of the matter.’

‘Besides,’ added Frank, ‘Gaffer Twigg isn’t the man to bite ‘his own nose off. He’ll never kick us out and empty two beds, ‘if he can help it; not likely! Otherwise, if his own interest ‘were not at stake, I daresay he would treat us like two hounds ‘that had been killing sheep, and get rid of us altogether. But, ‘for myself, whatever the sentence, it won’t affect my commission ‘one way or the other; and that he probably knows.’

‘They are not very particular at the Horse Guards, I am ‘aware,’ said the doctor; ‘though I should think that expulsion ‘from a King Edward’s School would scarcely be a recommendation ‘even in that quarter.’

‘It’s well enough for you, Frank, to meet the matter lightly,’ said Harry, still harping on their expected doom; but my prospects ‘in life will be utterly ruined if I am expelled from this school.’

The first and best plums of the universities at that period were given almost exclusively either to boys who had been educated at certain schools, and had brought with them a favourable report of their conduct and acquirements from the head-master, or to those who could prove their descent, lineal or collateral, from certain founders; or even produce a certificate that they had been born in certain localities; fulfilling these conditions, the candidates for an exhibition or scholarship, no matter how able their opponents, walked over the course.

It is true the words *cæteris paribus*, as used by the examiners, were intended to denote fair play to the outsiders; but in reality when such were allowed to enter in the race, no matter what their form, they were simply nowhere—the competition was a sham.

At one college, indeed, before a candidate could become a Fellow, his qualification depended on his being *benè natus, benè vestitus, et medioeritèr doctus*. So that, however threadbare

his learning, he might still be eligible if his coat was well cut and his lineage unquestionable. Who, of his standing, can ever forget Jack Morgan's failure, when, not knowing himself, his evil genius led him to become a candidate for a fellowship at this exclusive college?

Alas! poor Jack, though heir to a princely estate in the principality, was a man of extremely careful and parsimonious habits; his coat, cut by his own village tailor, was rustic in the extreme; and even his 'academicals,' purchased at a second-hand shop, were so dingy that his fellow-collegians, when 'doing' the High Street or the Broad Walk, were shy of being caught in his company. The gift of seeing himself as others saw him had certainly not been vouchsafed to Jack, or he never would have attempted the rash act of entering the lists against competitors who, compared with him, were as Hyperion to a satyr. The examiners, with sarcastic emphasis, gave him full credit for fulfilling the first and last of the founder's conditions; but on the point of being *bonè vestitus* were compelled to pronounce him ineligible. But he would not take the hint, and, abjuring all sacrifice to the graces, remained steadfast to his country tailor from the day of his matriculation to that on which he donned his gown and quitted the university.

But to return to the party at Honeycombe Head: the farmer, whose sympathy for Harry had been deeply moved by the picture of ruin drawn by the boy, and jumping to the conclusion that the head-master must indeed be a monster of cruelty if he treated a pupil in this merciless way, expressed his belief that Dr. Twigg was far better fitted to manage a gang of convicts than the young gentlemen committed to his charge. 'And I don't care a farden who know'th 'it,' he added. 'Ef he zarve'th yeu zo, let un go where a will 'for his four-year old Dartmoor mutton; he'll never zee wan o' my wethers 'pon his table-board more; naw, nor it a vat geuse 'at Christmas, so long as he liv'th, agen.'

'How are you off for foxes, Mumford, on this side of the moor?' inquired Host, by way of turning the conversation to a more agreeable subject. 'You've a litter in the Combe, no doubt, as 'usual?'

'Is, is; wan, ef not teu; and I hop' th' Squire wa'nt be lang arter 'harvest avore he tackles zum o' 'em; they'm up now zo big as 'ram cats, and will be picking up the chicken zoon, I reckon; an' 'ef they do, and the mistiss com'th to know it, begorz, I may zo 'well go upon tramp at once as bide home here; her'll be like an 'untied thing, her will.'

Of the many warrens in and around Dartmoor, that, occupied by John Mumford, was notably the only one on which foxes were suffered to lay up their young in peace and security; and although by the most truculent of his fraternity poison was rarely used, yet trap, terrier, and gun did the fatal work but too effectually on every other warren throughout the country. It was Mumford's boast that so long as he had a rabbit to carry to Plymouth market he hoped to

have a fox to show the Squire. But in accomplishing this object he had indeed a rough time of it at home; and something more than a civil war was carried on between him and Mrs. Mumford. Whenever a fowl was missed from the barton, or a ewe discovered in the flock without its accompanying lamb, man though he was to the backbone when opposed to man, yet, if truth be told, when a depredation of that kind was attributed, however unjustly, to the foxes, he would rather have skulked into a coal-cellar than have faced his scolding spouse at such a time.

Hearing a step upon the staircase at this instant he held up his forefinger, and with 'bated breath said: 'There, doctor, nit another word about they voxes; that's my mistiss avoot, and ef her smell'th out what us ha' been telling about, I widn't zay what soart o' a welcome her'd give to one o' ye.'

It was quite true. Mrs. Mumford, disturbed by the noise of strange voices in the house, and wondering much what it could all mean at that early hour, was descending the stairs with a heavy, measured tread, every step of which sounded so ominous to Mumford's ears that it changed the very expression of his face, and even the tone of his voice, as if he had been suddenly taken with a paralytic seizure. But before we introduce the lady farther to the reader, let us revert to the sensation created, not only at the schoolhouse, but in the town of Buckbury, by the non-return of the two boys after their outing on the moor on the previous day.

Dr. Twigg having been present at the roll-call was among the first to discover their absence, and as it was his usual habit to lock up the house at ten o'clock, and retire soon after to his sleeping apartment for the night, his anxiety became positively painful when that hour had arrived and the coming of the boys was still delayed. All manner of surmises crossed his mind, as, lingering in his den with lighted taper and gate-keys in hand, he endeavoured to account for their non-appearance; but being unable to arrive at one satisfactory conclusion, he rang his bell and summoned Mrs. Hopkins to his aid in this perplexing emergency.

'No, sir, I'm sure,' said the housekeeper, whose kindly nature prompted her to speak out pretty freely when no third person was present, 'I shouldn't liked to see the doors bolted and barred against the young gentlemen; besides, the streets are aflood with rain, and it would kill both of them to be locked out in such a night as this. I'll sit up willingly till daylight; and then, come when they will, they'll be fine and hungry, poor fellows, and will want food to a certainty.'

'You can sit up if you choose, Mrs. Hopkins,' replied the pedagogue, only too glad to find so ready a substitute in his trustworthy servant; 'but you have my positive orders to supply them with no food from my larder: they know my rules, and whatever their need must abide by them.'

Mrs. Hopkins was far too clever a tactician to call the doctor a brute to his face, however inclined she might have been to do so on

receiving that hard-hearted mandate, so she answered in the gentlest tone, 'Very well, sir, if that's your order it shall be obeyed;' but at the same time she mentally resolved that, although debarred from supplying the food from their own larder, the truants should not go without their supper. She would pop on her bonnet so soon as the doctor had retired, and get a supply from the Red Lion, which, kept by a naval pensioner, she knew would be open at any hour on the night of the 'Glorious First of June.' 'I only hope,' she continued with a sigh, 'that no mishap has befallen the boys. Somers, they say, can't swim; and Raleigh is so daring a lad at that fishing work that, likely enough, he has dropped into a hole and dragged the other in with him. That's my fear, and I can't help saying so;' and again Mrs. Hopkins expressed her anxiety by a succession of deep sighs.

'Far more likely,' said the doctor, as he handed the ponderous keys to his housekeeper, 'that Raleigh has absconded, and tempted the other to accompany him. Not a lesson has that boy learned for a fortnight; and, in addition to his idle, fly-making habits, he would, if he dared, be insubordinate and break out into open rebellion. No, no; he's not drowned. He's gone home to Watercombe, no great distance across the moor; that's where he is, safe enough, take my word for it, and there I hope he'll stay.'

'I'm sure, sir,' said Mrs. Hopkins, 'I should be long sorry not to see his pleasant face here again. He's only a bit high-spirited, that's all; there's no vice in the lad, not a grain.'

The doctor made no reply, but signifying his dissent by that ominous jerk of the head which, though it said nothing, implied a great deal, he stalked off to his chamber. Mrs. Hopkins' bonnet was on her head in a twinkling, and without considering whether it would not be prudent for her to give the doctor time to unrobe and settle himself in, she started forth on her merciful errand without a moment's delay.

On approaching the Red Lion, long known as the chief inn and posting-house in the town of Buckbury, the sounds of song and wassail rung upon her ear. The door stood invitingly open, but Mrs. Hopkins, although a woman not wanting in courage nor easily deterred from her purpose, hesitated on the threshold, as if unwilling either to interrupt the revelling or to be seen abroad at such an hour. While thus momentarily uncertain as to the course she had best adopt, a gentleman brushing by her entered the house, and turning as he did so inquired if she was waiting for anybody, or if there was anything he could do for her inside.

Great was her relief on recognising the voice of the speaker as that of Mr. Host; for the dim oil lamp suspended over the door gave her no aid, but served rather to make the surrounding darkness even more visible. 'Thank goodness, doctor!' she exclaimed fervently, 'it is you. Yes, you can do me a great service. Two of our young gentlemen, Raleigh and Somers, are missing. They left this morning for a day's fishing on the moor, and if nothing has hap-

‘pened to them they may come in at any moment. But they’ll be hungry enough, poor fellows; and I have had strict orders not to give them even a crust of bread out of our larder. Yet they had a holiday given them; and if from some unknown cause they have been unable to keep our time, that’s no reason why they should be pinched with hunger and thirst, like brute beasts shut up in a parish pinfold. So, doctor, I thought, as master went off to bed, I’d just step to the Red Lion and get some bread and meat and white-ale for them.’

‘Quite right, too, Mrs. Hopkins; to go to bed after a hard day’s work on an empty stomach would be no joke to two growing boys. But come in, and we’ll soon see what the house can afford. I am myself as hungry as a hound; been out at Badgerford all day with a labourer’s wife, who, poor soul, but for the groats and brandy I carried in my pocket, wouldn’t have had a drop of caudle to carry her through her troubles; but I left her and a fine bouncing boy doing well, I’m happy to say.’

They then entered the inn together; but the doctor, who had himself come for his supper, lifting, as he came to it, the corner of a curtain hanging over the bar-window and taking a survey of the inmates, consisting of four or five country gentlemen, all drinking brandy-and-water, and all more or less inebriated, passed on towards the taproom—that back portion of the premises assigned to the servants and lower class of customers frequenting the inn. Up to this point, owing to the noisy conversation going on in the bar, and the still greater uproar prevailing in the taproom, where the sound of song and merriment shook the very rafters of the house, the doctor had failed to attract the attention of a single individual belonging to the establishment. On opening the door, however, of the latter apartment he was instantly observed by the bar-waiter, who alone of the motley party remained unseated, as if he held himself in readiness to answer the summons of his bell at a moment’s notice.

‘What can I do for you, sir?’ inquired the man, eager to serve the doctor, who was every man’s servant in turn.

‘Mrs. Hopkins is here, responded the doctor, ‘and requires some food for two young gentlemen whom she is expecting to return from the moor; and I——’

Before the doctor could express his own wants the waiter interrupted him by saying, ‘Why, that must be the same youngsters Tom Franks has just been telling about; he sold them a fox, and has come here to spend a groat or two of the money. Hark’ee, sir, that’s he a-tuning up “Uncle Tom Cobby,” and that’s the sixth song he has sung since supper.’

‘Then that man can perhaps give us some direct information as to the course they took when he last parted with them,’ suggested Mrs. Hopkins, ‘and possibly may be able to account for their prolonged absence. At all events I should like to question him on the subject.’

‘By all means, ma’am,’ said the waiter, instantly making the best of

his way through a crowd of revellers, who, by the liberality of the landlord, were celebrating the 'Glorious First of June' with unlimited cider and jugs of white-ale tuned to perfection.

'Here, Tom,' shouted the waiter, 'here's Doctor Host and a lady outside waiting to speak to you; so look sharp and finish your song.'

'It's zummut about the vixen, I reckon,' whispered Tom to his next neighbour, for his conscience had already told him that the hounds of retribution would be after him some day for his cruel use of that foul screw. But he continued singing 'Uncle Tom Cobby' down to the last verse.

'Where be they to, Jonas?' inquired the moor-man, preparing to follow the waiter, but detained at every step by his fellow bacchanals calling on him to take a pull out of their several cups, as a complimentary tribute to his good company and vocal power. But Tom, convivial though he was on all occasions, was no sot, and treated his friends' cups as a coy maiden would have done—touched them with his lips and no more.

'I hop' I zee your honour well?' said he, pulling his forelock deferentially, and making his best bow to the doctor and Mrs. Hopkins as he stepped into the passage.

'Thank 'ee, Tom, I never was better, and my business with you is soon explained. Be good enough to tell us when you last saw and where you left the two young gentlemen you met on the moor this morning?'

'Aw! they as wanted to fight and I widn't let 'em; Squire Raleigh's zun and anither?'

'The same, no doubt.'

'Well,' answered the moor-man cautiously, 'the last time I zeed 'em they was making their way ovver Langham Marsh clutter wi' their nozes aiming vor Benjay-Tor; that was zix o'clock and arter, I reckon. B'aint they home it, then?'

'No,' said Mrs. Hopkins, 'not yet, and I very much fear some accident has occurred to prevent them; one or the other may perhaps have been drowned in the Dart.'

'Nit they; I glimps'd 'em clear enow o' th' river; more like they've a valled in wi' the Pixies and got stogged up in the Black Stable.'

Tom alluded to a dangerous bog lying between Aune and Erme Head, which, when the chase passes that way, is apt to detain the stoutest steeds up to their girths in mire, and hence its designation by the moor-men as the 'Black Stable.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, thoroughly terrified by the bare chance of such a catastrophe; 'I'm sure, then, I hope my master may be right. He thinks they went straight home to Watercombe.'

'Or they might have called in at Heathercote,' suggested the doctor, 'and been invited to supper by the fair widow and her daughter; and if so, small blame to them if they make the most of

‘such comfortable quarters. However, I’ve a fresh horse in my stable, and if the boys are above ground I’ll find them out before the morning light breaks upon Hey-Tor.’

So the kind-hearted, indefatigable village doctor snapped up a sandwich hastily cut for him, and mounting a ten-pound broken-kneed hack,—which, as it had profited by the unusual rest of twenty-four hours, he vainly called a fresh horse,—he dashed forth into the night and rode direct for Heathercote.

The narrow and intricate Devonshire lanes through which he passed, being more like underground tunnels without their arches than ordinary parish roads, would have completely puzzled a less experienced man than himself to keep the right course on that dark, starless night. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the uphill and down-dale character of the country and the execrable condition of the roads, the surface of which was seamed like a gridiron on either side by deep cart-ruts, and studded with as many rolling stones in the centre as the pebbly seashore, the doctor kept his willing hack in a hand-canter, and did the three miles in twenty minutes, without trouble either to himself or horse.

On arriving at the lawn-gate, however, it was found to be already chained and padlocked for the night—a precaution adopted by the family on retiring to rest in order to guard their beautiful flower-garden against the inroads of the Gipsies, whose donkeys were apt to pay it an unwelcome visit from their neighbouring camp. While pausing at the barrier, in momentary doubt as to whether he should disturb the inmates or proceed on his mission direct to Watercombe, a lady’s voice, only a few yards from him, inquired in a gentle, timid tone, ‘Who’s there?’ and ‘What do you want?’

‘It is I, Mr. Host of Buckbury,’ responded the doctor, recognising at once the voice of Mrs. Cornish, the fair widow of Heathercote, who, on this the anniversary of her husband’s death, was still pacing the parterre in sombre and sleepless mood. ‘I am sorry to intrude upon you, madam, at such an hour,’ continued the doctor; ‘but my object in doing so is to inquire if by any chance you have seen or heard aught of Raleigh and Somers, two schoolboys, who, after an outing on the moor, have not yet returned to Buckbury?’

‘Nothing whatever, Mr. Host, of either; and it pains me to hear such anxious news. Young Raleigh is a friend of mine; and as I asked Dr. Twigg to give the lads a holiday, I cannot but consider myself the indirect cause of their absence. However, I earnestly hope no serious mischief has occurred to either.’

‘So do I, ma’am; but Tom Franks the fox-killer thinks they must have been trapped in the bogs; while Dr. Twigg leans to the belief that the boys have bolted and gone home to Watercombe, whither, as I have not been fortunate enough to find them here, I shall proceed at once in search of them.’

‘And I’ll send my gardener and his boy up to Aune Head at break of day; but heaven forbid such a fate should have befallen them!’

The doctor then took his leave, and, bidding the lady a good-night,

was quickly again in full swing, with his horse's head pointing direct for Watercombe. Many a mile, however, of

‘ Mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,’

had he to traverse ere he reached the bridle-path leading by the white walls of the kennel to the front of the huntsman's house. This was not only the nearest road, but, as it was laid with loose granite sand, the doctor hoped thus to approach the outbuildings and obtain the information he required without disturbing the family at the mansion by the noisy clatter of his horse's heels on the harder carriage-road beyond.

But the step of his steed was a strange one to the wakeful sentinels enclosed within those whitewashed walls, and a roar of angry tongues, with less of music in the sound than the doctor had ever heard before, burst upon his ear, and brought every soul in the huntsman's cottage to the open bedroom windows in a moment of time.

‘ Who'ze there and who be yeu, a-rousing up the hounds, like a fule, at this time o' night ? ’ demanded the huntsman savagely ; and, without waiting for an answer, proceeded to say : ‘ They'm a-going a otter-hunting at zix o'clock to Gara Bridge, and they w'ant be fitty vor the day's work, I tell 'ee, ef yeu bide here a-turmoiling 'em avore daylight ; zo, go yeur ways, du 'ee now.’

He then rang a bell, which, suspended over the hounds' benches, had the instantaneous effect of quieting the uproar and producing a dead silence throughout the kennel. By that time Host had brought his horse to a stand-still directly under the cottage windows.

‘ Hold hard, Ben,’ he said ; ‘ you don't often make a bad cast nor rate a wrong hound ; but there, it's as dark as pitch, and I forgive you this time.’

The nerves of Ben's ear were exquisitely strung, and enabled him, however deep the cover, not only to distinguish the tongue of every hound in the pack, but to tell what game was afoot on which a hound was speaking ; so, instantly recognising the voice, he replied : ‘ Well, doctor, yeu must plaize excoose me ; I spok'd out a bit hurrisome, avore I know'd who 'twas. But what be com' vor, zur ? I hop' it ain't that nimpingang in the Squire's niddick ; 'twas a near titch for un last time, I reckon.’

Ben alluded to a dangerous boil or carbuncle that had been skillfully excised by the doctor's knife ; but on that score he was not allowed to remain a moment in doubt. ‘ No, no, Ben ; nothing of that sort now. I came to inquire if Master Frank and a friend of his had found their way to Watercombe, instead of returning to Buckbury School last night, as they were expected ? ’

‘ I was up to the houze vor orders zoon arter ten, and they wasn't a-come then, I know,’ replied the huntsman, ‘ or I should a heered tell o' it in the hall.’

‘ Then Tom Franks must be right ; they have certainly missed their way on the moor ; so I shall ride back straight for Honey-

‘combe Head, and get John Mumford to go and search for them ‘with me.’

So saying, the doctor again started on his errand of help; nor did he pause to hear the hard words rapped out by Ben at the bare mention of the fox-killer’s name. The successful result of the ride to Honeycombe is already known to the reader.

SENSATION SKETCHES BY PEN AND PENCIL.

WRITERS in the ‘Times’ cannot often be detected in exaggeration or inaccuracy, because articles in the leading journal are generally placed in the hands of those possessing some knowledge of the subject on which they write, in addition to their presumed credentials of moderation and exactness. Sport has never been made a *spécialité* by the ‘Thunderer,’ although at uncertain periods it notices condescendingly the principal meetings of the year; standing aloof, however, from the rest of the press in relying on its own special information in the place of drawing from a common fund for racing reports. It is only quite latterly that anything beyond a short *résumé* of results has been allowed insertion in its pages, and its present weekly sporting article is a novelty which it has probably been enforced to adopt owing to the greater prominence which the rest of the daily press have considered it worth while to accord to racing affairs. We wish, for the sake of truth and justice, that the ‘Times’ would confine its notions of sport to that department which at present executes its trust in so gentlemanly and pleasant a style, instead of descending to copy the sensational strain which the ‘Daily Telegraph’ has made especially its own. It is not every journal which can boast of a ‘Senex’ on its establishment, and it is just as well that imitators of his style and sentiments should be discouraged, or at any rate very rarely intrusted with the production of articles like that which has recently appeared in a prominent position and leaded type, and entitled ‘Modern Steeplechasing.’ We have waited for something to come of it, or some discussion to arise on its arguments, but even the indignant ‘Resident at Kingsbury’ has not deemed it worth his while to break silence, and the sporting press have let it alone to fall flat on the million, relying, no doubt, upon its inherent absurdity for self-refutation.

We have never been blind to the shortcomings of that branch of sport which has spread in the direction of minor meetings in suburban districts, but we have invariably upheld the claims of those higher class gatherings, the influence of which has generally been for the better, stating the conviction, to which we still adhere, that they exercise no unimportant office in encouraging and maintaining a breed of horses from which the requirements of the hunting field may be recruited, as well as affording rational amusement to those whose tastes lie in the direction of cross-country sports. It

is idle, of course, to attempt to disguise the fact that higher stakes hold out greater inducements to owners of horses, because racing of all kinds has long since degenerated into a business, without any hope, so far as we can see, of a return to that golden age when honour was its own reward. Flat racing, no doubt, originated in the decision of some 'friendly' wager among private individuals, and from such small beginnings has widened out into the sphere it now occupies—a profession requiring the services of trainers, jockeys, and other officials, and extending itself in all directions, by virtue of the wide popularity it enjoys. We cannot perceive the distinction, except in detail, between flat racing and steeplechasing, and entirely fail to discover the reason why one should be confined to the professional contingent, while its sister pastime should be forbidden to go beyond the amateur element, from which both varieties of horse racing undoubtedly sprung. The interposition of a few obstacles in the shape of fences cannot possibly make all the difference insisted upon; while the indisputable fact remains that, owing mainly to the exertions of the Grand National Hunt Committee, steeplechase riding has lately opened a wide field to the gentleman rider, who has proved beyond doubt his ability to hold his own against professional talent, and has made sensible progress towards that 'friendly' settlement of differences which the 'Times' so forcibly advocates.

We do not dispute the accuracy of the 'Times' writer's remarks relative to the origin of steeplechasing, but we do assert that a return to those good old times when, 'started together from a given point, you 'rode to finish at a certain steeple, at catch-weight, upon animals 'that have been regularly hunted,' is utterly impossible, and that we might as well look for renewals of sweepstakes in heats over the Beacon Course at Newmarket. Steeplechasing in the era of 'solid horses and heavy saddles' must have been more a lottery than now, and if every man took his own line across country, as we are induced to believe he did, there could have been little of that keen emulation which the 'flagged course and careful handicapping' has indisputably imported into the sport. It certainly might have required more knowledge of country, but less of that pluck and dash which the close companionship and rivalry of other horses promotes; and the practice of clearing fences in cool blood, without the attractions even of following the pack, could not have tried those many qualities of head and hand which a real hunting run or cross-country contest unquestionably develops.

We quite agree with the writer's estimate of garrison steeplechases and local hunt meetings, but these cannot be said to interest the public generally, nor, indeed, anybody beyond that very limited circle to which entries and riders are confined. There has been a growing taste of late years for high-class cross-country sport, and the result has been that a class of animals has sprung up to meet that requirement of a 'more flashy stamp' perhaps than the old-fashioned hunter (who was allowed more time to carry his extra weight), but

infinitely better suited, if only from their breeding, to become hunter sires. Look at horses of the Alcibiades stamp, who are now making their mark at the stud as surely as they have done in Grand Nationals—animals of size, substance, and quality; types of ‘bone and blood.’

We are not now going to turn round and become the champions of a class of sport which has been consistently written down in these pages. But the description of a suburban race meeting has been grossly overdrawn. Sporting publicans, of course, do exist in considerable numbers in London, as in most large towns, but except in one or two cases, we do not trace any connection between them and the meetings in whose profits they are presumed to ‘stand in.’ ‘Flashy weeds and screwed caricatures’ are to be met with at the higher class of gatherings; at these minor meetings they have their day, like the dogs, to which all horseflesh must come at last. But to call the riders ‘wasted shadows of a misspent life’ is a ludicrous exaggeration, more likely to provoke laughter than indignation in the minds of hardy and robust artists like Mr. Yates and others, who mainly affect business on the home circuit. Knowing men do not as a rule put up ‘wasted shadows’ even at Hendon or Enfield, such creatures having generally the credit for the want of that pluck which the writer admits is required to get upon some of the horses at all. As for ‘sensation jumps,’ they exist mostly in the minds of sensational sporting writers, who magniloquently announce their intention of placing their carriages in proximity to the principal obstacle of the course. ‘A mob of the dregs of City sportsmen’ which ‘is quite as fond of brutal sensation as any crowd that ever filled a Roman amphitheatre or Spanish bull-ring,’ and of the existence of which we are assured by the ‘Times,’ is an assertion utterly unworthy of the truth and fairness which should characterise a journal possessing the reputation of the ‘Thunderer,’ and we have no patience to proceed further in the discussion of exaggerated statements having the merest veneer of truth upon them. It is not by such means that the evils now admitted to exist can be abated, but rather by a temperate consideration of the best means of remedy and the judicious method of its application.

No sooner had the ‘Times’ laid down the pen than the ‘Graphic’ took up its pencil to illustrate the sensational article by two engravings bearing the highly original titles of ‘Before’ and ‘After.’ It is almost needless to add that the drawings, while they were designed to ape the moralising tendencies of Hogarth, did not by any means come up to that standard of truthfulness which has been the acknowledged characteristic of a painter who ‘not from models but ‘from nature drew.’ At first sight we were compelled to the conclusion that the opposing jockeys were being pelted with mud by some person or persons unknown, for some supposed unfairness in riding or other public misdemeanour. Subsequently, however, we were informed that those flying missiles were intended to represent the dirt thrown up by the gallant animals, and that through a long

tract such heavy clods were suspended in mid-air to give life to the representation. The obstacle depicted was not apparently insuperable, even by horses of moderate class, but we presume the artist had the 'Will o' the Wisp' leap in his eye over which King Death was represented (in that late lamented periodical) in the act of taking his fatal leap. The design and drawing might have been magnificent, but it was hardly steeplechasing. The incidents of the companion engraving were still more ludicrous. The stalwart jockey had escaped unhurt, and was apparently engaged in rubbing his arm, while looking down at his fallen steed. At the same time he held with the injured limb a most terrific weapon—to all appearances a cross between a hunting-crop and a blunderbuss, and the latter notion was considerably strengthened by the smoke involving the prostrate form of the horse; but this we discovered, by minute investigation, to be merely the effect of overriding, though at one time the idea entered our head of its being the vapour proceeding from the discharge of the 'gun' always forthcoming to put an end to the struggles of the noble animal. In the distance the policeman, always of course to be found on such occasions, was keeping back the mob of brutal instincts with some apparent success, while, for the purposes of a thrilling background, a riderless horse, open-mouthed, like a wild beast, was pursuing some hapless being over ridge and furrow. We have all heard of Mr. Yates once catching his horse by the tail, but this total reversion of circumstances quite took us by surprise. Had the 'Police News' deemed the incident worthy of a cut for their sensational sheet mistakes might have been excusable, but not so in the case of a paper professing to ignore sport, and possessing the reputation of cultivating high art. We can fancy the moral painted in nurseries and young ladies' seminaries by the graphic adornment of the tale, and the various exclamations of pity and surprise it might give rise to among the 'goody-goody' sort of people who look upon Messrs. Anderson and Hughes and Lord Morley as the highest type of social reformers. It might be supposed that no horses or horsemen were ever killed or injured in the hunting field, and that steeplechasing enjoyed the monopoly of those 'moving accidents by flood and field' which have formed the staple of sporting sketches from time immemorial. If the production of the exaggerated pictures we have alluded to was likely to serve any good end, there might be less cause for complaint than in the case of journals which go out of their way to dress up occasional horrors as commonplace pleasures to spectators of cross-country sports. Supporters of the higher class of journalism, including the 'Times' and the 'Graphic,' do not require artificial padding of this kind to satisfy any morbid appetite for sensation; and if such phases of an extraneous subject should occasionally be deemed to come within their province, they should at least be treated with some regard to the exigencies of justice and fairness.

It must be admitted that the present system of degrading sport calls for some remedy; but no useful end can possibly be subserved

by measures which make martyrs rather than converts, and which are brought into deserved ridicule by reason of the exaggeration and misrepresentation of a certain class of fanatics. Reform will come by degrees, and we have an assurance of its progress in the hands of those gentlemen who have taken the matter up in earnest, and who may be trusted to carry their labours to a satisfactory conclusion. The task of cleansing the Augæan stable is neither a pleasant nor a speedy process, and to those who attempt it must be accorded not only time, but a full measure of public support. Committees, however influential, are of little use unless they work together with a will and with a full intention of eradicating all grievances. We cannot expect to see a clean bill of health immediately; but when once the purifying process has had a beginning, it may be expected to prosper in its undertaking. We see no signs of diminished interest in steeplechasing, but rather an increase of healthy excitement, which only requires some guarantee for its proper regulation. People now-a-days, in these times of easy and rapid locomotion, are enabled to see and judge for themselves, and are therefore less liable to be taken in by any attempt to bias their judgment by individuals who stay at home and show themselves painfully ignorant of the matters forming their text for pen or subject for pencil. Battle, murder, and sudden death are pleasing incidents for vulgar minds, but it is not in them alone that the taste for sport has taken deep root; and the more discerning among us will be content to bide their time, allowing the evil to work its own remedy, and relying on the independence and good faith of those who are doing their best in a thankless cause: hereafter, we trust, to reap the share of gratitude they deserve, but which a perversity of judgment at present prevents them from obtaining.

AMPHION.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.

BY 'OLD CALABAR.'

PART IV.—RIGHT HANDS AND LEFT HANDS.

WICKHAM toll-gate was a favourite meet, and one that always drew a large field, and a number of carriage people.

Mrs. Simpson was there in her britzska and her beautiful greys, her husband was mounted on his best hunter, talking away to some friends. As for myself, I felt very much like a man who was going to be put under the tender hands of Mr. Calcraft. I never felt so small in my life.

'All right, Swellington,' said Simpson, as he came up and spoke to me. 'I've managed as you said; half-past eleven to the instant, in Wickham-lane; tar, tar, old feller!'

My thoughts were anything but charitable towards Simpson as he took his departure. I remembered how he had stuck to me,

tormented me with his horrid familiarity and vulgarity ; how his wife had done me with the horse. But my reflections were put an end to by the hounds moving off, and the Miss Larkins coming up to me, all beautifully mounted.

‘I suppose, Captain Swellington, you will never forgive us,’ said the eldest, ‘for that affair at Brighton? It was only fair, though, ‘you should be taken in: remember you wanted to take others in, ‘by giving yourself out as Captain Green and a single man.’

‘Infernally green,’ I muttered. ‘Oh, I have forgiven it, Miss ‘Larkin; it was hardly fair though. But there go the hounds into ‘covert.’

The find was quick ; for the pack was a good one, and they soon made it too hot for Master Reynard, who broke and was away.

Jack Simpson, as usual, was in the first flight, and the last I saw of him that day was leading the field on his splendid brown horse ; I was on the very worst one I had in my stable, for what reason will presently appear ; however, I had a pretty good burst with them, and, looking at my watch, turned into the first road.

I had still twenty minutes to the good, and rode away at a rapid pace towards Wickham-lane, which I presently reached ; no chance of any one seeing me, I mentally observed, as I took a long, earnest look down the road, and got off my horse. Not a soul was in sight, and the hounds were going right away from where I was. ‘Now for ‘it,’ I exclaimed, as I turned my nag loose and gave him a cut with the whip.

The animal, unused to such treatment, started off at a gallop ; I watched him for an instant, and as soon as he was gone, commenced with what you will say were somewhat curious proceedings.

Recollect, Baily, if you ever split on me, I’ll never write another word for your infernal magazine again. [Remember—this is not to be printed !]

‘Now for my hat,’ I said, as I deliberately took it off and jumped upon it, crushing it out of all shape. ‘Never mind, it is my oldest ‘one, so it does not much matter.’ I then walked to the ditch by the roadside, it was full of water. ‘Devilish cold,’ I muttered, as I took a look at it ; ‘but it must be done ; it’s my oldest coat, leathers, and boots. Now for it!’ and I deliberately jumped in.

By Jupiter ! it was cold—most horribly cold ; but the deed was done ; so I scrambled out again as well as I could, cold and shivering. I had hardly done so and laid myself out in an elegant posture, with my head leaning on one of my hands, than I saw, a quarter of a mile off, the britzska and the greys approaching. ‘To a minute,’ I thought, as I rubbed a little mud over my face to make it look more ghastly ; I had had serious thoughts of giving myself a gash and a black eye, but I could not muster courage enough.

‘There’s a gentleman down in the lane, mum,’ said the coachman to his mistress, as the carriage approached me ; ‘he’s hurt, too, I ‘expect.’

‘Good gracious, Tomkins ! I hope it is not your master.’

‘No, mum, it’s not master; he had Napoleons on this morning, this gent has tops. Blessed if it ain’t Captain Swellington! Here, John, jump down. Hurt much, sir?’

‘I hardly know what is the matter with me,’ I faintly exclaimed; ‘but I am in great agony.’

‘For gracious sake, John, do open the door,’ cried the lady; and in getting out of the carriage, she revealed a most exquisite foot and leg.

‘Poor Captain Swellington!’ she said, coming up to me; ‘are you much hurt?’

‘Unto death, I fear, dear lady;’ closing my eyes and making a horrible grimace; ‘internal injury.’

‘Good God, this is very shocking!’ she exclaimed. ‘John, we must get him into the carriage. Can you walk to the carriage, Captain Swellington?’

‘I do not think I can, but I’ll try;’ giving an agonizing shudder. I was chilled to the marrowbones from my bath.

I did manage to get into the carriage; the beautiful woman covering me up with warm rugs and what not. I believe I had her hand in mine all the way home. I was delirious, so I do not exactly remember.

At last we arrived at my house; what a bustle and confusion there was!

‘The master’s brought home with his neck broke, and smashed all to pieces!’ exclaimed the housekeeper, rushing off screaming to her mistress’s room.

‘The master’s broken both his legs, and knocked his hi out,’ roared out the butler as my wife came tearing downstairs to see what was the matter.

‘Oh, Swellington, are you much hurt?’ she asked, as I was being lifted out. ‘I am so much obliged to you, madam, for your kindness in bringing my husband home.’

‘I found him on the roadside, Mrs. Swellington, and could do nothing else.’

‘And whom am I to thank for this great kindness?’ asked my wife; she did not know her.

‘Mrs. Simpson, of — Hall,’ answered the other.

I saw from one eye which I had opened that my better half winced at the name, but she said nothing more; and Mrs. Simpson drove away.

My wet clothes were taken off, and I was put into a warm bed. ‘If I don’t have a fearful cold from all this,’ I thought, ‘it will be a wonder; and if I don’t walk into you, Master Jack Simpson, for putting all this on me, it will be odd.’ The doctor came, looked grave; talked of internal bruises; recommended total abstinence and quiet.

‘This is all devilish fine,’ I thought. ‘I’m to be starved into the bargain, am I? not if I know it.’ So my man, by stealth, gave me some brandy and water, and I fell asleep for a couple of hours; after that I awoke fearfully hungry.

‘It’s no use, Walters,’ I said; ‘hang the doctor. I must have something to eat. What was there for luncheon?’

‘There was some cold pheasant, sir, and ——’

‘Well, for God’s sake, Walters,’ interrupting him, ‘get me some of that, a bit of Stilton, and a biscuit; and bring the sherry up. And mind you are not seen, or there will be the devil’s own row.’

‘I’ll manage it, sir; but do you think it is prudent of you to——?’

‘For Heaven’s sake go, Walters, and bring it quickly.’

This he did; he managed it famously; put it on my bed and locked the door.

I fell to ravenously, and just as I had finished and was washing it down with my third glass of sherry a knock came at the door.

Walters seized the tray and bottle and thrust it under the bed.

‘Who’s there?’ he asked.

I knew by the voice it was my wife, so the door was opened to admit her.

‘How do you feel now?’ she demanded.

‘Oh, much better,’ which was the truth; ‘very much better. I should like a cigar;’ and this, after a little persuasion, I had. And having smoked a couple, fell off to sleep again, for there was nothing else to do.

The doctor came in the evening again, and said I was so much better that I might have a little to eat; so I made a capital dinner (on the sly) of soup, fish, saddle of mutton, and a woodcock; a pint bottle of champagne, and some Burgundy; smoked three cigars, and drank a couple of glasses of whisky and water; not bad for a sick man.

The next morning I was unable to get up, for I had a horrible cold; I don’t know that I ever had a worse one. There were no end of inquiries, and amongst others, Simpson, he actually came up and saw me.

‘What the blazes is up?’ he asked, as my man left the room. ‘You ’av got a most infernal cold, and no mistake. Polly told me all about it. What’s your little game?’

‘Do for Heaven’s sake keep quiet, Simpson. Walls have ears. You will see.’ So Jack, seeing he could get nothing out of me, left, grinning. How I hated the beast. Here was I laid up, for God knows how long, and all to oblige him.

It was fully a week before I could get up. I don’t think the confinement improved my looks, for one of my friends said I looked like a ‘washed out old shirt!’ but at last I came down and installed myself in my arm-chair in my smoking-room, savage with the world and all in it.

The hounds had had three capital runs since I had been laid up; one of course the run of the season. Does it not always happen so? Directly a man is laid up from a fall, a cold, or anything of the sort the run of the season is sure to take place.

I had given positive orders for Mr. Simpson not to be admitted,

for I knew directly he found I was down he would be tormenting me.

‘Frederick,’ said my wife, one day—she seldom called me by my Christian name. ‘Your cold is nearly gone and you are well now, are you not?’

‘Yes, Constance,’ I replied. I knew she was going to ask me something. ‘I think I am all right now.’

‘Well then, if you are, and to-morrow is fine, I want you to go out with me and make a call.’

‘Oh, the deuce! You know I am not fond of calling.’ My heart beat wild with delight. I was certain of what was coming; that my ruse had succeeded, and that I was free from Jack Simpson. ‘Where do you want to go?’ I asked.

‘Why, Frederick, you know, I think it would only be proper for you and I to call on Mrs. Simpson. Remember, she brought you home, when you were so dangerously hurt. You ought to call and thank her. We must put up with her husband’s vulgarity. She seems a very nice, superior sort of person.’

‘Oh, hang it, Constance, I hate the fellow! Can’t you go alone?’

‘No, Frederick, it’s the first visit remember. You must go.’

‘The first visit,’ I thought. ‘What if she lets out I went to buy timber?’

However, I determined to let matters take their chance. And I thought too that possibly less would be said if I went.

That evening I wrote a note to Simpson.

‘DEAR SIMPSON,

‘We are coming to call on you to-morrow; be sure you and Madam do not let out that I called before, on the occasion of buying some timber of you.

‘Yours, F. S.’

The next day, as the hour approached, I got myself up within an inch of my life; all traces of my cold had disappeared.

The carriage came round at two o’clock, and we were away. I cannot say I was easy in my mind. I thought what a fool I had been to write to Simpson; if I had not probably they would not have been at home; but now of course, as I had given them warning, they would be there.

Mrs. Simpson was at home. So our card cases were put back again, and we were ushered into the drawing-room, where madam was.

After the preliminary bowings and scrapings were over, Mrs. Swellington commenced to thank the lady for her kindness, and matters went on pretty smoothly.

‘Where is your husband?’ I asked of the lady.

‘Oh, Mr. Simpson went out after luncheon. I will see if he is in,’—ringing the bell; but that instant the gentleman entered. I knew his intense vulgarity would offend my wife, so, after a few

minutes, by dint of winking and frowning, I got him to ask me to come and look at a new gun in his room.

‘Now, then, my fine fellow,’ I said, pouring myself out a glass of sherry from a bottle I saw on his table. ‘I have kept my word with you, have I not?’

‘Yes, old chap, you’ve done it famous. Polly won’t split that she has ever seen you before’—pouring himself out another glass of wine. ‘Yes, you’ve kept your word.’

‘And do you know what it has cost me, sir, to do it? Nearly a fortnight’s imprisonment from that infernal cold.’

‘But I never told you to go and jump into a ditch up to your neck,’ he replied.

‘I did it in desperation,’ I said. ‘Now every dog has his day; you’ve had yours, I will have mine!’—filling another glass of sherry. ‘That infernal horse your wife sold me is no good; I don’t want him. I won’t have him. Listen to me: if you don’t give me a cheque for 300*l.* for him back again, I’ll split on the whole concern, and before I leave the house, too. I don’t care a bit what my wife will say; but I know what your’s will, my boy. You will never have another day’s peace.’

‘Dash my buttons, but you’ve done me this time, Swellington!’ as he took his book out and proceeded to fill up a cheque for the amount. ‘Done me brown; never mind!’—as he handed the cheque over—‘it’s my turn next time. Now we will go to the drawing-room again.’

‘How do you like them, Constance?’ I asked, as we were returning home.

‘Oh, the husband is horrible, that I knew before I went; but his wife is beautiful, so tastily dressed—much better than I am. I must have another hundred a year, Frederick, for I will be second to none, in dress.’

This was a nice thing, but there was no help for it, so I agreed to give it.

‘Mrs. Simpson I mean to cultivate,’ continued my wife; ‘she is one of the nicest persons I ever met.’

Mrs. Swellington did cultivate Mrs. Simpson—so much so, that the latter shortly became the rage. Every one called on her, and she was generally pronounced to be not only the prettiest, but the very nicest woman in the county. Mrs. Simpson did this and that—wore this and that—drove strawberry roans—she set the fashion; and my wife, to keep pace with her, drew heavily on me. Luckily at this time I had a windfall of a thousand a year left me, or I should never have been able to have stood it.

There was only one thing I had ever been able to get the better of Jack Simpson in, and that was his taking the horse back and writing me a cheque for three hundred; but we never had another deal, though we continued the best of friends. With all his vulgarity, he was a good-hearted fellow. Poor Jack! though years have fled since he was taken away, I have him in my mind’s eye, as fresh as ever.

At the end of the hunting season a grand ball was given by the members, and Mrs. Swellington caught a cold at it, which settled on her lungs. Although I had the best advice, it was no use. I was ordered to take her abroad immediately; but so rapid was her decline that she died at Nice some five months after. I must say I was terribly cut up; but it was no use meeting trouble halfway. I brought home the poor remains, which were deposited in the family vault. The Simpsons were most kind to me, asked me to come and stop with them, and showed me all the attention in their power; but I had become a lonely and moody man, refused all invites and kindnesses, shut myself up, and was at home to no one.

But time, the healer of all wounds, in some manner cured mine. After a few months I began to look after things a little; but the place was thoroughly distasteful to me. I could not bear the sight of the house and grounds where I had passed so many happy days, so it was put up for sale, and shortly after it passed out of my hands into that of a Londoner at a fancy price, and I retired to Paris, where I took a handsome *étage*, and furnished it as well as money could. I had my mail-phaeton, a brougham, carriage, and riding horses. Here was I, a widower, with some five thousand a year, as lonely and desolate as man could well be. Money will not give everything. I roamed about from place to place, restless and discontented, now in London, now in Italy, but making my headquarters Paris.

I had given up hunting and shooting; I took no delight in field-sports, though I eagerly read the accounts in all the sporting papers.

I might have been a widower nearly a year, when one morning, carelessly looking over 'Bell's Life,' I was horrified at seeing the death of poor Jack Simpson—my incubus, my horror, my Old Man of the Sea. He had been killed by a fall in the hunting field. There was a long account of it, and all the particulars were given with horrible minuteness.

I never was more shocked in my life—cut off in the prime of life—poor Jack Simpson! How vividly did I recall all that had ever passed between us. Well, well—*ché sara, sara!* I wrote to his widow, expressed my sorrow, and condoled with her, merely dating my letter 'Paris,' and giving no address, put on a hat-band (a useless emblem) as a token of respect for the memory of 'poor Jack,' and fell again into my usual humdrum way of life.

I did the Palais Royal, the Opéra Comique, and other theatres regularly, to while away time.

I had been a widower nearly two years, when my French and English friends gave me glowing accounts of a beautiful widow just come to Paris, who was living in the first style, though very exclusively, and who had a most splendid pair of strawberry roan horses that were the admiration of the Bois de Boulogne.

'Is she English?' I inquired; 'because if so, I think I know her.'

Yes, they supposed she was English—had an *étage* in one of the best quarters in Paris—lived in style, but very quietly—knew no one, saw no one.

It may be Mrs. Simpson, I thought; still it is hardly likely she would leave her beautiful place in England. I'll drive out to-morrow, I thought, and see if it is her. But I was not destined to do so; for a letter the next morning called me away to England about the sale of a little bit of property close to my old home. When there, or rather at the hotel in the little country town close by, I heard, to my great surprise, that Mrs. Simpson had been so dull and lonely there that she had sold her place at a fabulous price and gone abroad—where, no one knew.

It must be her at Paris, I thought. I'll soon find out when I go back. But this I was not able to do for a month. Business matters detained me in England.

At last I got back to my Paris home. It was Mrs. Simpson who was there. No end of people had managed to get introduced to her, and she was surrounded, I was told, by all the swells in the place, each trying his best to get her and her fortune.

The next day I met her in the Bois. She was looking, if anything, still more beautiful than when I last saw her. She had thrown aside her widow's weeds, and was in all the glory of a Parisian toilet. The Marquis de Cassecou was riding beside her carriage. This gentleman was one of the most noted *roués* in Paris, a gambler and a duellist; but what he prided himself on was his horsemanship. No one, he fondly imagined, could touch him in that.

'Captain Swellington—how glad I am to see you!' she exclaimed, as I rode up and took off my hat. 'I heard you were in England. When did you return?'

'Only last night. I have been down at the old place to sell off an outlying farm that H—— would not take. Now I have not a rood of ground in England.'

'Then, of course, you heard I had sold my place. I could not bear to live in it after that fearful accident. Marquis,' turning to the gentleman on the other side of the carriage, and who was looking anything but amiable at me, 'the oldest friend I have in the world, Captain Swellington—the Marquis de Cassecou.'

The gentleman bowed in a most supercilious way, and I returned it with great hauteur, and I saw at a glance we were deadly rivals.

The next morning I called on Mrs. Simpson.

'Well, Captain Swellington, although we have only just met, we part soon again,' she said. 'I have just received a letter from England, saying a beautiful estate I bid for in —shire is mine. The house is not so large as my last; but it is most lovely, and some three thousand acres of capital shooting, coverts, &c., and a fine park.'

'For Monsieur le Marquis de Cassecou, I presume,' I interrupted, somewhat hotly.

'Captain Swellington, you are too old a friend to offer a gratuitous insult to me, I hope? The Marquis never was, never will be——'

At this instant the gentleman in question was ushered in.

'Ah, Marquis!' said the lady, gaily, 'are you come to bid me good-bye? I am off to England next week.'

'*Parbleu*, madam, I hope not.'

'Yes, I am,' she returned. 'I have bought a new place, so I bid adieu to Paris and all its gaieties.'

The gentleman looked darkly, and then condescended to notice me for the first time. 'And are you going too, Captain?' he demanded.

'Well, no, Marquis, I have no such intention at present,' I returned. 'I hope to see a little more of Paris first. After that I return, as I intend to hunt and shoot again this year.'

'I should like to buy that horse you were riding yesterday,' he said.

'Very well, Marquis, he is yours at a price.' I determined to put him at a rattling figure. I thought he meant talking and not buying; and, moreover, it seemed to me somewhat out of place horse-jockeying in a lady's drawing-room.

'And what may your price be, Captain?'

'I must tell you, Marquis,' I replied, determined on taking him down, 'that few can ride him except myself. I am afraid you would come to grief.'

'Ha, ha, mon Dieu, mais c'est très bon!—moi, le premier cavalier en France. *Parbleu*, Monsieur, je suis plus fort que vous.' (He always spoke French when he was angry.)

'Very well, Marquis—remember I have told you he is difficult to ride. My price for him is five hundred pounds.'

He looked at me hard as I uttered this. '*Très bien*,' he said, at last; 'the horse is mine. I will send to you for him in an hour, and a draft for the money.' And, seeing that I had determined on sitting him out, he took his leave. And I did the same shortly after, but not before I had promised to dine with Mrs. Simpson, who had a few friends that evening.

In the afternoon the Marquis was in the Bois, mounted on my horse. I was in my phaeton, and I saw at a glance the Frenchman was bound to come to grief. His loose washball seat, heavy hand, enormous spurs, were not calculated to improve the spirit of a naturally bad-tempered horse, and the end of it was the Marquis was thrown, or rather fell, off.

He came trembling with passion to me, just as I was stepping into my brougham for the dinner, and demanded that I should take back the animal. I, of course, refused; and he then used language which necessitated my knocking him down out of hand—and the next morning I had the honour of putting a ball into the gentleman's thigh.

When I called on Mrs. Simpson next day she had heard all about it, and was terribly agitated. 'The Marquis will always find opportunities to quarrel with you,' she said. 'You do not know him.'

'He will not have any chance,' I replied; 'for I shall be away from this long before he gets well. I have just sold all my furniture and parted with my rooms to an old friend of mine, who takes possession immediately.'

'And where are you going, Captain Swellington?'

Now was my time—now or never. 'With you, if you will,' I boldly said. 'Mary, I am a lonely, desolate man now. Take compassion on me, and be my wife?'

'Do you really mean it?' she asked.

What need I to go into matters? In ten minutes it was all settled. We were to be married in Paris before we left, and went at once to her new place. Twelve thousand a year was not a bad income—seven of hers and five of mine.

'You shall be my *right hand*,' I uttered rapturously. 'You will manage all a great deal better than I shall.'

'And what am I to give you for all this?' she asked.

'What are you to give me? Why, of course, your *left hand*.'

THE END.

P.S. Would you believe it, dear Bailly?—there are twins. You must be godfather.

TWO DAYS' SHOOTING IN FATSHAN CREEK, CANTON.

'DEAR B——,

'Come and have "chow-chow" at 6 P.M. to-day. F—— and P—— are coming to arrange a trip up Fatshan Creek, where duck do congregate, and we want "the senior officer's" company, *so no excuse*. As an additional inducement, "the divine Louisa" shall lend her charms for your especial enjoyment.

'Yours to my boots,

'A. G.'

Such was a 'chit' handed me one New Year's morning as I was enjoying my after-breakfast pipe on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. 'G——,' in which I was at the time stationed off Canton as senior officer, by my friend G——'s comprador, a very swell specimen of a Chinese boy, who with a grin said,

'Me think you have plenty drunk to-day, English fash. Master say, can send three bottle of rum?'

'All right, Sam. Tell Assoo (my comprador) to give you *four* bottles; and tell master I say "can do."'

But before I go any further it is incumbent upon me, lest my character for strict morality should suffer, to inform such of my readers who may not have been in China that the 'divine Louisa,' so prominently alluded to and so kindly placed at my disposal by my much esteemed friend, was no 'ladye faire,' but merely a playful name given in China to that most seductive of all games of skill, unlimited loo!

We had for some time talked of a trip up the creek, but one thing

or another had driven it off, until I had almost fancied that we should never 'pull it off;' but this time I was determined to keep G—to his word, so I at once set about filling cartridges and packing a hamper of 'goodies,' and at a little before the time appointed my sampan women pulled me to the Honan side of the river, where the European community then resided, and a few moments found me investigating the contents of an immense jug of cold punch, which, before a word of greeting was passed on either side, my friend G—handed me. When I got my nose out of it I found that our party were all present; and having done the 'chin-chin pigeon,' a dinner fit for Lucullus followed. None of your 'birds'-nest soup' and 'congee,' but a perfect English repast, washed down by such wines that none but a man of large means and unexceptional taste can give his friends. 'Chow-chow' finished and pipes lit, we resolved ourselves into a 'committee of the whole house,' and arranged our plans for the trip. We were to meet at G—'s for tiffin next day, and then to start in a house-boat, at half-flood tide, for our destination. Each man was to bring his quota of 'bub and grub,' and also his Chinese boy, whilst I in addition was to be attended by my sampan woman, 'English Mary,' who was to be head cook and valet to the whole party, she having been for some years a person of considerable importance, in the double capacity of sampan woman to each successive senior naval officer, and guide and interpreter-general to any one wishing to explore the most unknown regions of the vast city of Canton. A better old soul never existed; honest and truthful to a degree, she would never permit her patrons to be cheated, and often, when I have been just on the point of completing a bargain in the curio shops in East Street, has she taken me by the arm and unceremoniously hauled me out of the shop, remarking, 'That piecee 'man too much pilong you, no can do that pigeon; mi savee can 'get more proper;' and sure enough she would procure me the article wanted at about half the price I was about to give for it.

After an hour or two of tobacco and grog, enlivened by the charms of the aforesaid 'divine Louisa,' we separated for the night, and getting on board, I gave Mary her usual stiff horn of rum-and-water (for which she had a strong partiality), and directing her to moor her sampan either astern or within hail, I gave myself up as a victim to the countless hosts of mosquitoes which, in spite of the finest curtains, contrive to 'make night damnable' in Chinese waters.

At daybreak I was awake by the officer of the watch with the information that the 'O——' gunboat was coming up the river, and had just made her number. This was most opportune, for her commander, my staunch chum S——, was an ardent sportsman, and being gifted with a most extraordinary 'gift of the gab,' would prove an invaluable addition to our party. In a few moments he was on board, and having given me his despatches to read, he indulged in a S. and B., and, on my asking him to join us, jumped at the proposal like a trout at a Mayfly, remarking, 'By Jove! old fellow, a trip 'like this will put us in mind of the jolly sporting cruises you and I

'used to have on that d——d West Coast of Africa, although I fancy we shall find duck and snipe poor game after leopard and antelopes.'

My friend S—— was blessed by nature with a very prominent nasal organ, and on his arrival at Hong Kong he sat for his portrait to a Chinese artist named E-chung, intending to send his likeness to a certain fair damsel at Plymouth. Now the Chinese painters are famed for the exactness with which they faithfully reproduce any little peculiarity with which whatever they copy is marked; consequently E-chung by no means forgot to give S—— his full proportion of nose. Well, the portrait was finished and brought on board one day just as the mess had sat down to luncheon, and on being handed to S—— he at once saw that his unfortunate nose was the most striking feature of the work. 'I say, E-chung,' said he, 'don't you think you have made a mistake in my nose?'

'Hi-yah!' exclaimed the artist in tones of the deepest disgust at what he evidently considered an adverse criticism of his work; 'suppose master great ugly nose have, how can fine handsome nose put?'

A roar of laughter proclaimed the justness of the reproof, and S—— paid his dollars and took the portrait; but it never was sent to the person for whom it had been destined; but the 'great ugly nose' became from that day a standing joke against my worthy friend.

But 'to our muttons.' Tiffin-time saw us assembled in G——'s breakfast-room, and wonderful was the quantity of eatables and drinkables—*especially the latter*—which each man had brought with him; in fact it was almost as bad as on another occasion, on which I made one of a select party of four who secured a carriage to ourselves in the overland train from Suez to Alexandria, when after starting we found that, although each of us had provided a bottle of brandy, *the devil a drop of water was there amongst us!* and we had to pay a couple of dollars at Cairo for a small jar of that very useful, but, in that part of the world, scarce commodity. However, on this occasion we were not quite so bad; yet the number and variety of bottles of wines and spirits were such as would have given a 'Good Templar' what our American cousins call 'fits,' had such an unheard-of phenomenon as a G. T. existed among the European community of Canton.

After tiffin we embarked with our belongings on board a house-boat, hired by Mary for the trip. These house-boats are something like the old pleasure-barges that used to ply on our English canals, except that they are built in that peculiar half walnut-shell shape the Chinese are so partial to, and are most gorgeously painted and adorned. The greater portion of the craft is taken up with cabins, or rooms opening into each other, and fitted with beautifully carved tables and seats of ebony. Outside the gunwale is built a narrow platform, or ledge for the crew, who, when the wind heads or fails, collect in the bows, and, planting long bamboo poles into the bed of the river, walk along

the ledge to the stern, and then, shouldering their poles, run forward again along the other side, and thus propel the boat at a more rapid rate than they could accomplish by sweeping. The steering is managed with two very long oars or sweeps, fitted one on each quarter. Aft the aftermost cabin, and between the steer oars, is the invariable fat-bellied Joss, before whom joss-stick is perpetually burning; and in whose honour gongs are beaten, coloured and gold paper burned, and crackers exploded at the beginning and termination of each trip. On each bow is painted the immense eye with which all Chinese vessels, from sampans to war junks, are decorated, on the principle that—

' Suppose ship have no eye
No can see;
No can see, how can savey ?
No can savey, how can make walkee ?'

real Chinaman's logic.

Everything having been embarked, we shoved off, and, keeping close in to the Honan side, soon opened the Macoa Passage opposite the artificial island of Shameen, on which the new church and houses for the European residents were then being built. We had now both tide and wind with us, and were not long in running down the passage between Honan and Gough's Islands, until we reached Hyacinth Island, where Fatshan Creek turns out of the Hong-Shan or Broadway River. This was formerly a most notorious nest for pirates; but, thanks to the exertions of the navy, these gentry are pretty well 'chawed up,' although every fisherman in China is ready to do a little 'pilong pigeon' if he gets the opportunity; in fact, all along the rivers of China are found retail pirates, who hawk after trifling quarry, and get rich on slender profits. These poor rogues do not aspire to an armed junk of their own; they paddle by night out of muddy creeks in the smallest of sampans, ill-armed, unclad, but plentifully besmeared with oil. If manfully opposed, they retreat; and if grappled with by the crews of the small trading junks they select as prizes, they slip like so many eels through the hands of those that grasp them, and their swimming makes amends for their want of courage. With these amphibious petty-larceny rogues *when caught* the local mandarins deal *mildly*, according to Chinese ideas of justice. *Three or four hundred* strokes of a bamboo, or a few weeks in a 'cangue,' or pillory, and the wretched culprits are thought to have been most tenderly dealt with.

By sunset we had reached the spot where our sport was to commence, and sticking a couple of poles firmly into the muddy bottom of the creek, the boat was safely moored to them, and chow-chow became the order of the day, or rather evening. We had brought several small open sampans with us, and after dinner we separated into parties, and, taking to these, paddled up the main creek, each selecting a point whereat to await the evening flight of the duck. My long-nosed friend and myself, accompanied by Mary to pilot us, went by ourselves, and, planting our mooring pole in a small arm of

the creek close to a large area of paddy grounds, lit our pipes, and sat, with our guns across our knees, waiting the advent of our destined game. As the evening began to close in long flights of ducks were to be seen coming in from the sea; and presently a shot or two lower down the creek informed us that the native gunneers were at work. We had not to wait long before, with a prodigious whirl, a flock of pin-tailed duck came straight for us, and to our four barrels six fell dead, and two, after going a few yards, badly hit. While Mary paddled after and picked up the slain, we replaced our cartridges, and for the next hour it was a constant succession of firing and chasing the wounded, many of which, however, succeeded in getting away from us. The number of wild-fowl was immense, and by the time the flight was over our sampan was actually laden with our spoil. On returning to the house-boat and taking stock, we found that our total amounted to sixty-seven head. The others had done pretty much about the same, and the grand total of that evening's sport was over three hundred head *bagged*, while scores of the wounded got away. A pleasant evening with the 'divine' 'Louisa' and divers bowls of hot punch finished the day; and at a fairly early hour we coiled ourselves up in our rugs, and, leaving the care of the boats to Mary and her crew, were very soon in the land of dreams.

Next morning broke inauspiciously. A heavy rain was falling, and the dull, leaden appearance of the sky made us apprehensive that we were in for a wet day; but towards noon it brightened up, the rain soon after ceased, and after tiffin we landed in the paddy grounds to look for snipe. I have described a day's snipe-shooting in China in a former article, so all I need say of this afternoon's sport is that the birds were, if possible, more abundant than I had ever before seen them, particularly the large painted snipe. We shot from about 2 P.M. until sunset, and then returned on board, pretty well done up with the exertion attendant upon wading all the afternoon through mud up to the knees. The bag was a very large one, but I find that, through some inadvertence, I have not recorded the actual number killed in my journal, the entry being, 'Birds abundant; bag 'very large.'

Next morning (we were too lazy for another flight shooting that evening) we divided into two parties; one, consisting of S—, G—, and myself, going a few miles inland to beat some groves of lichee for pheasants, while the rest had another turn at the snipe. Landing on a narrow causeway, we picked our way among the paddy fields, knocking over an occasional snipe, until we reached a hard road leading from Fatsshan to a large burying-place, situated, as is the invariable Chinese custom, on the side of a hill thickly planted with evergreen shrubs, and surrounded by groves of lichee and other fruit trees, making glorious covert for the long tails. On the top of the hill was a pagoda; and having explained to the resident priest what we were after, and giving him the customary '*cum-shaw*,' we began to beat the thickets over the mouldering remains of a defunct generation.

Birds were plentiful, but, having no dogs or beaters to help us, we had great difficulty in getting them to rise. However, we contrived to bag fifteen brace between us; and could we have shot the whole day, doubtless should have made a large bag; but it was imperative upon us to be back at Canton that evening, as next day was 'mail day;' so we were reluctantly compelled to knock off, and get on board in time to catch the last quarter of the falling tide. On getting on board we found our companions had not done very much with the snipe, so they returned before we did; and we found them in the midst of a most animated and noisy game of 'poker.'

Getting the small sampans inboard, we up poles; and as a fair wind was blowing, the mast was stepped, the huge rattan sail set, and Mary and her husband taking the steer oars, we rattled down the creek to the entrance to Blenheim Reach in fine style. Here the wind headed us, so we doused the sail; and the whole crew manning the poles, S—— and I took the steer oars, and we reached friend G——'s hong just as the sunset muskets were fired on board the two cruisers.

F. W. B.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting interest is already beginning to show signs of animation, and, judging by the attractive programmes already published, there is every prospect of a brilliant season. The Royal Thames will, we doubt not, exert every effort to make their doings worthy of their new Royal Commodore, the Prince of Wales, to hasten whose election Lord Alfred Paget has vacated the post he has filled so long and satisfactorily of senior flag officer, and now contents himself with the rank of Vice-Commodore. This loyal self-denial will, we trust, for the club's sake, meet with the success it deserves; and his Royal Highness's fondness for manly sports will no doubt be extended to this agreeable form of exercise and recreation.

In last month's 'Baily' there was only time to throw on the tail-board of the 'Van' a few hints just to refer to another victory scored by Cambridge at Mortlake, and by this time other matters have crowded the event too far away to justify any detailed allusion to it. We cannot, however, let the University race of 1874 pass without noticing the difference of opinion amongst many well qualified to judge, and presumably quite unprejudiced, as to the merits of the Cambridge boats. The winners, it is confessed, suffered more in the lumpy water than their rivals, and this was ascribed by many to their boat not being so well adapted to them as the one they discarded. In aquatic, as in many other matters, a multitude of counsellors results not in wisdom, but its opposite; so too much attention must not be paid to the views of lookers-on, though they do, it is said, see the best of the game; but many oarsmen will, we fancy, agree with our view—that the Cantabs' boat did not travel like the Oxford one, did not 'keep on going' as a boat should. All this, if correct, of course tends to the glorification of the Cambridge crew, who, in spite of this disadvantage, if it existed, won easily at the finish.

The recent race for the championship of the Thames resulted in so hollow a victory for the southerner that we cannot but wonder what led to the vast

amount of confidence in their representative displayed by the Newcastle division. Many comparatively dark horses have been sent up from the Tyne for important events, and the more than average amount of success which attended them has given Londoners a wholesome dread of standing much against any of them. On this occasion the money which so often now-a-days foreshadows the result of a match was forthcoming in such large quantities in support of Bagnall, that many who had a sneaking kindness for Sadler began to think, when they saw 2 to 1 quoted against him within a week of the race, that his opponent must be indeed a flyer, and, with more prudence than pluck, postponed their modest investments to what they doubtless considered a more fitting occasion. Within a day or two of the race matters toned down a little, and something approaching level money was all that was asked for on either side; but on the day so many commissions from the North remained unexecuted that the Tyne man started a slight favourite, and, after all, his supporters, we believe, saved some hundreds of pounds from sheer inability to back the loser. Of the race itself there is little to be said. Bagnall was shown up by his trainer, Jem Taylor, one of the cleverest pilots we know, and a man who, from many years' acquaintance with this part of the Thames, is as competent to show a man over the course as any of the local talent. He also won the choice of stations, so that whatever was to be got in that respect, he had. In the start, which was in the old style, by mutual consent, he was quite equal to his opponent; but Sadler, after a very few strokes, showed a decided lead; and though for a moment the men were in imminent danger of fowling, this danger was happily escaped, and Sadler, after the first half mile, won as he liked, his advantage during the race varying from something near ten lengths to four or five, which was the judge's verdict—a distance which palpably might have been increased *ad libitum*, as long before Hammersmith he was taking matters comfortably, and at no period subsequently was his triumph in any way in peril. The contrast between the styles of the men was very marked. Sadler even at the very start, while getting his boat under weigh very rapidly, pulled a long stroke worthy of the best performances of Bob Chambers; while Bagnall got the pace on by shorter and quicker strokes, somewhat reminding us of Renforth. He was not able, however, like the lamented Tyne champion, to chop his opponent at the offset; and it was soon evident that, while doing his utmost, Sadler was more than holding him with slower strokes. Of course later on Sadler, rowing a winning race, appeared to greater advantage than his follower. This is invariably the case, and is one of the inevitable disadvantages of being behind.

The north country division were certainly sadly misinformed either as to the merits of their man or the deterioration likely to be found in his opponent; for a match between these two has been on and off the *tapis* for a considerable time, and when on a former occasion preliminaries were arranged, it fell through, if we remember rightly, on Sadler's account. For the present event he was supported, as used to be the rule in the good old days, entirely by amateurs, some of whom, having reaped the advantage of his skill as a teacher of sculling, came forward to help him to gain the dearest object of his ambition, the indisputable title of Champion, which, since the death of Renforth, has, according to the best authorities, been lying dormant, though Sadler's defeat of the veteran Kelly some time since, left little doubt that Sadler was, on paper, the premier sculler of England.

The confidence of Bagnall's friends was, apart from private trials, grounded

in a great measure upon his having beaten Harry Kelly. This was well enough as far as it went, but as Kelly was by that time decidedly on the wane, and, what is more important, the race was rowed in open boats, this performance must count for little in estimating the chances of a candidate for the championship.

Looking back upon Sadler's career since he first appeared as a winner in 1861 at Mr. H. H. Playford's regatta for novices, we cannot but notice the immense falling off in the number of watermen's wagers and of promising *débütants*. Sadler was considered, from a matchmaking point of view, to have wasted himself by flying at high game without sufficient gradations, but he had already found several minor lights willing to do battle with him, all of whom he defeated before his match with Tom Hoare, a most finished sculler, then in the zenith of his fame, drew attention to the unusual merit of Sadler, who then hailed from Putney, where he had been for some time boatman at Simmons's yard. On that occasion it was confidently expected that Sadler's hitherto uninterrupted string of victories would be put a stop to, but, to the surprise of the supporters of the Hammersmith man, who was justly reckoned a very fast starter, he was cut down like his predecessors, and Sadler scored another easy win. After this jolly young watermen naturally fought shy; indeed, there was nobody thought likely to stand the ghost of a chance with him, until at last, in default of anything better, or rather inferior, his friends determined to match him against Robert Chambers, the champion. On this occasion Sadler was well up to Hammersmith, where a foul occurred going under the narrow arch of the bridge, and though he got home a long way ahead, the verdict was against him, on account of the foul. Subsequently a race was arranged between him and Kelly, which resulted most unsatisfactorily; and Mr. Biffin, the boatbuilder, who acted as referee on the occasion, decided in Kelly's favour. An action at law took place, Sadler's party being dissatisfied with the decision, and, after protracted litigation and appeals, they succeeded in recovering the stakes, the race being declared void by the Lord Chief Justice. In the next affair between these opponents Kelly won, but at a subsequent meeting Sadler turned the tables upon his opponent. Since then Sadler and Kelly scored a win on the Tyne in a double sculling match, and Sadler in America showed to great advantage; indeed, at present there seems little chance of his newly-acquired title being challenged for. The aspirant, when he comes, will, we suppose, hail from the North, where we fancy there is at least one who could have tried Bagnall at level weights and saved the Northumbrians some of their money.

We are glad to observe that the principal clubs are already at work, and trial races will no doubt bring out new blood worthy of their predecessors. By next month crews will be in regular work for Henley, where the London clubs, as well as the gallant Irishmen, bid fair to be well represented. It is too soon at present to know what is doing at the Universities, but they will, it is to be hoped, contribute their quota.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Spring Pastimes—Irish Notes by the Way.

'PROUD, pious April' was wont to be thought a wonderful month in the days of old, and April's ivory moonlight and April's mellow sunshine were sung of by poets and troubadours, who, it must be supposed, had warranty for their lays. The genius of the spring enjoyed a real existence in those happy times, and the fancies of youths and maidens more 'lightly turned to thoughts of love' than they do now. We cannot help thinking that our English poets drew a good deal on the imagination for their spring. Mr. Thomson was a very excellent man no doubt, but, we believe, he had read his Virgil and Horace, and built up an English 'ethereal mildness' on an Italian foundation. The spring of the latter fair clime is indeed a thing to rave and write about, that ours could ever have warranted Thomsonian and other raptures, we much doubt. At all events we do not sing them now; and nobody, as far as we are aware, went out with pipe and tabor to welcome the boisterous arrival, who came this month literally on the wings of the wind. It was a roughish time the opening days of April, when nor-westers took the place of mellow sunshine, and gentlemen who were going to Paris Spring, and gentlemen who were going to Punchestown, did not share in the pity expressed by the nautical party for 'those unhappy folks ashore now' under similar circumstances. But with Easter, as was right and proper, came a change, and London put on its spring livery and budded forth in the drive into something like a resemblance of that 'gentle' season.

Old and pious legends tell us that the sun dances on Easter morn. We think he did over the Hill of Howth on that first Sunday in the month, as the good ship 'Ulster' (Captain Triphook and his dog commanders) steamed into the Bay of Dublin under a gloriously blue sky that gave promise of a happy Punchestown. We have before, in these pages, told about the holiday that Dublin gives itself on this occasion, and this year there was the further provocation of the Ward Meeting at Fairy House to stir up that excitable Celtic nature which is not proof against the attraction of anything on four legs, with a man on its back, going across a country. The flat may go and hang itself in Ireland, and how the Curragh has existed as long as it has is a wonder; but mention a steeplechase, and then you may rouse the country side. We believe that the people of Ireland care a great deal more about their favourite sport than they do about Fenianism or Home Rule, and a very blessed thing it is that they do, and that no amount of inflammable prose or poetry, no recollections of

'The days of old, ere her faithless sons betrayed her,'

or any allusion to that collar of gold which a certain Malachi 'won from the 'rich invader,' will cause them to turn a cold eye on the Saxon stranger, if he comes in sporting guise. In fact, they welcome the invader to their arms, and he may collar *their* gold if he can, and often does, in a way of which we suppose Malachi would hardly have approved. A great people; and what a nation could have been made out of an amalgamation of the two! but we fancy some one has said that before—however, never mind. They are the 'Van' driver's sentiments, and if people will forestall him, he can't help it. We should like, too, an Irish cross with some of our English Meetings very much, and feel sure it would improve the breed of both. We should receive an infusion of

liberality, and we should impart habits of business, punctuality, &c., which are the only qualities our neighbours are deficient in. We will mention no names on this side the Channel, but a strain of the Ward and Punchestown would infuse much wanted new life into some exceedingly respectable and extremely ill-managed old fixtures we wot of—places where they take everything and give very little in return, and where the least regard to the comfort of visitors is never thought of, much less paid. Now look at the Ward Steeplechases, the very Benjamin of Irish meetings, with its stands exhibiting a solidity that made Mr. Waters' certificate unnecessary, its rooms for jockeys, amateur and professional, its ladies' tribune, its luncheon marquees, weighing-room, &c., &c., all erected as if the meeting was going to last four days instead of one, and every little arrangement and detail most admirably carried out, and say where, except at one or two of our first-class meetings here, you will find the same. There is, to be sure, one drawback to all these perfect arrangements, and one we have before hinted at. They don't seem to notice time, or understand what punctuality means on the other side of St. George's Channel—at least not at Race Meetings, and Mr. James Manning would be horrified at those scenes in the weighing-room which are familiar to us at Punchestown and elsewhere. Jockeys calmly arriving to weigh out some time after the hour the horses should have been at the post, the clerk of the scales or judge quite as calmly proceeding to weigh them without a word of remonstrance, a delay of some minutes occasioned by the hazy idea some jockey entertains as to what his weight should be, and a general want of knowledge exhibited on this point by all concerned; these are incidents too common to call for any remarks, at least from Irishmen. Now and then a steward does wax wrath, and what by threatening and entreating contrives to get the jockeys to the post some three quarters of an hour behind time, but nobody seems to much mind, and we are bound to say that the grumblers and fault-finders are to be found chiefly among the Saxon invaders. 'After all, sure what's half an hour or an hour? The day's lovely, glory be to God! and the boys are enjoying themselves. Have you had any lunch, you grumbling Saxon? You have, then come and lunch again. Not get back to Dublin till dark, is it? Ah, then you'll have an elegant drive, and enjoy your dinner when you get there. Which will you have, champagne, cup, or dry sherry?'

And this, if you please, was on Easter Monday, at Fairy House, with the Ward, our first visit, and very charmed are we with all we see and do. Mr. Leonard Morrogh, the acting Master of the Ward Union, is most courteous, and proffers hospitality of all kinds, from a mount downwards. After taking stock of the country, which much impresses us as we drive from Dublin through the heart of it, we conclude not to accept the Master's offer, from a great doubt about the ditches with which the country abounds; in fact, there is little else that we see in the way of a fence, and, like the gentleman who said that 'but for the vile guns' he would have been a soldier, we feel that somehow the ditches would have marred the pleasure of the mount. We are strengthened in our resolve by the awful accounts told us by a gallant ex-Dragon, who is our guide, philosopher, and friend in these regions, of exploits with the Ward in days of old. He seemed to have been in every ditch in the country, and that he had lived to tell the tale was, we confess, small consolation to us. And, moreover, as we felt sure that if anything happened to the 'Van' driver, the grief in Cornhill, as well as throughout the country, would have been intense, we declined Mr. Morrogh's offer, which Lord Suffield took with pleasure, and we have no doubt carried the honour of England to the fore the next day. Fairy House is a charming course, requiring, there is no doubt, doing, and there are

two obstacles in it, the same brooks being crossed twice, which we think are bigger than anything at Punchestown, at least they appeared so to us. We walked over a good deal of the course, and, taking our station at the first of the two big jumps, the third past the Stand, were much amused at the excitement of the crowd, so unlike the excitement of a similar one in this country. Here there would have been little, or comparatively little, visible on the surface. People would have inquired how the bay, or the brown, or the grey were going, and there would have been a fiercer oath or two, accompanied by some very strong adjectives, if a favourite had fallen or an outsider had come to the front. Brilliant horsemanship, fine jumping would have passed unheeded, unless horse or rider carried the money, and an exciting finish between two not-backed-for-a-sixpence would have invoked, we fear, more curses than applause. But there, at the big double, there were men all aquiver with excitement, who had not a penny on anything running, but yet who were identifying themselves with the horses in a way that would have made them laughing-stocks to their fellows on this side the water. The impetuous man—he looked like a small tradesman—who shouted for Mickey Free, when that horse held a brief lead in the Grand National, as if he had a century on him, and then shouted with equal enthusiasm the next moment when Mickey Free dropped back beaten; who yelled with delight when Mr. Moore called upon Scots Grey for an effort, and yelled even louder when the old horse was seen to be rolling over the course from distress; whose heart and soul, in fact, were in the race, and, without the slightest regard to money, was enjoying the race and the race alone, is a type of a class that hardly exists in this country. Here we require some other stimulus than sport; there, sport and a little whisky are the all-in-all. Abolish betting, and what dismal affairs would be our Race Meetings; in Ireland, we really believe the abolition would not have the slightest effect. A great deal has been written and said about our being a nation of sportsmen, and so we undoubtedly are in the higher acceptation of the term, in our passionate love of those out-door amusements and occupations that come under the definition of sport. But there are sportsmen and sportsmen, and when the money comes on the scene the thirst for gold is very apt to destroy the identity of some of them. There is plenty of money given away in Ireland, at Punchestown, at Baldoyle, Cork, the Ward, and other Meetings, but, as a rule, the Irishman is not a betting-man, or bets so little as to be hardly worth mentioning, and yet what keen enjoyment, be his class what it may, he takes in a race. But we are wandering away from Fairy House. We crave our reader's pardon, and return.

The sport was on the whole good, and the Irish Grand National, with its 500*l.* added, brought out a fair field. Every one was rather insane about Scots Grey, and some good judges said that over his own course he could not be beaten, not even with 12*st.* 5*lbs.* on him—a different weight from Bristol, and, moreover, nothing accommodated him by falling, so the old grey was beaten, though not ignominiously, for he struggled gamely, but the weight and the pace told. The issue was left to Sailor and Albert, the former, whom we remembered second in the Drogheda at Punchestown last year, winning easily. He is a good horse, judging from what the second did two days later, and to Mr. Dalglish belongs the credit of detecting his merits last year, for he wanted to claim him after the Drogheda, but was forestalled. There was rather an unnecessary objection made by the rider of Albert against the winner on the ground of a cross, which must have been purely imaginary, and the stewards overruled it. Good-looking horses were not rife there, but we saw one that pleased us very much in the Staghunter's Plate—Egyptian—

a splendid mover, and showing a good deal of quality. He did not show prominently in the race, however; but if there is truth in looks, his day will come. The Red Coat Steeplechase was rather a farce, but these affairs have lately degenerated both sides St. George's Channel. There were some amusing exhibitions of horsemanship, and the favourite, Frency, won in a canter. It was a charming day; we met many old friends and made some new ones; we ate a remarkably good luncheon most admirably served, and where the dry Giesler was everything that could be desired; and, finally, we got back to our quarters at the Gresham safe and sound in wind and limb. More power to the Ward!

Dublin was unusually lively we thought, and though there was no Viceroy either at the Lodge or at Punchestown, the Duke of Abercorn not having then arrived, yet business and pleasure seemed both brisk. The Grafton Street shops were gay with colours, and in the afternoon the *pavé* was gay with pretty women. There was the usual big sale the following day at Sewell's, and this time the late Lord Howth's horses were the attraction. They did not fetch extravagant sums, as may be supposed; and Mr. Croker, of Ballynagarde, in the county Limerick, a gentleman who has taken very kindly to steeplechasing and other sports, gave the top price—405 gs.—for Yorkshire Relish. Shelmartin, who had shown some form at the Curragh when a two-year-old, went for 860 gs., and Royal Arms, the bargain of the sale, for 125 gs. The yard was crowded to excess, and one met everybody, and talked over everything—sport, politics, and scandal—with effusion. In fact, there was more coffee-housing than business, it struck us. The day was a wretched one, necessitating some living above the weather, and rendering visits to Morrison's, Bailey's, the Clarendon, &c., &c., not unpleasant. Red Banks are always more or less soothing, and frequent liquorings-up is a vicious habit, not confined to either side of St. George's Channel. The next day was a lovely one, and Punchestown was in its glory. True, we missed the Lord Lieutenant and his surroundings, the cortége, the reception at the Stand, the bows and courtesys, the uncovered heads, and all the rest of the pageant, but still there was about the usual show of beauty and form in the Ladies' Stand, and about the usual sport. Somehow one does not see the horses in Ireland we used to. Perhaps we don't see them anywhere; but it struck us, both here and at Fairy House, that the class was moderate. This was particularly apparent in the Farmers' Plate, for which race we have seen many a good horse run before now, and much buying and selling result therefrom; but this year we don't think there was anything that would have tempted Lord Combermere, Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir George Wombwell, or any of our hunting men, who, by-the-way, were not present this time in any force. Some lamented deaths kept many away, but still we missed familiar faces that might have been there if they had pleased. Has Punchestown lost its savour? The army was represented by the Scots Fusiliers, the 5th Dragoon Guards, the Enniskillens, the 14th Hussars, the 12th Regiment, &c., and in the luncheon paddock their hospitable boards were duly spread. The same ridiculous order respecting tents and marquees was in force as last year, and the consequence was, that on the second day, owing to a tremendous hailstorm just about the luncheon hour, we partook of that meal under circumstances of general discomfort, more especially to the ladies, which would hardly have been pleasing to the Horse Guards if General Order had seen it. For ladies barely apparelled to stand up to their ankles in mud and water, and eat sodden cold lamb, mayonnaise of salmon with which hailstones had played the very deuce, and cake well sopped in rain, when a covering might have obviated

all this, seems a very ridiculous and unnecessary thing, and for which we are deeply indebted to that same General Order, and if he had only been there to partake of the pleasure, we all felt it would have been very gratifying. We thought that Lord Drogheda had done his utmost last year in the way of making PuncHESTOWN paths pleasant, but he had been hard at work, it appeared, ever since the last meeting, and had spent nearly 500*l.* in levelling the straight run in and raising the ground between the two last fences into an embankment, by which the going was most materially improved, besides a capital view being obtained from the Stand. Formerly there was a nasty dip here, and the ground very rough and broken—now one might play croquet on it. All these improvements have been carried out under Lord Drogheda's direction and Mr. Waters' superintendence, and, moreover, the fences have been all looked to, and, where necessary, repaired, and, in fact, everything done that could be done to make PuncHESTOWN perfect. The mud through which on the second day one waded in the field leading from the road to the course set us thinking that but one thing is now needful, and that is a road over the said field—a great boon could it be accomplished. But we can't expect everything, and we will be thankful by comparing what the hillside was ten or twelve years ago, and what it is now. There was but little speculation in Dublin on the Prince of Wales's Plate or Conyngham Cup; in fact, it would be more correct to say there was none. We remarked last year on its absence, and Bailey's and the clubs this time were blank draws as far as business was concerned. The only 'business' we heard of was that a gentleman dropped 700*l.* at roulette, in a certain street which shall be nameless, and that he didn't get it back the next night, which was singular. Heraut d'Armes had been made favourite for the Prince of Wales's Plate, but at the post Night Thoughts, a Queen's Plate winner at the Curragh, had decidedly the call in the betting. Mr. Forbes's horse did not quite look in his Liverpool bloom; and Albert, second in the Grand National at Fairy House, was even a better favourite than he. Scots Grey, with the same weight which he could not carry to the front on the previous Monday, was of course out of the hunt; and there was a very good-looking horse in Albert's stable—Egyptian—about *the* best looking we saw; but, if they could win with Albert, of course it was no use exposing Egyptian, who will win races some day, if we mistake not. Heraut d'Armes did not jump at all kindly, for he ran into the fence past the Stand without attempting to rise at it, and was out of it there and then; Albert, who had always been well up in front, taking the lead at the double, and, though he was headed between that and the third fence from home, he easily quitted his horses there, and won hands down, Gamebird and Gaslight being second and third. We were glad to see Waterford with Captain Middleton, again up, win the Grand Military, which he was done out of last year by a wrong description of age—hard lines for his owner. He won in such a common canter that we should like to see him in better company. One of the notable features of PuncHESTOWN was the good form shown by 'Mr. St. James.' That gentleman will, we feel sure, excuse us, when we say his riding was a surprise to us. He exhibited a knowledge of pace, judgment, and patience with which we had not credited him. He rode Leinster Lily admirably in the Drogheda Stakes, and the way in which, in the Kildare Challenge Cup, he stalled off a rush of Captain Smith's on Lady Mary, was artistic. He had previously ridden Warbler in the Bishopcourt Plate, and three wins in one day at PuncHESTOWN has, as far as we remember, never been accomplished before. On the second day 'Mr. St. James' was unfortunate enough to get two falls, in the Railway Plate and the Veterans' Sweepstakes, and in the latter he must have won if Phoenix had stood

up. As it was, he was only beaten by Highlander by a length. We have seen more people at Punchestown, and had more fun than on this occasion ; still, as the young ladies say, 'It was awfully jolly,' bar the mud. One thing Punchestown deserves special *κudos* for, time was well kept. We got rather behindhand the second day, for which the weather was, perhaps, responsible ; but on the first day we got back to Dublin by 6.30—a feat we certainly never accomplished before. The railway service (we hear the company took 500*l.* less than last year) was perfect ; and one special brought us from Sellins to Kingsbridge in twenty-five minutes—very good indeed. As there *was* a time when the Great Southern and Western Railway did not do this or anything like it, we hasten to record its present excellent behaviour, from which we hope it will never lapse. Lord Drogheda was everywhere, so was Mr. Waters ; and as we look upon them, each in their degree, to be the embodied spirits of Punchestown, we trust to find them next year with renewed energies and fresh improvements, that will make it what it has been, and always ought to be, *facile princeps* among Irish Meetings.

What the racing was at Northampton we only know from hearsay ; what it was at Warwick, from melancholy experience. The former we should suppose was dull ; the latter we knew was, and what wonder ? There is an especial *auri sacra fames* fallen on the racing community this season. We hunger and thirst after big stakes, with 'monkeys' and 'thous.' added, and think nothing of a paltry hundred or couple of hundred. Lincoln was the big meeting, and the next to it was Liverpool, and the others were very small fry. That these two took the wind out of the sails of Northampton and Warwick there is no doubt. Nottingham never had much wind in its sails, so we pass that by ; but here are two of what are called the respectable old-established fixtures going to the wall like an old-fashioned tradesman in a country town yielding to the advancing and hostile forces of plate glass, French polish, and ormolu. That there is too much racing most people, even the legs, are agreed upon, and a good thing would it be if we could eliminate some twenty or thirty fixtures from the calendar, whose place we could well spare ; but while there they remain, and people patronise them to a more or less extent, they must be dealt with as Race Meetings and their claims considered. The money is now everything. The town, race committee, lessee, what not, that does not give 500*l.*, or double that sum even, to one particular stake, suffers from comparison with the town, &c., that does. Racing and keeping a racing stud is a commercial speculation we know now-a-days, but this is such a very commercial view of the subject that we hardly know whether to think it is a good thing or not. Of course it is very pleasant to win a thousand or more added money, but is not the sum just a little too excessive ? And, as we can't go on at this high game, as some lessees and committees have not got the money, and others won't pull it out if they had, the effect, on the whole, is to do harm. These rich prizes, offered by certain localities, if continued, will injure many of our old and emphatically good meetings ; if not continued, and considered as mere flashes in the pan to excite a momentary cupidity and give an impetus to higher speculation, why then we take leave to think they do an injury to racing at large.

But if there are places that give too much, what shall be said of those that give nothing or next to nothing at all ? The late Craven Meeting at Newmarket was a melancholy exhibition, and, if it had not been for the beautiful weather, we believe the racing, especially on the last day, would have been witnessed by a select circle consisting of the Admiral, Judge Clark, General Peel, Richard Boyce, Mr. George Payne, the man who hoists the numbers,

and Mr. Joseph Radcliff. We don't think anybody else could have stood it if it had rained. The most hardened reporter would, we believe, have fled, and left to a telegraph clerk the task of telling what was one, two, three. Such a parody on a race meeting has rarely been seen even at Newmarket, where of late years both the Craven and the First October have been sometimes hardly worth coming to see. What are the causes of this state of things, why it is that at the headquarters of the Turf, where some 800 horses or more are trained, there should be such sport as was seen there the other day, are difficult to explain, unless it is that, while at Lincoln, Liverpool, Ascot, &c., there is plenty of money, at Newmarket there is none. You run there for your own money. The 'paltry hundred' which people turn up their noses at at other places they would gladly take there if they could find it, but they can't. The Jockey Club say they have no money to give beyond what they add, and, we must suppose, the majority in the Club are quite satisfied with the state of things. There is a difficulty in making Newmarket amenable to public opinion for this reason, that the authorities are not in the same position as owners or lessees of other race-courses. The Jockey Club say in effect, if not in so many words, 'Newmarket is ours; we have races there for our own amusement; if other people like to come and see them and enter their horses, they can; there are big races and little races, and they must take the fare we provide for them, or, if they don't like it, they can stay away; we do not invite them to come; we hold out no inducements, do not provide for their comfort or accommodation in any way, and we should not break our hearts if they stayed away altogether.' This, we believe, is the opinion, expressed or understood, of the majority of the Club, and, this being so, we, of course, as a public, have no redress. Clearly we are not obliged to go to Newmarket, and the simple solving of the difficulty will be to stop away—say during the Craven and the First October, and only go when we are pretty sure of seeing some real racing. But at the same time, as great lovers—as who are not?—of Newmarket, we may be permitted to express our deep regret at such a state of things being allowed to exist by a body claiming the moral authority the Jockey Club does. It appears to us that, by its own act and deed, it is doing all that lays in its power to bring that authority into contempt. A body that cannot manage its own meetings clearly ought not to interfere with those of other people, and Newmarket Rules are in a fair way of becoming a byword for failure. We are great sticklers for authority, holding that without it the Turf in these evil days would become something we hardly like to contemplate; but if authority makes itself ridiculous—and something very like this was seen at Newmarket the other day—what are we to do? People will begin to ask what is the Jockey Club that we are to bow to it? what good does it do the Turf that its rules and laws are to guide the Turf's action? Nobody wishes to see that time arrive we feel confident. Every true lover of racing desires to see the Club in the van, directing and controlling, the administrator of needful reforms, the corrector of abuses, the determined foe of all bad practices. But it must show itself at the same time able to govern its own household, and set to work to grapple with the causes that have made some of its meetings of late years such miserable failures. For it must be remembered that this state of things has been coming on for some time, and that the poor meetings of the last few years have culminated at length in the farcical exhibition of the late Craven. We are most anxious that the Jockey Club should retain its authority, and that that authority should be respected and obeyed; but to do this it must bestir itself, and endeavour to make Newmarket keep pace with the times, and be in reality as well as in name 'the headquarters of the Turf.'

And there is a certain ludicrous side to the picture, too. Our solemnly mounting our hacks and getting into our broughams on the last day to see *three* races run for had a tinge of the comic about it which would have provoked a cynical smile. We saw one or two well-known C. C.'s on the Heath who must have been much tickled. By-the-way—happy thought—suppose the Jockey Club retire from business, confess they have made a mull of it, and hand over the Heath, with all its appurtenances and fixtures, to Mr. Frail. We should have some racing then; indeed, we almost tremble to think of what it would be. How would the energetic C. C. canvass, what stakes would he not get up, what advertisements would he not issue, what money would he not add! If the Club don't like to give it up entirely, let them lease it, say for seven years, to Mr. Frail. Of course they would retain their rights as landlords, have their training grounds and their stand, their Clubhouse and their coffee-room, and they would be at peace, and not be bullied by these accursed newspapers. Let them seriously think of it.

Hunting notes, the last of the season, came to us few and far between. There have been changes, and probably there will be a few more; nothing very important, but some old faces will be sadly missed, and the new must be good ones to replace them. We have long ago told of Mr. Trelawny's regretted retirement, and nothing is yet known for a certainty as to his successor. Sir Reginald Graham takes the Craven hounds, which he has just purchased, into the New Forest; and Mr. Standish's hounds and horses—the former a very nice lot that have plenty of pace and can hunt—will be sold on the 9th of this month. Mr. Standish, we are glad to see, has been presented with a handsome service of plate by his constituents—a well-deserved compliment, for he has hunted the country something more than well for five seasons.

The 'Van' certainly has had but little to tell of the sport with the Bramham Moor hounds for the last few months. Has the old 'Cad to the "Van"' sucked up all his ink, or has he gone to ground? Men are no doubt becoming extinct, but there are plenty of old women about who might lend a hand, and let us hear what has been going on. We do not expect to hear of such another run as the rare good day early in the season from Tadcaster Willow Garth, killing their fox near Arthington, fourteen miles as the crow flies, touching no wood, only going through the north corner of Harewood Park. Nor do we ever expect again to see such a scene at the end of a good run of 1 hour and 20 minutes, when the pack, having chased their fox into the River Wharfe, killed him. Down he went. Hounds swam about and returned to the land. The huntsman looked sad; when old Dairymaid turned her tail in the air like a duck, dived down, came up with the fox in her mouth, and swam to shore, as proud as a Newfoundland dog. Then all was gay, and loud cheers roused the whole country. We could tell of many long and steady hunting days—a few good gallops. 'Oliver Fisher,' or 'Old Villum,' could tell it better if supplied with a pen and a 'drop.' But sport has been moderate, scent decidedly bad. Perseverance, patience, and a determination on the part of men and hounds to catch their fox will overcome great difficulties. These hounds have this day, April 24th, 1874, killed their last fox, making up sixty-seven brace and a half. Twenty-one brace and a half ran to ground—one hundred and thirty days' hunting. Dry weather does not suit the country. Let us hope for heavy wet and good luck next season.

Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds in that country (the Forest) have not done very much lately. They are described to us as slow, and that they stop to throw their tongues. They have had, however, good sport in the open. Perhaps the

Forest does not suit them. It is full of strangers, we hear, gone to finish the season there, but the heat must be too great for all parties concerned, hounds, horses, and men.

The Hursley on the 16th were in Wherwell Wood, and Colonel Nicol lost Summers, and Summers lost the hounds; and as neither party found a fox, they went home damp and discontented.

The H.H. and the Hambledon have finished their season, both packs having killed nearly an equal number of foxes. The only change is in the Hambledon—Mr. Walter Long, the son of Mr. Long of Preshaw, takes the Mastership, and he has only to follow in the steps of his father to make a most efficient one. There has been a most satisfactory meeting of the members, farmers, and others interested in the continuance of the Hambledon Hunt, to take into consideration the better preservation of foxes. The farmers attended in great numbers, and were most zealous in the cause, several of them making some excellent suggestions, and their efforts will no doubt be appreciated next season.

Mr. C. Arthur Sumner, the third Master of The Cotswolds, seems to have discovered the secret of successful management. He has secured the approbation of the whole of his country, and wound up a very good season by a feed at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, on the 16th ult. Mrs. Beck, the manager, provided an excellent and elegant dinner in a style which only a lady of taste and experience can accomplish, and the result was the guests had an intellectual and a gastronomic treat. Lord Fitzhardinge took the chair, and was in peculiarly 'good form.' Special delight was exhibited when the Master's health was proposed by the chairman, and the cheers which greeted the toast and the reply had the true ring of sincere approbation. Sir Alexander Ramsay, the polished Scotch baronet, roused his audience to almost furious enthusiasm when he proposed the health of the noble chairman in stately and eloquent phrase. The absence of the Conservative member for the borough, Mr. J. Tynte Agg-Gardner, a generous supporter of the Hunt, whose parliamentary duties called him away from this hilarious gathering, was the subject of much regret, as was the vacant place of 'The Old Bookseller,' whose age prevented him from forming one of the party. A *rara avis* turned up in the person of Mr. Edward Haselton, a Cheltenham grocer, who made a very telling hit in playfully yet effectively denouncing those gentlemen of the Hunt who were either patrons or shareholders in the Co-operative Civil Store movement. He intimated that mobbing a fox was contrary to the sportsman's motto of 'Live and let live,' and very adroitly compared that unfair and improper proceeding to crushing a tradesman by supporting illegitimate combinations. This satire came very well from a Cheltenham tradesman, whose companions donate 50*cl.* to the Master of the Hounds, and should be duly considered by those who are 'penny wise and pound foolish' in giving their aid and sanction to co-operative stores. We notice from a perusal of the local papers that Mr. Henry Humphreys, the Cheltenham Tattersall, took an active part in getting up the dinner, and that this fact, coupled with the congratulations of the noble chairman on his wife having recently presented him with twins, rendered him a rather conspicuous vice-chairman.

Mr. Hall gives up the Tickham, so Tom Hills wants a place that he should not want long.

Mr. Lant has retained Wheatley from Lord Shannon as huntsman in the place of George Day, who is open to an engagement. We mentioned that

Lord Valentia, the Master of the Bicester, intends taking the horn next season. Claxton, the late huntsman, has gone to the South Durham.

Mr. J. S. Wharton gives up the Cleveland hounds, and Mr. H. D. Dare the Essex and Suffolk.

Mr. Arkwright has advertised the North Herefordshire hounds for sale.

The Duke of Grafton's hounds have latterly been having good sport. On Saturday, April 4th, they had a capital run, the meet being Radstone; found in Buckley Gorse, and went away at a tremendous pace up wind to Cold Ready, and lost him. We then went to Halse Coppice, and found a real good dog fox, who took us away at once across the Stuchberry Pastures, straight through Allithorns, along the meadows, leaving Helmdon on the right, Astwell Mill on the right, Wappenham on the left, Thomas Wood on the right, Bucknells just on the left, across Charlock Farm, Silverstone on the right, Lord's Fields and Porter's Wood to the left, past Sholebrook Lodge to the Forest, where we ran him to ground in some earths: if we had killed him it would have been the run of the season—from point to point over ten miles—and he only entered one covert (Allithorne) all the way to the Forest, now the pick of our best country, the fences being many, and big enough for the greatest glutton. Frank Beers was riding his rat-tailed horse, and was well to the front the whole day, as usual.

Friday, the 10th, these hounds had from Ash Legs the quickest 22 minutes of the season. Found at Ash Legs, went away at once, leaving Comtenhall on the right, across the Park, over the Tiverton Road, his head pointing for Wootton, but turned over the Northampton Road, leaving Collingtree on the right to Milton, over the Northampton and Blisworth Road to ground close to Blisworth Station. About ten minutes after we had left the fox was seen by people on the platform of Blisworth Station coming out of the drain. This being about the last day, was a good wind up; and, oddly enough, is the first time this season these hounds have run over this ground.

There will be many studs sold this month, but there will not be any nicer lots than the Atherstone and the Pytchley horses. Nobody mounted his servants better than Mr. Naylor, and the Atherstone hunters are both handsome and clever, especially some that have been ridden by Mrs. Oakeley.

We heard a good story from the Quorn the other day. The hounds hunted as usual all through Holy Week. A gentleman residing in that country, very fond of hunting, a regular man all the season, but withal a very staunch Churchman and Ritualist, was asked by a friend if he intended hunting that week. 'Well, I don't know,' said Mr. Ritualist. 'I really think not; it's not right.' 'What's the harm?' said his friend. 'There's a great deal of harm,' replied Mr. R.; 'but if I do hunt *I shall come out in trousers!*'

A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, fond of hunting in different countries, and who is rather sweet upon himself as regards amiability of temperament and manners, &c., but who is remarkably fond of talking, in season and out of season—the latter for choice—met with a rebuff the other day. He was giving a very well-known M.F.H. the benefit of his advice at a very critical moment, saying that, 'Ah, in my country they would have done so-and-so,' till the Master could stand it no longer, and burst forth with, '*Your country! D—— it, sir, if you were in your country, you would be hunting jackals on a jackass round Jerusalem.*' The field was immensely tickled.

A young officer in a smart Hussar regiment, who is very good indeed across country, was performing in the school, on his return from leave, over

the bar, with his stirrups perhaps one hole shorter than they ought to have been, when he was thus accosted by the riding-master: 'Now, Mr. —, let me have none of your hunting tricks here.' Some of these riding-masters must be funny fellows, though they are probably unconscious of it. We remember a bold Dragoon who had won many a Grand Military event, and was good between the flags generally, always having the riding-master down upon him the better he rode.

There are Masters and Masters, we all know; some are quiet men who never speak until their oratory is required, while others are always making a terrible row. A noble lord, once the hardest of his day in the shires, from which he retired some few years ago into the West, was asked by an old fox-hunting friend if there were any hounds in his neighbourhood, and if he went out with them. 'Oh, yes,' replied his lordship, 'there are one or two packs, and I go out occasionally and look at them, though as a rule I stick to a capital pack of harriers with which I have great sport!' 'Well,' said his friend, 'what sort of Masters are they?' 'Oh, very fair; but if one of them should bite one of his own hounds and the whole pack went mad, it would not be with dumb madness!'

Will Summers—old Will Summers, as he is affectionately called—the well-known kennel huntsman of the New Forest Hounds, has not been retained by Sir Reginald Graham, so his many friends are setting about getting up a testimonial for him, as he is quite unprovided for. A better man in the kennel or one more respected or respectable than Summers does not exist. He has passed his life among hounds in Hants and Sussex, and it is to be hoped that those Masters whom he has so faithfully served will be the first to give others a good lead, and that the declining years of the old man may be rendered smooth and comfortable by their means.

The thirty-seventh meeting of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society will be held this year at Sheffield, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August, under the able and active superintendence of Tom Parlington, whose heart and soul is in the success of the Society. There is no better exhibition in the whole year than this Yorkshire show, and, if only the weather is fine, a man fond of horses and hounds can have a real holiday.

Every one, we presume, by this time is thoroughly sick of Arthur Orton and all that is his. How much longer still though we shall have to endure Dr. Kenealy it is impossible to say. It is suggested, by-the-way, that the learned doctor has made a mistake in the nomenclature of his paper. Instead of 'The Englishman,' its title clearly should have been 'The Wild Irishman.'

Our late theatrical parcel was small, and this, perhaps, will not be much better; but we wish to speak more fully on the recent performances of a great artist than we were then able to do. The histrionic fame which has already been secured by Mr. Irving in his several interpretations of character at the Lyceum has lost none of its lustre in his representation of Philip, the piece in which he has been till just now appearing. While admitting many excellent points in the play itself, the construction of the plot is, to say the least, complicated and surrounded with passages that serve rather to weary than to arouse the interest of the audience. The introductory scene in Andalusia, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, at once gives the cue to the remaining incidents of the drama. It happens unfortunately, as such things will happen in the best regulated households, that an *affaire de cœur* has interrupted the domestic happiness of the widowed Countess de Miraflore and her two sons. Both youths are desperately enamoured of Maddle. Maric, who is little more than a

dependant on the bounty of Madame la Comtesse. The result is a hasty dismissal of the young lady and an encounter between the two brothers. Passion does its work, and leaves Philip, the eldest, master of the field. Years after, the unfortunate cause of this tragic episode is wooed and won by M. de St. Leon—none other, after all, than our hero of Andalusia. But the demon of mischief now appears on the scene in the shape of the younger brother, Maurice (who was supposed to have been shot), and introduces himself into my lady's boudoir. The sudden return, however, of the *grand seigneur, sans cérémonie*, brings the interview to an abrupt conclusion, and a hiding-place is found desirable for the intruder. Hereupon the suspicions of the husband are brought into action, and we have a full complement of those finished displays of mental torture, in the earnestness of which Mr. Irving stands unrivalled. It is not alone in the delineation of human emotion that Mr. Irving fixes our attention, but in every part the performance is replete with care. In Miss Bateman and Mr. John Clayton the artistic value of the representation is ably sustained.

The Criterion Theatre, with Mrs. John Wood, seen to great advantage as an American young lady with a very warm heart and rather brusque manners, is drawing good houses, more, if not entirely, due to that lady's acting than to any other attraction. 'An American Lady' has the faults and defects which have been patent in all Mr. Byron's recent comedies, we regret to say. To that gentleman the play-going public are so deeply indebted for amusement, that we do not like to hear his good name evil spoken of or speak it ourselves. Haste and incompleteness, a sketchy plot, and a too-fatal facility for 'smart' conversation, are among the defects which tarnish Mr. Byron's recent efforts. But he has at the Criterion admirably suited Mrs. John Wood, and no less admirably suited himself. True, his *rôle* is very much that of Sir Simon Simple, but it is amusing, and no one, with the exception of Mr. Sothern, can play these parts like Mr. Byron. Mrs. John Wood's mingled fun and pathos is very charming, her love and devotion, anger and contempt, are expressed with genuine touches of nature such as few can withstand. The piece was of course written for her, and she saves the piece. Of the theatre what shall we say? It is very smart and shining with blue satin and gold; the seats are very comfortable, the acoustic properties good, but it has two terrible defects: the ceiling is down on the heads of the audience, and the sunlight is sent into their eyes. We suppose there was no help for it. If you build a theatre in a cellar, you must of course cut your coat according to your cloth, and here the theatrical garment is certainly skimpy. And, then, the heat! That and 'Topsey-Turvydom' (oh, Mr. Gilbert! Mr. Gilbert!) drove us out of the house soon after the curtain fell on 'An American Lady.' What will it be in the dog days?

It takes a good deal to startle some of the wideawake people in this enlightened age, but you have only to drop in at the Egyptian Hall any evening to see the wonderful manifestations of Dr. Lynn to be thoroughly mystified and at the same time pleasantly amused. We know perfectly well we are being deceived in spite of ourselves, and can only regard our entertainer as one of the most accomplished conjurors we have had amongst us. With apparent candour the 'Doctor' tells you he has no objection to you finding him out, but the tricks are none the less bewildering for all that, and you give it up in despair as something that no fellow can understand. The illusions introduced are far too numerous to mention here, but the experiments in clairvoyance and spirit-writing are as novel as they are charming.

The Hound Show of the Kennel Club promises to be something out of the common. It will be held at the Crystal Palace on the 11th of June, the week between Epsom and Ascot, and the prizes will be of greater value than any hitherto offered at a hound show. The Kennel Club, which, by-the-way, has secured a very pretty local habitation in Chester Mansions, Victoria Street, is composed of noblemen and gentlemen who are many of them authorities, all of them interested in the kennel and all that pertains thereto. Among the members are the Prince of Wales and the Rev. John Russell; and when we couple these names our readers will think that the club is well vouched for. The Hound Show will, under its auspices, be, we have good reason for believing, one of the greatest attractions of that busy week in which it is held.

By the time these pages meet our readers' eyes the Polo Club will have had its opening day at Lillie Bridge. We hear that a good number of playing members, who, from the great difficulty of procuring really good ponies, were prevented from joining the club last year, have entered this season, and there has been already two or three days' practice, and a number of matches with Military and Country Clubs are being arranged. We are glad to state that Captain Hawksley, late of the 2nd Life Guards, more familiarly known as 'the Soldier,' has undertaken the duties of Secretary, and a very excellent selection the club has made in that gentleman, whose urbane and courteous manners will be fully appreciated by visitors to the grounds. The members' private enclosure, separated from the public ground, and to which non-members are admitted by voucher only, has been well looked after, and a considerable space has been reserved for the general public, who obtain admittance by payment of half-a-crown. Polo is no doubt the popular and fashionable summer game. The gatherings at Lillie Bridge last season showed this unmistakably. The ladies took it up with enthusiasm—we mean, of course, as spectators—and afternoon tea in the Club Pavilion, with a good 'bully' in front of it, was voted no end of fun. It is an exciting game certainly; one that, while it absorbs the masculine, appeals strongly to the feminine, mind in many ways. It is a game too that is understood of the people, which is a great point, more exciting than cricket, and much more interesting than pigeons. The Polo Club will have a brilliant season.

The death of the Marquis of Clanricarde, and the memories associated with his early days—the days of George Canning and the Galway Blazers—the days when party politics ran higher than they do at present, and they rode steeplechases on unflagged courses and did not complain of a big country, when Irish fun and humour were keener than they are now, and men rode and drank and gamed and made love with, as it appears to us, a greater zest than they do to-day, carry us back to old times indeed. The present generation can show no equal to the fine sportsman and finished horseman now taken away. Lord Clanricarde was remarkable even among the men of forty or fifty years ago; he had the gift of knowing his horse and making his horse know him, and be the animal what it might, a brute, a screw, or a perfect hunter, Lord Clanricarde was at home on him from the moment he got into the saddle. He was said to be fond of severe bits, but then they might be trusted with him, for he had perfect hands, and his seat was a model. Few men of his day were so keen as the late Marquis, and few made such good use of their time as he did. It must be remembered that he was a statesman and a politician, and that yet he managed in the hard work of office or the warfare of debate to enjoy his favourite sport whenever he could—more often than many idler men. But Lord Clanricarde was emphatically a man of

method and energy, and those so endowed can enjoy in the midst of work that which daunts feebler natures. If it be true what Horace said—

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lord Clanricarde was worthy of this high praise.

We shall miss a well-known face and figure—nearly as well known as Lord Clanricarde's—this season in the Drive and at the meets at the Magazine. Mr. Morritt of Rokeby died at Brighton the other day, and the yellow coach and the four perfect roans will know him no more. He was, we believe, one of the oldest members of the Four-in-Hand Club; a good coachman, though perhaps not quite up to the high mark of some other well-known members of the club. There was something very workmanlike though in the way he turned out, and he could make a team as well as most men. Very conservative in his ideas, we do not think the present revival of the glories of the road was much to his taste. Coaching was with Mr. Morritt an exotic plant, and he did not altogether like its being made too common a pastime. We believe he never quite forgave the existence of the C. C.

The death of Robert Basham, a north-country jockey of fame and repute, will perhaps pass unnoticed by the present generation, and yet Basham was only born in 1830, and was consequently a comparatively young man at his decease, which occurred about the middle of April at Merton, near Malton, of consumption. He was long connected with Henry Stebbing's stable at Hambleton, and continued in it after his employer's death, and when William Stebbing succeeded to the management. Most of his successes on the Turf were connected with this period of his life. He won the Leger on Knight of St. George, the Northumberland Plate twice on Underhand and Kingston, and he was second on Indian Warrior for the Chester Cup. In consequence of reverses the last few years of his life were passed in a somewhat precarious manner, but he fell at the last among friends, and it is pleasant to know that the closing days of one whose name was never sullied by the faintest suspicion of deceit or dishonesty were smoothed by kind and attentive hands.

What will win the Guineas? What will win the Derby? What shall we say and do to the great Czar more than we said and did to the great Shah? We have an almighty amount of work to get through this month and the next, and we trust our nerves are braced, our credit fair, our constitutions sound to encounter it. London seasons are more gigantic affairs than ever, and entail an amount of 'doing,' and that too in a highly proper and virtuous manner, that would have astonished the dandies of twenty or thirty years ago. We are in the midst of all the fun of the fair as we write. Money is flowing like water, and we give a small fortune for an opera box, and the libraries can't ask too much for a stall. It is a fine time. Everybody is prosperous and well dressed, every male body wears a shiny hat and puts any amount of varnish on his boots, every female body is as glorious as the lilies of Solomon. There are some poor people about, we believe, but they have the good taste not to show. From the morn of the Row to the dewy eve of Lady Cockahoop's ball it is the time for the young, for the brilliant, for the beautiful, and we sincerely wish them a good one. It will not perhaps to all of them come again, so *sparge rosas*.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 172.

JUNE, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE EGREMONT LASCELLES."

CONTENTS.

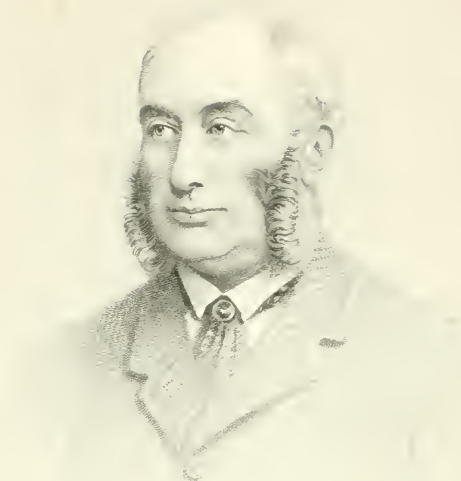
SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
THE HONOURABLE EGREMONT LASCELLES: A BIOGRAPHY .	187
COUNTRY QUARTERS.—THE NEW FOREST AND LORD RADNOR'S	188
THE BETTING BILL	205
THE FLY-FISHER	210
THE FIRST OF MAY IN PICCADILLY	212
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TOMMY COLEMAN	216
CRICKET	225
'OUR VAN'	232

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR JUNE, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	Cambridge University v. Gentlemen of England.
2	Tu	Epsom Races.
3	W	Epsom Races—the Derby ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile).
4	Th	North v. South, at Prince's. Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.
5	F	Epsom Races—the Oaks ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile).
6	S	Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall.
7	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Paris Races.
8	M	M.C.C. v. Nottinghamshire, at Lord's. Sale of the Pytchley Horses at Tattersall's.
9	Tu	Winchester Races. Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall.
10	W	Newton Summer Races.
11	Th	Croydon and Newton Races. Sale of the Atherstone Horses at
12	F	Newton Races. Fontainebleau Races. [Tattersall's.
13	S	Sale of Yearlings at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court.
14	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Grand Prix of Paris (1 mile 7 fur.).
15	M	Universities v. Gentlemen of England, at the Oval. Royal Alfred
16	Tu	Ascot Races—Stakes ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles). [Regatta.
17	W	Ascot Races—Royal Hunt Cup (1 mile). Beverley and Hull
18	Th	Ascot Gold Cup ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles). Beverley and Hull Races. [Races.
19	F	Free Foresters v. Sevenoaks Vine.
20	S	Thames Regatta. Bremen Races.
21	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
22	M	M.C.C. v. Cambridge University, at Lord's. Harwich Regatta.
23	Tu	Newcastle-on-Tyne, Windsor, and Curragh Races. [Regatta.
24	W	Newcastle Races—Northumberland Plate (2 miles). Henley
25	Th	Hampton Summer Races. M.C.C. v. Oxford Univ., at Lord's.
26	F	Hampton Races.
27	S	
28	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
29	M	Oxford v. Cambridge, at Lord's.
30	Tu	Carlisle Races—Cumberland Plate ($1\frac{3}{4}$ mile).



Frederick Laseles

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE HONOURABLE EGREMONT LASCELLES.

THIS gentleman, an ex-Master of the York and Ainsty, is a son of the third Earl of Harewood and brother of the present peer. Born in 1825, Mr. Lascelles, after an Eton course, entered the Grenadier Guards in 1842, and subsequently served some little time in Canada, where he was, in 1847, Aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. He retired from the service in 1850, and, always identified with rural pursuits, lived for the most part in Yorkshire, and entered on the career of an English country gentleman. He was for two years Member for Northallerton; and when Sir George Wombwell gave up the York and Ainsty, Mr. Lascelles was unanimously chosen as his successor. He, however, was only Master for one season, and resigned his office at its termination, principally in consequence of the sad death of the huntsman, Tom Squires, from the effects of a fall, and partly to give Colonel Fairfax, the present Master, the opportunity of combining that office with that of huntsman in the field, and which he has done, we may add, with every success.

That Mr. Lascelles has inherited the family devotion to fox-hunting, we need scarcely say. Some years ago he had two famous Perion mares, both purchased from Mr. Tom Parrington, on which he used to go very straight, and his performances on Flourish—a little McOrville mare bred by Mr. John Gregson, on which on one occasion he 'set' a large field, comprising many hard riders, over one of the widest water-jumps in Yorkshire—are well remembered. He still goes well and steadily, and is usually in the first flight over a country where fence and ditch require both man and horse to possess a considerable amount of 'going' power, as any one who has to live with hounds from Red House Wood to Nun-Appleton well knows.

Though his tenure of office was brief, Mr. Lascelles gave every satisfaction to the Hunt, and managed his field with the tact, judgment, and courtesy that might have been expected from so popular a Master. Mr. Lascelles is a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate for Yorkshire, and is Major of the 1st West Yorkshire Militia.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE NEW FOREST AND LORD RADNOR'S.

‘TURNING from the other side of Hampshire I must now take you to its western borders, where between Southampton and Dorsetshire will, as far as history is concerned, be found certainly the oldest regularly-known hunting country in England; for did not the Conqueror here forcibly establish himself as master, without asking the consent of any of the inhabitants, and in violation not only of fox-hunting law, but of justice and humanity, for he devastated the land for fully thirty miles to make his new country, and William Rufus follow, somewhat disastrously (to himself), in his father’s footsteps, with Sir Walter Tyrrell as his head whip? However, the fox, which now causes so much sport in England, was not then even counted a beast of chase, and the rough old Norman’s notion of hunting was somewhat different to our own, and but a poaching, pot-hunting affair after all, when they shot the deer before the hounds, though it certainly exhibited a more respectable character when, with their short boar-spears, they constituted themselves the fashionable pork-butchers of the day and slew their own bacon. From the time of the “Red King,” however, until the Mastership of Mr. Standish, which has just expired, is a longish journey; and I shall by no means attempt to give you the whole of the intermediate Masters who have held the reins in these happy hunting-grounds.

‘The following advertisement, printed by A. Cunningham, opposite the Market-house, Southampton, is the earliest notice we find of fox-hunting in the Forest; and from it, it would appear that for some time it was not regularly hunted:—

“ADVERTISEMENT.

“No hounds are to be permitted to hunt in the Forest, except the Lord Warden’s and the Duke of Richmond’s (if he should choose to come), but in the month of April, viz., from the 1st to the 30th, both days inclusive.

“That no pack be suffered to go out more than three times in one week, and no hounds to be taken out on the intermediate days; and, to prevent confusion, it is agreed that the Lord Warden’s hounds are to hunt on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, Mr. Groves to hunt on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, and no more than two packs of hounds to be in the Forest at the same time.”

‘It is necessary to remark that the Duke of Richmond had liberty from the preceding Lord Warden to bring his hounds, which was continued to him by the Duke of Gloucester; and he was the only person who had permission to use not only the kennels and stables,

‘ but the King’s house likewise, if his Grace should choose to come.

‘ Then any strange pack must give way for a time, that there may be no more than two packs at one time.

‘ “ The earths are not to be stopped till half-past four in the morning, and no hounds to be thrown off till five.

‘ “ The earths during the month of April not to be stopped but by the keepers or their servants.

‘ “ The keepers have orders not to suffer any fires to be lighted on the earths, or any person to stand on the earth to keep out the foxes.

‘ “ No tarriers ” (*sic*) “ to be taken out or foxes dug in the month of April.”

‘ This, I take it, shows plainly that the Forest was up to this time a sort of neutral ground, where Masters of Hounds who had worked out their own supply of foxes were in the habit of resorting. And the first Master of whom we have any definite knowledge is Mr. Vincent Hawkins Gilbert of Lamb’s Corner, one of the best sportsmen in the south of England and a friend of Mr. Beckford, who, in his celebrated letters on hunting, has quoted him frequently although not by name, and, during a sojourn at Lamb’s Corner, he expressed his admiration of Mr. Gilbert’s hounds and the way in which they were handled both in the kennel and the field. Mr. Gilbert was the father of Major, more generally known as “ Little “ *Jemmy* Gilbert,” a great character. His kennels were at Northerwood, but the hounds occasionally went to Cranbourne.

‘ Woods was his first huntsman, and, from an entry in the diary in 1781, it appears that he came on the 7th of January, but was discharged on the 1st of July for neglecting his hounds, but came back in October, “ having made proper submission and asked pardon.” In March 1790, note is made that “ the fox was lost by “ Wood’s obstinacy ;” and in May of the same year he was discharged. His next huntsman was Tull, in 1791-2 ; Fox in 1792-3 ; and then came Sebright, who was afterwards with Mr. Compton in 1795, and father of that prince of huntsmen Tom Sebright, who ended his days at Milton after forty years’ service with Lord Fitzwilliam and who had been with Mr. Musters and the Squire. Old Tom Sebright was a very good man in his time.

‘ During this period there was a club at Romsey, and many noblemen and gentlemen visited the Forest : ‘ Lords Wallingford, Lord Poulett of Hinton and his son Lord Hinton, and Lord Euston, better known afterwards as the Duke of Grafton. And the following residents hunted regularly :—Sir Thomas Tancred of Foxlease, Sir Thomas Heathcote of Embley, Sir Phillip Jennings Clarke, Mr. Drummond of Castle Malwood, Mr. John Compton of Manor House, Mr. Grove of Fern, Mr. Sloane of Paultons, who afterwards took the name of Stanley ; Mr. John Morant of Brockenhurst, and Mr. Peter Serle of Chilworth.

‘ Mr. Gilbert died in 1798, and in 1800 Mr. John Compton suc-

‘ceeded as Master ; so that there were two seasons during which
‘the country was not hunted. Old Sebright carried the horn for
‘Mr. Compton during the three years he had the management.

‘In 1803 the country was undertaken by a Committee consisting
‘of Lord Cavan of Eaglehurst, Mr. Charles Mitchell, and Mr.
‘Williams.

‘In 1808 came the great John Warde, who, as we have seen,
‘had had a great deal of experience in other countries, especially in
‘Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire. At first Abbey was his
‘huntsman, and Neverd and Zach Goddard were his whips. Rich
‘as the life of the Squire is in anecdote, I fear we have exhausted nearly
‘all there is to tell about him in our descriptions of other countries,
‘and, save the tale of the butcher who always met him on his return
‘from the chase with the question, ‘Well, have you killed to-day?’
‘so ironically put that Mr. Warde at last actually dreaded to meet him
‘unless they had tasted blood, there is little to say of his New Forest
‘experiences.

‘The Forest was not then enclosed as it is now, so that they often
‘had a run entirely over the heather ; and as there was generally a
‘good scent, hounds could carry a head and the field gallop along on
‘their line, except when interrupted by a bog, for a fence rarely
‘occurred. Then there were plenty of foxes, and it was the usual
‘custom to hunt a dog-fox in the month of May.

‘In 1814 Mr. Warde resigned the Mastership, and was succeeded
‘by Mr. Sam Nicoll who lived at Lyndhurst, and hunted the hounds
‘himself, assisted by Joe Peckham, a native of the New Forest, and
‘George Grant ; and, although he was a very heavy-weight, he rode
‘hard and got well across the Forest, and a bog only kept him
‘from being with his hounds ; but he did not like to be behind
‘the rest of the field, and when he was he became greatly excited,
‘and his language strangely emphatic to anybody who pressed too
‘closely on them. Mr. Nicoll used to keep a deer in the kennels to
‘train his young hounds from running deer, with which the place
‘then abounded.

‘He had a splendid voice, and you could hear him over half
‘the New Forest when cheering his pack, and he was a most per-
‘severing man, and often crossed the wild at six or seven o’clock,
‘when it was so dark that you could not see your hand, for unless
‘they left off close to a road they had to go right across the Forest to
‘get home.

‘Mr. Nicoll’s son who is now the active manager of the
‘Hursley, then about twelve years old, was specially noticed by
‘“Nimrod,” who said that he could rate and turn a hound with any
‘man in England. There were two packs, both first-rate, a gentle-
‘man and a lady pack ; the latter very clever ; the dog pack
‘good-looking, but not so fast. Mr. Nicoll bred for nose ; and his
‘hounds were not so tall as John Warde’s, but very strong and
‘capital line hunters. In character he was very facetious, and nearly
‘as many funny anecdotes are told of him as of his friend John

‘ Warde, moreover he was a clever man, corresponded in poetry
‘ with two or three friends ; was very agreeable in society, but apt
‘ to cut up exceedingly rough in the field at times.

‘ Joe Peckham was a blustering, blunt, funny old fellow, who used
‘ to lisp and had frequent spars with his Master ; when it was dark,
‘ Mr. Nicoll used to catch hold of his whip to pilot him over the
‘ bogs. Old Joe certainly led a wonderful life. It is said that he
‘ always had the finest pigs in the country ; and Mr. Nicoll knew
‘ he was robbed of his meal, and one day accused Joe of taking it,
‘ but he only said, “ Lord have mercy on you, master ! it all goes
‘ down the hounds’ throats ; ” but once Sir John Cope, who was
‘ staying with Mr. Nicoll, while dressing, saw from his bed-
‘ room window a man going down under a hedge with something
‘ on his back ; they followed and overtook him, and then they found
‘ Joe with two bushels of meal ; he was sacked, but soon came
‘ back, as they could not do without him, as he was the best kennel-
‘ man in the country.

‘ A gentleman came out with the hounds from Southampton
‘ one day who was called “ Talavera Tom,” on account of his
‘ horse running away with him at that battle in the wrong direction.
‘ His dress was very strange for the hunting-field, even in those days.
‘ He had on a pair of long white cord trousers over wellington
‘ boots, a red coat, and a white hat. When the fox was killed he
‘ asked Mr. Nicoll for the brush, which he gave him ; and when
‘ Tom was riding away, Mr. Nicoll called to him and said, “ Will
‘ “ you have the kindness to tell me the first night you come out at
‘ “ Astley’s, as I shall certainly come and see you.” Mr. Nicoll was
‘ as fond, or nearly as fond of yachting as of hunting, and had a small
‘ yacht of his own called the *Louisa*. He was once sailing in her
‘ with several others about the Solent, when Harris, his skipper,
‘ had washed a pair of his old trousers and hung them up to the
‘ mast to dry. On board the other yachts, and from the Club-house,
‘ all the telescopes were at once taken up to see what signal it was,
‘ but they could not make it out, and lastly a boat was sent off to
‘ inquire what it was. He sent back word that it was “ No. 2 pair
‘ “ of trousers hung up to dry.”

‘ As you may guess from this, Mr. Nicoll was not so very
‘ particular in his attire—his top-boots especially being very badly
‘ cleaned, and were nearly the same colour all the way up. One
‘ day he was going on the top of a coach from Romsey to Lyndhurst,
‘ and a couple of farmers were sitting one on each side of him.
‘ While driving through the Forest they began talking about the
‘ Master of the Hounds, one of them turning round to Mr. Nicoll
‘ said, “ I am told he is a capital fellow, and generally dresses just
‘ “ like one of us.” He, however, did not like to be dictated to.
‘ As he was going to meet, in the cub-hunting season, at some large
‘ house on the outskirts of the Forest, the owner of which was a
‘ new-comer into the country, his friend Lord Lisle rode over to
‘ him the day before and said, “ Now do turn out pretty smart

‘ “to-morrow morning, as it is the first time of your going there,
‘ “and first impressions are everything.”

‘ The next morning when Lord Lisle arrived at Lyndhurst, out
‘ came Joe Peckham with a gaiter on one leg, and a boot on the
‘ other, and a stained kennel coat on. Mr. Nicoll himself appeared
‘ in a very old coat and breeches, with a pair of well-worn boots,
‘ and, to crown all, an awfully shabby white hat; and as he came
‘ out he flattened it down and said, “First impressions are everything,
‘ “my lord.”

‘ As I told you, Mr. Nicoll’s language was often terse and em-
‘ phatic. Once he had a wonderfully good run from Bramshaw
‘ across to Paultons, and on to Embley, then occupied by Sir Thomas
‘ Heathcote. There they ran through all the coverts, but nobody
‘ was allowed to go through; the fox however went on, and after a
‘ check the hounds got on his line and ran on to Broadlands, where
‘ there was a great stone wall and some watercourses, which the
‘ hounds could neither get through or over, and the gates of the
‘ park were all locked. This was more than he could stand, and he
‘ shouted, “Joe! get off and burst that door open, and let the
‘ “hounds in after you!” There was a large field out, including
‘ Lord Headley, Lord Cavan, and Lord Palmerston, and, turning to
‘ them, Mr. Nicoll said with emphasis, “Well, gentlemen, this is
‘ “fox-hunting with a vengeance! We are first prohibited by a
‘ “baronet, and then locked out by a lord!” But Lord Palmerston
‘ took the rebuke most good-naturedly, and invited him and the
‘ field in to lunch.

‘ On another occasion at Bolton’s Bench, Lord Cavan headed the
‘ fox and came in for a tremendous blowing up. A gentleman who
‘ did not hunt habitually in the Forest rode up to one of the field
‘ and said, “Did you hear, sir, what Mr. Nicoll said?” “Oh!”
‘ he replied, “Lord bless you! that was nothing; that was one of
‘ “his most particular friends.”

‘ “Nimrod” visited the New Forest in 1825, and he says, “I
‘ “believe in no country under the sun has ‘the Coffee-house’ been
‘ “equal to this.” Tilbury often had 45 horses standing at Lynd-
‘ hurst at the end of the season.

‘ Regularly hunting with Mr. Nicoll were:—Lord Headley of
‘ Millbrook, near Southampton; Lord Lisle of Millbrook, a capital
‘ sportsman, who kept three or four good horses; Lord Cavan of
‘ Eaglehurst, Mr. John Pulteney of Northwood, a most liberal
‘ supporter; Mr. Andrew Drummond, a capital sportsman and as
‘ good as gold—he used to go and stay with the Duke of Rutland,
‘ and went like a man; Mr. William Sloane Stanley of Paultons,
‘ never a very great hunting man, but had some good horses; neither
‘ was Mr. George Eyre of Warrens; Mr. Robert Eyre of Cadnam,
‘ Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Mr. George Harbin of Fritham, a
‘ heavy-weight, who knew every track in the Forest and was very
‘ quick in getting to hounds. He was quite one of the old school
‘ in dress and manners, having on the old yellow leathers and his

'boots gartered above the knee with a broad leather strap, and
'his knees, from the shortness of his stirrups, level with the pommel
'of his saddle—he had with him a nephew who went into Dorset-
'shire. Sir Hussey Vivian of Beechwood, with whom "Nimrod"
'stayed in 1825, and gave an account of the Forest and its inhabit-
'ants; The Rev. Mr. W. Wilder of Eling, went well to hounds—
'Dicky Wise once went into his dressing-room just as he had got out
'of his bath, and he told a friend that he was the ugliest man he ever
'saw, and he thought he must have carried milk-pails all his life—he
'was very knock-kneed. Sir William Hoste, R.N.; Admiral
'Acheson of Rushington, a son-in-law of Mr. Compton, was a
'very forward rider; Mr. Edward Timson, a rare sportsman, who
'rode thoroughbred horses, but not much of a man over a country;
'Mr. Bradburn of Leyburn, Mr. Henry Combe Compton of the
'Manor House, Lyndhurst, one of the finest specimens of a real
'English gentleman that ever lived, who nearly always wore hessian
'boots; and frequently staying with him Mr. John Moore, from the
'old Melton Club. Mr. Compton represented South Hants for
'twenty-two years. Parson Lukin, the rector of Nursling, was a
'great character with the N.F.H.; *inter alia*, he had four wives.
'He was a very neat and strong rider on a grey horse which was a
'tremendous kicker; as soon as he began little Lukin used to
'stand up in his stirrups, and lay tight hold of the mane, so that
'he never unshipped him. He frequently talked to himself, and
'would say, "Ah! there is no smell to-day." He wore yellow
'leather breeches of the same tint that gaiters are now made of,
'which were rather conspicuous, but he was decidedly a dandy in
'his own way; when he wanted his hair cut he went into his
'stables and turned a bucket upside-down, and sat down upon it,
'called to his groom, and said, "John, get a basin, put it on my
'head, then bring your trimming-scissors and cut my hair short."

'At the end of the ordinary hunting season many came to finish
'and have just one more day in the Forest, and at this period there
'was no more convivial country to be found. Old Billy Butler was
'a host in himself, so of course was the great John Warde, running
'over with fun and facetiæ; and right well were they backed up by
'Sir Bellingham Graham, Jemmy Gilbert, Mr. Nunez of Warnford
'Park, Mr. Spurrier, Jack Wormald—who nearly wound himself up
'there one April—that noted sportsman Mr. Templar, and Mr.
'Codrington. Billy Butler always came to the New Forest from
'Dorsetshire—he was once buying a horse of a farmer and kept
'on saying, "I shall have to make him." The farmer said "I assure
'"you he is a perfect hunter—he is a capital fencer." "Ah!"
'replied old Billy, "that is the very thing—I shall have to teach
'"him not to jump!" he was born in the Vale of Blackmoor, and
'was a great favourite of Peter Beckford and the Rev. W. Chafyn,
'both of whom kept hounds; and when George IV., as Prince
'of Wales, lived at Moor Critchell, Mr. Butler was frequently his
'guest.

‘ Billy Butler was a tremendous eater, and would often sit down alone, eat a hunted hare and pick the bones ; I am told that he was the originator of the saying that “ A goose is too much for one “ and not enough for two.” He used to say that he only had one bottle of port when at home by himself, because he could not afford more, but always had two when he went out to dinner ; and in those days a great deal of wine was drunk in the New Forest. One day he called on a friend who was going to have a dinner-party to eat a haunch of venison. The smell of the haunch, which was being roasted, filled the entrance hall ; Mr. Butler was not invited to the party, and he said to his friend in a piteous way, “ You have “ venison for dinner, and not asked me.” His friend excused himself by saying his table was full, but Billy was not to be put off, and said he was not very big and would take up no room ; and his friend not taking the hint, he said, “ Why won’t you have me ? ” And he answered, “ Well, I will tell you candidly ; — is coming “ to dine, and I know that you would never meet him.” (Mr. — had somehow injured Mr. Butler, who said he would never meet him again.) “ You are quite right,” said he, “ and I thank you “ sincerely ; I never could meet that scoundrel again without “ breaking every bone in his skin.” He put on his hat to take his departure ; but in passing through the hall again smelt the venison, and stopped still. After a pause he said, “ I have been “ thinking that the Good Book says we should forgive and forget : “ I will meet Mr. — and shake hands with him,” which he did, and enjoyed his venison also. Billy Butler kept them all in a roar of laughter when out hunting, and many lost a good run from listening to his stories, and wished him somewhere afterwards ; he was the last surviving member of Mr. Phelips’ “ True Blue “ Hunt.”

‘ In 1828 Mr. Nicoll resigned the management and was succeeded by Mr. William Wyndham of Burnford House. On the last day of his ever hunting his famous bitch pack there were from fifteen to twenty Masters of Hounds out with him ; he hunted his fox beautifully and killed him handsomely. There were two foxes on foot at the end of the run, and one hound only stuck to the hunted one. Mr. Villebois saw it, and told him “ That is the hunted fox, for it is “ old Terrible on the line.” Mr. Nicoll brought the rest of the pack to her and killed his fox in ten minutes. A gentleman then rode right into the middle of the hounds and jumped from his horse to cut off the brush. “ Stop ! ” said Mr. Nicoll. “ I will give it you “ presently.” After the hounds had worried their fox, he went up to the gentleman and said, “ Let that satisfy you for the rest of “ your life, and never come out fox-hunting again.” He sold his pack to Lord Kintore when he resigned the Mastership.

‘ Mr. Wyndham hunted the hounds himself, and was assisted by William Butler and Harry Gillett, who was afterwards huntsman, and he removed the kennels from Lyndhurst to Bramshaw.

‘ Hunting at this time were Sir George Rose, Lord Lisle, and

‘ Mr. Wyndham Harbin of Fritham, who weighed close upon
‘ twenty stone. The gathering of Masters of Hounds about this
‘ time, when their own regular hunting was over, to see a May
‘ fox killed was an annual jolly meeting. In 1836 there were twenty
‘ past and present Masters of Foxhounds in the Forest to hunt, more
‘ especially with the Queen’s Staghounds, but who also went out
‘ with the New Forest. There were then present the Duke of
‘ Beaufort, Lord Erroll, Lord Bateman, Lord Cavan, Sir John Cope,
‘ Lord Portman, Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. George A. Craven, Mr.
‘ Roland Errington, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr. Sam Nicoll, Mr. H.
‘ Hall, Mr. Donnithorne Taylor of the Vine, Mr. Horlock, Mr.
‘ Wyndham, Mr. Tatchell, Mr. Hankey of the Surrey Union,
‘ Rev. H. Farr Yeatman, Mr. John King of the Hambledon, Mr.
‘ Codrington, and Mr. J. W. Erle Drax of Charboro’ Park.

‘ One night after dinner in the Forest (some years after he had
‘ given up the hounds) where several hunting men were present, a
‘ discussion took place between a very positive gentleman and Mr.
‘ Wyndham, the former not thinking Mr. Wyndham’s style of riding
‘ to hounds correct. They had a long argument, which ended by
‘ Mr. Wyndham saying he was quite contented with his own way.
‘ The next day the hounds had a wonderful run from Crow Coppice,
‘ near Ringwood, of one hour and five minutes, or twelve miles from
‘ point to point, of which Mr. Wyndham saw the end, and the other
‘ gentleman was thrown out entirely, and you may imagine how he
‘ was chaffed.

‘ Amongst others hunting at this time in the Forest was Dicky
‘ Wise, formerly a stage-coachman, a great character, who always
‘ rode with a spare stirrup-leather round his horse’s neck, for the
‘ benefit, he said, of any of his friends in case they should break one.
‘ Wise once had a deal with a sporting butcher of Southampton, also
‘ a well-known character, one Jack Hewitt, who came from Bath
‘ and horsed one or two coaches. Wise’s horse was a rank roarer,
‘ and the butcher’s had an awful spavin, but they agreed to exchange
‘ even-handed without examining each other’s horses. The next
‘ day Hewitt went out hunting and found out the roaring, but said
‘ nothing about it. The following day Wise rode his horse with the
‘ hounds, and coming down the High Street on his return, he passed
‘ the shop where Hewitt was standing at his door. The horse was
‘ going on three legs, and Wise hallooed out to him, “No friendship
‘ “ in horse dealing, Mr. Hewitt—there is no friendship in horse
‘ dealing!” Wise was very touchy if anybody found fault with
‘ his horses. There was a clergyman who hunted in the New
‘ Forest, a tall man and very plain in the face, with his knees
‘ knocking one against the other and his feet standing wide apart.
‘ One day he addressed Wise thus : “That is a very ugly horse you
‘ “ are on.” “Yes, sir,” said Dicky, in his blandest way ; “and I
‘ “ should say beauty was not by when you were dropped.”

‘ In 1838 Mr. Wyndham gave up and went to Dinton, and was
‘ succeeded by Mr. William Codrington, who also lived at Burnford

‘ House. His huntsman, George Whitmore, had lived with Mr. Yeatman, and was afterwards with the South Berks assisted by David Edwards, a most indefatigable servant, who began with Mr. Assheton Smith, and before he resigned saw a deal of service.

‘ Mr. Codrington was a very good sportsman, and there was no better judge of a hound. Although he weighed fully twenty-two stone and never jumped a fence, hunted his hounds himself, and would get away down wind and be always pretty well with them. Joe Peckham rode his second horse ; when they came to a fence or bank, they led over, and Mr. Codrington would get off and slide down, and the seat of his breeches was often covered with red clay. He was a very good Master and never swore at anybody but his horse, to whom he would keep on talking all day in this strain : “ Come up ! Ods zounds ! Good God Almighty, horse, now do “ stand still ! ” He was very fond of being in the kennel ; he would go and see the hounds fed every day and walk with them in the paddock—(very different from some modern Masters who never see their hounds from the end of one season to the 1st of November) ; after that he would go and sit on the corn-bin and look through the stable. Mr. Codrington was indefatigable ; he would keep hammering on all day and run a fox in the Beaulieu Woods by moonlight ; when on his way home, he would constantly halloo out, “ Joe ! are we all right ? ” for he had a great dread of getting into a bog. Joe Peckham was once sent, on the occasion of a race meeting, by Mr. Codrington, to inquire how a neighbour intended going, and returned with the reply, “ Oh, yes, he’s going, “ sir ; going to drive random two gigs and one horse.” Joe, of course, meant tandem. Peckham had been a timber carter, and he always got up at sunrise during the summer.

‘ Mr. Codrington died in the Forest in 1842. The pack was then sold and went into Cheshire. He was succeeded by Captain Lindsey Shedden, who took the country on the 15th October without a hound, servant, or horse to his name, and had to advertise on 15th November. He began with some drafts from the Quorn, and in April bought the whole of the Hursley pack, afterwards keeping his kennel up by drafts from Mr. Assheton Smith, and as for servants, he caught up any he could. For the first season the renowned Joe Peckham was his huntsman ; the following year, Harry Gillett, who had lived with Mr. Wyndham, and John Chapelow, who came from Lord Sondes, whipped-in to him ; but Mr. Shedden found he had got them in their wrong places, so the next season he put Chapelow as huntsman and Gillett as whip ; but, as you may imagine, that did not answer, as they were jealous of each other ; during the latter part of his management Captain Shedden hunted the hounds himself. At one time he had a capital whip named Walker, who went into the Isle of Wight. Chapelow is now dead ; he kept a public-house for some years near Romsey, was a capital huntsman and very fine rider. Joe Peckham was feeder for many years ; he only

'died recently. Jack Peckham, who was earthstopper and ran with the hounds, was a notorious character. He was supposed to have had more deer out of the Forest than any other man, and owned to 150. He could fight and do most other things. Once a man lent him a horse to ride with the hounds, but he found he could do much better on foot. On another occasion when they were running into their fox in a field near Boldre, Captain Shedden charged a harrow which was stuck up in a hedge and got over, the teeth being towards him. Jack came up to him in Lyndhurst afterwards and said, "Lord, sir, how could you ride a good horse like that at such a thing?" "You do not suppose I should have been such a fool as to ride a bad one at it," was the answer. Mrs. Shedden was a capital horsewoman, and I have seen her go well both in the country and in the Forest.

'The members of the Hunt at this time were—Mr. John Pulteney of Northerwood, for whom it is quite impossible to say too much; Lord Palmerston of Broadlands, Mr. William Wyndham of Burnford House, Master; Admiral Hyde Parker of Boldre; Mr. Samuel Heathcote of Bramshaw Hill; Sir George Rose of Sandhills, Christchurch; Mr. John Morant of Brockenhurst House, rode good, thoroughbred horses; Colonel Robbins of Castle Malwood, Minstead, called the Marquis of Malwood—a tremendous swell; both he and his horses were turned out to perfection. Major Jemmy Gilbert of Bartley Lodge, on his old grey was a very happy old fellow, and fond of hunting; Mr. E. Nightingale of Embley; Mr. E. H. Timson, a good sportsman, rode as well as any man, but was very jealous. Mr. Nicoll used to call him "The monkey who had seen the world." Mr. H. Compton, Jun., of Manor House, who, as an old huntsman said, "was a regular Turk" in those days; Sir Charles Hulse, Bart., of Breamore; Mr. Mathew Monro of Fritham Cottage; Mr. George Labalmondiere of Fritham Cottage; Mr. George Harbin of Fritham Lodge, a nice, quiet, old-fashioned sportsman, and a great friend to fox-hunting; Rev. Charles Philips of Eling; Mr. R. Bowden Smith of Lyndhurst, in his day a good cricketer.

'Elected a little later were—The Hon. Colonel Keppel of Fynington, now Lord Albemarle; Mr. Edward Weld of Pilewell, Lyminster; Lieut.-Colonel Thornhill of New Park, the Deputy Surveyor of the Forest; Mr. J. O. Crewe-Reed Hill, Southampton, a good, straightforward, north-country sportsman, had a thoroughbred horse called Andover; Colonel Buckley of New Hall, Downton, or Bramshaw; Mr. W. W. Farr of Ilford; Mr. Henry Jacob of the Close, Salisbury, a tall, fine man; Mr. E. Mills of Bistern; Mr. Robert Eyre of Bartley, Eling, who was in the Navy; The Earl of Malmesbury of Heron Court; Lieut.-Colonel Drummond of Portswood, who rode some very good horses; Mr. Charles Brett of Exbury House, who had a famous Irish horse, Rufus, which he bought of Sir John Cope, which showed a bit of temper, but it was impossible to get to the bottom of him; this horse was after-

wards bought by Captain Shedden. Mr. J. Mills of Bistern, Ringwood; Sir Edward Hulse, Bart., of Breamore, and his brother, Mr. S. Hulse; Sir Frederick H. Bathurst, Bart., of Clarendon Park; Mr. Alexander Powell of Foxlease; Captain Lindsay Shedden of Lymington, and his brother, Mr. Goodrich Shedden, both hard-riding men; Earl Nelson of Trafalgar House, Salisbury; Hon. W. Hare of Lymington; Sir Henry Paulet, Bart., of Little Testwood; Mr. Frederick Bradburn of Lyburn, whose son hunts now; Captain Sir J. Rivett Carnac, Bart., of Rock Cliff, Milford, who had a good grey horse; Captain Walter Williams of Elcombs, formerly of the Hussars, a very good sportsman, who viewed away more foxes than any man in the Forest; Mr. John Drewe of the Grove, Eling; Mr. Thomas Gladstone of Cuffinells, Lyndhurst; Mr. Nelson Matcham of New House; Mr. Thomas Deane Shute of Bramshaw Hill, and his sons; Mr. Royd of Exbury, a very good man to hounds; Mr. J. F. Breton of Lyndhurst, also a good man with hounds until his wind went, being sadly afflicted with asthma; Major-General Robbins of Castle Malwood; Captain F. Lovell of Ilchelsea, although a one-armed man, was a very good one to hounds—he is a brother-in-law of the present Duke of Beaufort; Mr. R. Bowden Smith of Forest Lodge, Lyndhurst; Captain Buckworth Powell of Foxlease, who has now taken the name of Montgomery, used to ride races, and once won the Grand Military with Cinderella; Mr. L. W. Cumberbatch of the Queen's House, Lyndhurst; Captain W. Parker of Minestead Lodge; Hon. E. Douglas of Bartley Manor House; Captain Martin Powell, Secretary to the W.F.H., Beechen, Lyndhurst.

Mr. Shedden kept the hounds eleven years, and on his taking them the present N. F. kennels were built on land given for the purpose by Mr. H. C. Compton, about a mile from Lyndhurst, several members of the hunt subscribing in shares of 50*l.* each.

Foxes are much better preserved now than they were formerly, in Mr. Shedden's time, when a gentleman was heard to boast of having caused the death of sixteen in one season, and that in the very heart of the country. Mr. Shedden often killed three-legged ones, but once, on this particular property, he actually killed one with only one leg.

In 1852 Mr. Tib Theobald, who had before this time hunted the country between Bath and Warminster, resided at Forest Lodge, and became Master of the New Forest Hounds; and his huntsman was one Smith, who had before hunted Lord Folkestones harriers. This management only lasted until 1854, when Mr. Timson of Tachbury, in order to prevent the country becoming vacant, took the Mastership, and did what he could to show sport. His first huntsman was Sam Powell from the South Wilts, afterwards with Colonel Wyndham and the Cottesmore, followed the next season by John Dinnicomb, who had seen some service with the V.W.H. and the Puckeridge, and on his leaving he was succeeded by William Hawtin, who came from the

‘ Bedale. At this time Captain Timson, son of the Master, used to go well both over the Forest and enclosures; and hunting also at this period were Captain Williams, now of Worthy Park; Mr. H. C. Compton of Manor House, General Robbins, Captain Rowley, son of Sir Charles Rowley; Captain Bulley of Lyndhurst, Colonel Drummond, on an everlasting old grey horse; Sir Henry Paulet of Testwood, Captain Hyde Parker, and Mr. Buckley. The Duke of Buccleuch was also a good supporter.

‘ In 1860 Captain Morant became Master, and hunted the hounds himself, assisted by young Will Hawtin, a blazer over a country, who, it was said, would ride over the hoop-iron fences that surround the more recent enclosures. Captain Morant proved himself a first-rate huntsman, and knew every move in the game. He got a really useful working pack of hounds, which he sold to the Committee of the Hursley country at the expiration of his Mastership. One of the first changes made was to restore the old green collar on his taking the horn.

‘ In 1869 Mr. William Standish of Stoneham House gave up the Hursley and took the New Forest, bringing with him a first-rate lot of bitches and a stud of horses fit to go into any country in England. Moreover, he also brought with him old Will Summers, who, although he cannot quite escape the finger of time, and no longer faced the pigskin so readily as he did twenty years ago, still knew how hounds should be turned out, and attended to the condition which was so necessary for killing foxes. Since Mr. Standish had taken the Forest, he seemed quite to have shaken off the bad luck which stuck to him, in more senses than one, in the Hursley country, and his sport was as brilliant as any that was ever seen in the most palmy days of the Forest. No man could possibly do the thing better, and no expense was spared either in the kennel or the field, where Mr. Standish carried the horn himself.

‘ At the present time the chief promoters of sport are Mr. Henry Compton of the Manor House, Minestead, who is a first-rate preserver of foxes, and “the more he has the better he likes it;” does not hunt so much now as formerly. Mr. W. E. Nightingale of Embley does not hunt himself; always has one or two litters for those who do, which are under the protection of that good sportsman, Mr. Bartlett, his manager, from whom some of his neighbours might take a lesson. At Sherfield Hatchet, Plaitford, and Whiteparish there are not so many foxes as there ought to be. Lady Ashburton, at Melchet Park, is a good friend to the Hunt; as also Sir Frederick Bathurst, in his coverts at Gatmoor and Meanwood. Mr. Bristow, at Broxmoor Park, is also very friendly to his neighbours’ sport, although he has not many coverts. Mr. Bradburne of Leybourne, who is a member of the Hunt, is also a good preserver. The animal, however, is not looked after between Ringwood and Lymington, and many foxes who travel from the Forest never reach home again. There is occasionally a good fox found at the late Mr. Freeman’s at Pylewell Park, and at Newtown Park,

‘ Mr. Du Plessis’, round Bisterne ; and foxes are short, although it is a good country to get runs from. There is a nice bit of country round Beaulieu, and Lord Henry Scott is anxious that they should find there.

‘ Mr. W. Clement Esdaile of Burley always has a fox, as also Mr. Drummond of Cadlands ; but round Fawley, where there is a bit of good country, I am sorry to hear that they are short, although there are some very good friends in that part. At Hythe, Marchwood, and Langley Manor, where the country is enclosed and there are some good coverts, there is a fair show of foxes. The Langley coverts are very large, and often hold a good fox ; but are bad for scent as well as to get away from.

‘ The management of the Hunt is under the Presidency of Sir Henry Paulet, and the Secretary is Captain Martin Powell of Lyndhurst.

‘ Hunting regularly latterly have been Mrs. Standish and her two daughters, Captain Martin Powell, the Secretary, and his brother, Captain Powell-Montgomery ; Mr. Fielder of Lyndhurst, Mr. Bennett of Fritham and his two daughters, Captain Timson of Woodlands, Mr. Wilson of Tatchbury House, Mr. Holloway of Marchwood, Mr. Henry Compton of Manor House, Minestead ; Mr. Bradburn of Leyburn, with his wife and sister ; Major Heathcote of Bramshaw, Colonel and Miss Birch Reynardson of Totton, Mr. Goldfinch of Lyndhurst, Mr. Cumberbatch of the Queen’s House, Lyndhurst ; Mr. Du Plessis of Newtown Park, Sir G. Stucley of Exbury House, Mr. Brounker of Ringwood, Mr. W. Everett of Allum Green, Mr. George Everett of Colbury House, Totton ; Mr. R. Stride of Shirley, Mr. Cecil Dixon, Colonel Morant of Bartley House, Mr. Waterhouse of Bramshaw, Mr. Tuck of Ringwood, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Palmer of Beaulieu, Mr. Nightingale of Plaitford, Mr. Mudge of Brockenhurst, Mr. Black and Mr. Sharp of Fawley. This spring Mr. Standish retired on account of his health, and the present Master is Sir Reginald Graham. At the last meet of the season Mr. Standish was presented with a handsome testimonial at a public breakfast at the King’s House, Lyndhurst.

‘ Having given you so far the history of the country so far as I am able, I will now tell you something of its characteristics ; and you will not be surprised to hear that it is quite unique and unlike anything that can be seen elsewhere. “ Nimrod ” visited it in 1825, and says in his *Reminiscences* : “ Although the New Forest is “ esteemed fair scenting ground by the nature of it, and rendered “ still more favourable to hounds by the nature of the side scent it “ affords to them by foxes brushing the ling as they pass through “ it, yet it offers sundry trying difficulties to hounds, and to hunt it “ well a huntsman must know it well. For horses and hounds it “ is distressing in the winter, for although there is no fencing “ (which would be a relief to them, inasmuch as it would abate the “ pace of the hounds), the ground in the open is dreadfully deep,

“ as most forests are, from the absence of drains. Were it not for
“ the boughs of trees and the bogs, which quite do away with any
“ pleasure, the Forest would be a fine field to display hounds in, as
“ a well-mounted sportsman need never be far from their sterns.
“ The great merit of the New Forest is that hounds can hunt there
“ when they can hunt nowhere else; on the other hand, they
“ are subject to foot lameness, to the great mortification of their
“ owners.”

What “Nimrod” here says is perfectly true of the Forest, and
no doubt it is at the present day one of the best, if not the best,
scenting country in the south of England. Nevertheless, it is far
from being a good fox-hunting country; and delightful as a gallop
over it is in the month of April, I can scarcely fancy any one
who could go elsewhere selecting to hunt over its dreary wastes in
the dull, dark days of November or December. One disadvantage
is, that the country being all alike, foxes generally have no particular
point to make for, hence they but too often run in rings. The same
thing also holds good in drawing: one place is as likely as another,
and you may draw a long time without hitting on the spot where a
fox has kennelled, even where they are plentiful. Neither is it so
good for hunting now as when we first remember it, on account of
the largeness of the recent enclosures; and many a plain that a few
years ago we galloped across is now enclosed, thus rendering it not
nearly so pleasant to ride over, as very few like to follow the
example of Will Hawtin and charge the large fence made of hoop-
iron with which these places are surrounded, and in consequence
they must keep to the ridings. Another disadvantage is the drains
which are cut in the new plantations, and into which the foxes drop
down and run, thus rendering it at times difficult to know where
hounds really are. The enclosures in the Forest are very large.
Denny, Park Hill, Woodfidley, and the Frame are full of foxes.
These coverts are full of gorse heath, and are planted with different
fir-trees. There are deep ditches, and the hounds often get
“shoulder-shook” for want of room to get down them. It is
almost fatal to a good finish, after a fine burst over the Forest, if
the fox gets into the enclosures, from their thickness and fresh foxes
getting up, and it becomes heartbreaking to the hounds, huntsman,
and all interested in the hunt. Sometimes they get a good run
from the enclosures; for if a fox leaves them he is sure to prove a
good one, and if there is a scent they are safe to have a run, and
perhaps a kill. The outskirts of the Forest are very stiff indeed,
and the country, chiefly woodland, with small grass enclosures
between, is divided by high banks, often very rotten, from the sandy
nature of the soil and wide, deep ditches. Such is the district all
round Sherfield Hatchett; this is not a bad country, and it
requires a good hunter to cross it. Formerly the New Forest
Hounds hunted a great deal of this outlying district; but
portions of it at times have been lent to other packs, and
for many years Mr. Assheton Smith, or rather George Carter,

‘ his huntsman, hunted a part of country that had formerly
‘ come within the Forest boundaries. This was given up at his
‘ death, the pack confining themselves to their more northern country.
‘ Mr. Morant took it for a time; then it was not hunted at all;
‘ and a few years on Lord Radnor got together a pack of hounds,
‘ and established this as an independent country by dovetailing in a
‘ few other odds and ends of the New Forest, of Mr. Farquharson’s,
‘ and the old South Wilts, that were either not hunted at all, or
‘ looked upon with no very favourable eye by their then owners; and
‘ as much of it at one time belonged to the New Forest near Red-
‘ lynch, I can mention his pack in no more appropriate place than
‘ this. He formerly kept a pack of harriers here, and has always
‘ been known as a capital sportsman. He was pressed by the gentle-
‘ men and the farmers, with whom he is a great favourite, to take this
‘ country, which had not been hunted a year or two; and I have
‘ heard that Mr. Figes the elder, of the Three Swans, fairly jumped
‘ off the ground with delight when he heard that Lord Radnor was
‘ going to hunt this country again. He also hunts a tract west of the
‘ River Avon, a portion of which was hunted by the Old South Wilts
‘ at one time, but had been without hounds for many years; also over
‘ what was part of Mr. Farquharson’s old country, by Boveridge;
‘ and some had never been hunted at all. On this side are his
‘ best preservers of foxes—the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Marquis of
‘ Salisbury, Sir Edward Hulse of Breamore, Mr. Coote of West
‘ Park, which is now let to Mr. Sandeman; Mr. Thistlethwayte of
‘ Boveridge, which belongs to Mr. Brancker; and last but not least
‘ in his devotion to the chase, Mr. Harvey of Vern Ditch, who
‘ always finds them a litter of cubs. He always has his table laid
‘ out for luncheon, is most hospitable, and will give you a bed or
‘ anything else. On the other side of his country the principal pro-
‘ prietors are Mr. Baring Wall of Norman Court, where there are
‘ no end of foxes in Bentley, a big wood of 1,500 acres, although
‘ he does not profess to be a strict preserver; and Sir Frederick
‘ Bathurst of Clarendon Park; the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton;
‘ while Lady Mill of Mottisfont lies on the extreme verge of the
‘ country. In some parts, I am sorry to say, the pheasant has eaten
‘ up the fox. The country is bounded on the north by Roche Court;
‘ on the east it goes up to the Test by the New Forest and the Ted-
‘ worth; and on the west it goes as far as Vern Ditch, by the West
‘ Wilts and the East Dorset. There are some large woodlands in
‘ it—Bentley, before mentioned; Clarendon, which is about 700;
‘ and Houndwood, near Winterslow, is another big wood, but a natural
‘ place for a fox, and where George Carter one season found seven
‘ Saturdays consecutively. The fields, which are very small on the
‘ Clarendon side, but larger on the Dorsetshire, consist principally of
‘ farmers of the country, with whom his Lordship is very popular,
‘ notwithstanding that he is at times rather energetic in his language
‘ towards them. Lord Radnor hunts the country entirely at his own
‘ expense, gives a sovereign for every litter of cubs, and half for

every find. When he has an extra good day he sends a thank-offering to the Infirmary or "Hunt Servants' Benefit Society." His Lordship wears a blue coat with a red collar; and the ladies have also a red collar to their habits, which is very becoming. He is still a good man to hounds, and on Ploughboy, who was bought out of a plough team by Newcombe Mason, and schooled by the Hon. Robert Grimston, is not to be beaten. His daughters, Lady Margaret Bouverie (who is always first) and Lady Edith Bouverie, go in fine form, the latter on a wonderful cob; and Mr. Duncombe Bouverie is always there or thereabout when hounds run well. His Lordship, unlike most modern Masters, likes big hounds, and calls the large pack his lot; while the small ones, bigger than the large in many kennels, he says are Dale's. His first huntsman was old Ben Boothroyd; then Jem Cooper, who I believe only stayed one month and then was succeeded by John Dale, who has seen a lot of service in all sorts of countries, and whose son, from the Cottesmore, turns them to him. His Lordship has built nice handy kennels, which are wonderfully clean and healthy, at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, a very fine old place indeed, quite one of the show places of the south of England, containing some of the finest pictures in the kingdom. I need not tell you that the men are well mounted, in the close compact style of horse best suited to the cramped country they have to encounter, though Dale's best, a black mare, earned a first-class reputation under Jack West in the Cottesmore country ere coming southwards. Although much of the country is very close and cramped, yet hounds go frequently a cracker over the downs, where a bit of blood is wanted.

Lord Radnor's own horses are all first-class old-fashioned horses. Baronet, bought out of an Irish drove, is a real beauty and perfect specimen of a weight-carrier. Marchioness is a magnificent mare; as also one ridden by Lady Margaret, a wonderful timber jumper. The horses are all very well cared for. Mr. Bushell, who I believe formerly lived with Lord Ducie, and, from the little I saw of him, is, I think, one of the old school who will never leave the stables until he is quite sure that the horses are all right and comfortable.

There are not a great many gentlemen who hunted the season before last with Lord Radnor; but amongst his regular attendants I may mention Lord Nelson and his brother-in-law, Mr. Agar of Clatford Oakcuts; Lady Mary Nelson and Lady Alice, who will walk any distance over fallows or any other ground; Mr. Thistlethwayte of Boveridge, Mr. Bell of Roche Court, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Pinkney, the banker of Salisbury. The two Messrs. Everett and Colonel Bathurst came out occasionally, and with him his brother Lionel; Tom Cannon, the jockey from Houghton, who has got together a pack of harriers of about fourteen couples; and with him Harry Day, from Danebury, on Sealskin, and his brother Leonard, also Parry, who stays with Cannon.

‘ John Day comes out in his carriage and his white pony, and he
‘ can still feel a hound with his fingers, if he cannot see as he
‘ formerly did. Old William Day of Woodyeates (who does not
‘ bring out his umbrella) and young William. Mr. John Tre-
‘ gonwell of Cranborne comes into the woodlands, and goes
‘ home as he ever did, without a speck of dirt on his breeches;
‘ Mr. and Mrs. Lamb of Andover. Of the farmers, the regulars
‘ are: Mr. Edmund Flower of Longstock and his son, who
‘ rides very straight; Mr. Dacre of Speery Well Farm, who
‘ now suffers from rheumatism, used to go as straight as a line;
‘ Mr. Aylward of Lockerley, Mr. Charles Waters of Stratford is a
‘ very good man to hounds; Mr. Edmund Cuss of Winterborne
‘ and his wife, who goes well; Mr. Godwin of Winterborne on
‘ a wonderfully clever pony; Mr. Langton of East Dean, Mr.
‘ Gay of Grinstead, Mr. George Burt of Worlestone and his sons;
‘ and a young gentleman named Squerry, the son of a surveyor,
‘ is a very promising performer; Mr. Bailey of Titherley, a farmer;
‘ Mr. Walter Potheary of Wallop. From Salisbury there are also
‘ Mr. Ambrose Patient, Mr. John Folliot, Mr. Tucker, Dr. Clif-
‘ ton of Fordingbridge, Mr. Sandringham of West Park, who is
‘ a great preserver; Mr. Morrison of Radborne, who also pre-
‘ serves and hunts regularly; Mr. Edmund Sidford of Bishopston
‘ and his sons; and Mr. Ruddell of Whitesbury, who goes straight;
‘ and Mr. Harvey of Vern Ditch, who says if he stutters in the
‘ morning he is sure there will be a good scent.

‘ To hunt with Lord Radnor a sportsman cannot probably select a
‘ better place than the Three Swans, kept by Mr. Henry Figes, who
‘ is a landlord quite of that good old school which is too rapidly
‘ dying out. He will find comfort, attention and civility; and Mr.
‘ Figes or his son, on the grey cob, will show him the way to
‘ covert.

‘ As regards quarters, Southampton, Lyndhurst, and Romsey are
‘ best for the Forest; the Crown at Lyndhurst is fair for man and
‘ beast. Southampton, as far as my experience goes of its inns, is
‘ bad, both in regard to accommodation and charges. Romsey is
‘ some distance from the Forest, and only moderate as to accommo-
‘ dation. The White Horse is the best hotel, but if you go there
‘ don’t ask for a Welsh rabbit; a friend of mine once did so, and
‘ after waiting an hour asked why it was not forthcoming, when he
‘ was told they had searched the town and could get plenty of
‘ English rabbits, but a Welsh one was not to be had for love or
‘ money.

THE BETTING BILL.

WE hardly thought to witness the portent of a Betting Bill brought in by the representative of a constituency containing the heads of the commission agency, seconded by a Conservative Government, unopposed by the Milesian champion who had agreed to lead the forlorn hope, and carried through the House of Lords with scarcely a dissentient voice. Yet so it is; and the task which the philanthropy of a Hughes and the earnestness of a Morley essayed in vain, which the sporting press had ridiculed as impossible, and which excited no especial public interest, has been undertaken and carried through, and that, too, in a Parliament having no pressure of important work to prevent a full discussion of the measure on its merits, had they chosen to take the subject in hand. 'Office' may have tied the hands of some of its old opponents in the Lower House, or else where was Mr. Lowther, to champion the cause in defence of which he had thrown down the gauntlet so bravely in a former session? How was it that Mr. Chaplin was lukewarm, not to say indifferent, and that the fire of old opponents waxed faint beneath the onslaught of the bold Scot? The House of Lords did not dissemble their love in a very marked manner; but Lord Hertford gave the commission agents a very decided extra kick downstairs, by his proposition that the Bill should come into force in July. Certainly there was reason in his argument that if betting on commission was so injurious to the public weal, its end had better be hastened; and so the agents have but a short shrift, and brief notice to quit their 'cities of refuge,' and to look about them for some other method of transacting business out of the pale of the law. Their enterprise and ingenuity will no doubt be equal to the occasion, even if they should have to resort to Magdala or Coomassie, while they have ample means for developing any new system; but the veto upon advertising must be a sore blow and heavy discomfiture even to men accustomed to 'pull through by the 'skin of their teeth.'

We hardly know whether to call the Scotch a sporting community or not, but they manage things differently over the Border to the manner of us Southerners. Drunkenness and immorality are not to be seen at their street corners, but a good deal of both is indulged in 'at hame.' Perhaps it is the same with the spirit of speculation as with that born of the barley-mow. They hide it away in their houses 'for the Sawbath,' and tottle up their Derby books before evening service. They like having a wee bet on the sly. One of the pleasantest and most truthful contributors to this Magazine wrote thus, in another place, concerning Sandy and his predilection for a little wager, on Liddington's Derby:—

'With a glance o'er the street, and a peep up the court,
Lest elder or deacon the backsliding watch;
E'en Glasgow the godly a fiver can sport,
While Falkirk demurely puts down its "pund Scotch."
Resolved to reform, and repent of their sins,
And "gam'le nae mair, mon"—if Liddington wins!'

We remember, too, how inquisitive Mr. Merry's constituents used to wax when he took up his yearly parable in the Falkirk Burghs. Had not 'Keen Jamie' had an answer ready for each curious questioner, he would assuredly have gone back to town 'pledged to sup-'port' one of his usually numerous candidates for the Derby. As it was, it never came to cries of 'Name, name!' that we are aware of, but his constituents sadly bothered him to find out how things were going at Russley. Since Gullane ceased to be the solitary Scottish training-ground, however, Sandy has waxed less enthusiastic, but perhaps more cunning, and has generally betrayed an interest more solid than sentimental in the fate of 'her ain cattle,' as she may call those which in old times bore the Eglinton tartan and in later days the green and yellow of 'belted Will' P'Anson, or the bloodlike banner of Crawford with its chivalrous device of 'Gang 'forward.'

In the abstract, in so far as the Bill relates to the extension to Scotland of provisions formerly applying only to the sister country, the measure cannot be considered as otherwise than just and equitable. Why people should have been allowed to make their investments with impunity in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and denied that privilege in London or Liverpool, is incomprehensible, except on the supposition that the former enactment was drawn with this egregious flaw, and in ignorance of the merest technicalities of legislation. Even this shortcoming was not discovered until the agencies had been removed for some time to that town which Albert Smith apostrophised as the

"Home of the stranger who has done something wrong."

But such is supposed to be the eagerness of the public to bet, that the extension of the prohibition to Scotland could not be considered complete without the ukase against advertising; for the framer of the Bill judged, and rightly, that no trouble or expense would be spared by the individuals carrying on so lucrative a trade to bring themselves into close and speedy correspondence with their clients. Were bookmakers banished to Kamtschatka or Siberia, thither the magic wire, laid at private expense, would bring tidings of the state of the market at home, and flash back the odds, 'laid to ten shillings,' on some starter at York or Epsom. We confess, however, to a feeling, apart from any considerations of public advantages, that of late betting had assumed too great a degree of importance in the sporting journals, and that there were obviously too many of these enterprising gentry to afford a fair means of living to all. We rather longed for a return to the old *régime* when betting was carried on more *sub rosa* and when a limp tissue, with legitimate odds placed against each horse's name, was returned in our 'stamped addressed envelope for 'reply;' and rather looked with distrust at the elaborate lists filling front pages, and offering the shortest possible odds, or limiting commissions to a fixed extreme price. All this looked vastly too much like 'besting,' and for this reason we do not regret its disappearance.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we are fain to confess that we

shall miss the facilities afforded by the old-established commission agencies for investing small or large amounts safely and expeditiously. Many of those formerly transacting business in London, but latterly driven to fresh fields and pastures new in Glasgow and Edinburgh, were well-known members of Tattersall's and the Clubs, in whom the public faith was as great as in Davis and other leviathans of a bygone age. Their transactions were essentially fair, square, and above-board, if their percentage was as high as their prices ruled low. Men felt as safe in their hands as though they had invested in the Three per Cents; and to those who had the good fortune to be winners, their gains were remitted punctually, and without any attempt at besting or needless waiting. Personally we can bear witness to many instances of liberal dealing; and when disputes arose, it was generally found that a ready appeal was allowed to disinterested arbitrators, and that differences were in the end amicably settled. In dealing with such persons the investor speculated on the ready-money system, and there was consequently less temptation to keep up a running account, or for people to go beyond their means. Perhaps the sums the commission agents announced themselves willing to receive for investment were too small, but it should be recollected that those inclined to bet more heavily had the opportunity of going into open market at the recognised centres of speculation, while the little man might find some difficulty in backing his fancy for a stray sovereign. The offices to which the money of the public was directed to be sent were conducted strictly on the principle of receiving commissions by letter only, and no attempt was made—on pretence of obtaining lists or otherwise—to infringe the terms of the Betting Houses Act. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that no stoppage of any magnitude has occurred during the many years during which commission agencies have been in force, whereas the collapse of the Hyde Park speculators, and others who took the half-sovereigns and dollars of the multitude in the 'Catch 'em alive' days, was as disgraceful as notorious. Operations conducted by letter are more desirable for both parties than bets taken or laid in the excitement of the moment, when it is an easy matter for any one to over-lay his book. And the ready-money principle, as we have urged above, is a sound and good one, as opposed to even the weekly credit system in vogue at the principal betting clubs of our large towns.

Had the advertisements only of solid and respectable commission agents been inserted by journals whose duty it was to protect the interests of the public, and to put them in the right way to meet with just and honourable dealing, all might have gone on smoothly enough, and the legislature would have had less excuse for interference in a practice which they felt themselves unable to quash and declined to regulate. But among the 'safe' men there sprang up a gradually increasing crop of charlatans and adventurers of the lower sort, the attractions of whose advertisements were considerable enough to delude the public mind into a belief in their genuineness and safety.

With sublime impartiality the notices of such swindlers were placed alongside the announcements of well-known and well-tried operators ; so that it was no wonder the public was deluded, and naturally selected those holding out the most profitable inducements. The utter dishonesty of those traders in ' good ' names (for many of them adopted the titles of respectable firms) was very soon discovered, but an exposure was less readily brought about, mainly through the unwillingness of the journals in question to lose the very considerable profits which advertisements charged at double rates naturally entailed, and partly with an eye to keeping up their own appearances as mentors of the public. But by a very simple process all attempts at discovery were baulked, and all chance of warning or admonition to others put a stop to, while the paper maintained its credit for looking after the interests of its subscribers. Mr. Rook's advertisement was speciously announced to have been ' refused for the future,' but that ubiquitous bird was speedily allowed re-admission to the same pages under another name and plumage. His local habitation consisting generally of a door-bell or leaving-box, it did not cost him much time or money to change ; indeed, irrespective of any other consideration, he found it paid him to be continually putting forth fresh permutations and combinations of chicanery, knowing how many flats would be sure to rise to a new fly. Infallible systems were promulgated, and bubble schemes organised, until at length it became imperative on the legislature (seeing that the newspapers would not lift a finger in defence of their readers, but, on the contrary, shared the profits of the fraternity) to take the matter in their own hands and to annihilate the storks with the crows. It was not so much, we take it, that respectable agencies were undesirable, as that the evils which followed in their train were such as to demand immediate extinction, which could only be effected by involving both in a common destruction.

We have consistently advocated, both in these pages and elsewhere, a middle course between the extreme toleration which permits incentives to speculation to be sown broadcast through the land, and the root-and-branch extermination which it has been found necessary to accomplish. We see no earthly reason why betting should not be properly regulated and controlled like any other necessary evil. To weak minds, the attractions of a wager consist in the secrecy and mystery in which it has long been the fashion to veil such transactions. Take away all restrictions, and let people bet to their hearts' content publicly and openly, bookmakers being regularly certificated and holding licences only during good behaviour. We hardly know under what department to suggest the location of such control, but if a paternal Government could not be found to undertake it, the Jockey Club might set about the task, and earn unbounded popularity by taking some cognisance of bets, instead of leaving all disputes to be referred to the Committee of Tattersall's, a body doubtless commanding public respect and confidence, but hardly active or energetic enough to sit as a perpetual court of appeal upon the intricate and important ' leading cases ' continually arising in respect of bets and

betting. Upon conviction of dishonesty, certificates might be suspended; and certain localities might be set apart for the transaction of business, in order that public peace and traffic might not be interrupted. It is now, however, too late to adopt any such course, and minds on speculation bent must pursue it under increased difficulties, or give up its practice altogether.

We cannot doubt that, under the new Act, betting operations will receive generally a very severe check, more especially among that class of speculators which mainly kept going the various commission agencies. Betting on racecourses will in consequence receive an additional impetus, but no one will regret that the tide of gambling has been turned towards the Utopia of post-betting. The racecourse, and not the counting-house, seems the proper place for transacting sporting business, and the less betting there is before the event, the less room will there be found for the perpetuation of those Turf robberies, the organisation and management of which are so materially assisted by the operation known as 'milking the public.' By the clever working of a horse in the market, no less than writing up his pretensions, a large amount of money can be drawn from the very many sanguine people who are always on the look-out for 'promising outsiders' and such like, and studiously follow the advice given to 'get on at a good price.' This temptation will cease to exist when there is no means of flying to the lists, and it will be less worth while for gangs of thieves to carry on their sure game of making money out of a horse.

There will be much confusion and consternation at first among the many clever divisions who may find their occupation temporarily gone; but our only regret lies in the fact that so many other spheres than the Turf exist to offer a field for their labours. The last-named institution will be benefited by the transfer, but it will be long ere the evil report attaching to the welshing fraternity is wiped away. No one who has watched the course of events connected with racing during the last ten years can entertain a doubt as to the gradual infusion of the professional element, to the exclusion of men of the Hawley and Peel stamp, who no longer care to mix themselves up with the *canaille* from which modern turfites are largely recruited. A great deal of business must necessarily be taken out of the hands of undertakers and spiders by a virtual prohibition to the public to fall into their snares, as it is evident they cannot make bricks without straw, nor will they care to turn upon and tear each other. Another great blessing which will result from the Act will be the diminution of crime which is pretty certain to take place, if we may judge from the reported homilies of worthy aldermen and magistrates on the inducements held out to shopboys to rob their masters' tills; and the 'persons of genteel appearance' who annually cut their throats the day after the Derby will become as rare as a dodo, and the axles of prison vans and treadmills less heavily burdened.

The future action of betting legislation will doubtless be much influenced by the conduct of those journals which are the principal

mediums of advertisements by commission agents and the fraternity of tipsters. Should the wise policy be followed of giving transactions in the market a fair share of prominence in their reports, without making the rest of their remarks merely subservient to the 'latest betting,' there will be neither the occasion nor the inclination for further interference. But should they come to the resolve of making the most of their few remaining days of grace, by opening their arms to systematic swindles carried on under ever-changing names, and inserting the barefaced schemes of the lowest type of adventurers, we should not be surprised if a worse fate overtook them than that at present hanging over their heads. Supposing the returns of betting at Tattersall's or the Clubs were to be made illegal, where would the occupation of those journals be gone who systematically lay themselves out for 'tipping,' to the exclusion of everything excepting the real business of the Turf? The old type of sporting writers who were wont to lead us into country nooks and corners in search of the picturesque, and combined with graphic description something more than a superficial knowledge of the thoroughbred—those who were content to study him in his retirement at their leisure, rather than to form hasty impressions amid the hurry and bustle of the racecourse—such Turf historians have passed away, and we are left with the mere tipster, through whose frothy exordiums we are constrained to wade before reaching, with thirsty lips, the few drops of information or advice collected at the bottom of the vessel. That they pander to a popular taste, we do not deny; and to this they have gradually educated the masses by leading them away from the saddling paddock to the betting-ring, and perverting the very ends and objects of the sport to baser uses. Betting can never be improved away by Act of Parliament; and doubtless the chief genii of the Ring, doomed to perpetual exile from Glasgow and Edinburgh, will find congenial retreats elsewhere, whence they may issue their lists, and flash defiance along the wire, like Ajax to the lightning. We have all along demanded the feasible *regulation* of a practice the abolition of which is *impossible*; and to this complexion we must come at last, when it has been discovered, *sero sed serio*, that legislative interference has merely transplanted instead of uprooting the supposed evil.

AMPHION.

THE FLY-FISHER.

WHEN flowery June a fragrant mantle flings
Upon the swelling breasts of earth which trend
To meet the kisses of the babbling springs,
And woo the reflex of the tints they lend;
When from the West the soft wind spreads its wings;
When fleeting clouds their welcome shadows blend;
And all signs for his pastime good success portend;

Then will the fly-fisher pursue his sport,
Not trusting therefore to the prosy float,
With which coarse vulgar scale-fish may be caught
By drowsy angler in the square-built boat ;
No tainted gentle to his barb is brought,
He will not pierce the grasshopper's buff coat,
Not over writhing worms will pure fly-fisher gloat :

With care discarded, and a mind serene,
His interests extend to all around ;
His eye delights in every varying scene,
His ear delights in every varying sound ;
His view, here bordered by the branches green,
Is there by distant purple mountain bound ;
Now velvet turf, now pebbly sand his standing ground.

As through some verdant meadow he may stray,
Perchance the rose-red orchis he shall meet,
Or yellow iris will his progress stay,
Or blue veronica enfold his feet ;
Perfumes the balmy air the new-mown hay,
While aromatic thyme his steps will greet ;
All colours bright to eye, and scents to nostril sweet :

Therefrom on some ravine he may emerge,
Where lichen'd crags a torrent shall confine,
By heath-crowned boulders foaming rapids surge,
'Twixt whin-clad rocks concentring jets combine
In mimic falls, upon whose spray-fed verge
The spleenwort black and polished hartstongue shine,
And, under brackens tall, club-mosses intertwine.

The harrier hawk is quartering on high,
From yonder marsh the booming bitterns moan,
Chimes from the moor the plover's plaintive cry,
The water-ousel flits from stone to stone,
A blue-fire flash, the kingfisher, darts by,
And choral rooks their harmonies intone ;
Who by himself with these can think he is alone ?

In keen enjoyment will the fisher wend
His way along the bank by stream and pool ;
With art, repeating nature, for his friend,
He knows his rod as workman skilled his tool ;
When dubbing, silk, and feather make one end,
Believe me, at the other stands no fool,
Whatever may be taught by Johnson's surly school.

In curving sweep the footline backward flies,
 Then from the fore-arm forward light is thrown,
 The tail-fly first upon the surface lies,
 Falling as down from cotton-thistle blown ;
 Each likely spot successively he tries,
 With dext'rous knack but to proficients known,
 From practice long and patient observation grown.

And who that has not proved it can explain
 What rapture thrills the fly-fisher to feel
 The rise, the strike successful, and the strain,
 The stirring music of the whirling reel ?
 The speckled beauty gamely fights in vain,
 His golden side ere long he must reveal,
 And, lovely still in death, repose in grass-lined creel.

And when the fly-fisher towards home shall turn,
 His basket freighted with the dainty prey,
 Lured, for his food, from river, brook, or burn,
 None can assert that ill spent was the day,
 Save they, the gentle craft inapt to learn,
 Who never joyed some lusty trout to play,
 To such will my poor song no kindred thoughts convey.
M. E.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN PICCADILLY.

How various are the memories the first of May recalls to different individuals. To one brought up in the country, perhaps the earliest recollection will be that of school children with bunches of flowers on poles, monotonously chanting some words in praise of their pretty garland. Later on, the Oxford man may remember just once getting leave from the Dean to go out of college and hear the Magdalen Choristers sing their hymn at sunrise, a practice chiefly confined to freshmen.

The fly-fisher, if he has not already cast himself heart and soul into his quiet but attractive pastime, will now think it time he was by the river-side, amongst rushing streams and still pools ; while the Londoner pure and simple identifies his May morning with horses gay with ribbons on every part of mane, tail, or harness to which they can be affixed, and the Jack-in-the-Green, which ancient custom has at length degenerated into a regular street nuisance, and, happily for all parties, seems to be dying out. Omnibus drivers come out with a flower in their button-hole, or a bit of ribbon to take the place of it ; and some few swells appear in that white hat which is more generally kept as a special ornament to be donned in its newness on the Derby Day.

Wending our way in a cold east wind across Berkeley Square, the

first object to attract our eye was the crossing-sweeper by Gunter's in his scarlet coat, which only too surely made us remember that the sport of all sports had for a time died out, and that, north, west, east, or south, it would be months ere

‘Hound we heard challenge or fence we confronted.’

However, several gentlemen's coachmen walking up Hay Hill reminded us that our destination was the White Horse Cellar, and that on this day the reign of the road was once more to be inaugurated. Then came floating across our mind happy visions of days spent on the box-seat, the fruit and experience of which appeared in last year's ‘Baily,’ and we wondered whether the *cuisine* to be found at the resting-place of the afternoon Dorking would be as unexceptionable as it was a year ago; also whether that really wonderful skewbald that cost Captain Cooper a little fortune last autumn would be seen before the bars, or if it was true that, finding her former owner never really intended to part with her, his heart had relented, and, as report said, she once more occupied her old stables. In fact, we may fairly say that just at this period we experienced a strange kind of anxiety as to how the coaching season, which ended so brilliantly last autumn, was to be inaugurated this spring, for rumours of changes, both in routes and proprietors, had for some time been rife. True the conversation of the coachmen who climbed the hill just before us was cheering in the extreme, as we caught a word at intervals, and heard of a first-class team over one stage, and a more careful horsekeeper on another; yet so far we were in doubt.

Getting into Piccadilly, we found a large and somewhat miscellaneous crowd assembled opposite Hatchett's Hotel, of whom we proceeded to take stock. Many, like ourselves and the afore-said coachmen, were no doubt come to see the various teams start, while others were of that class who in London always stop to look at Punch and Judy, a chimney on fire, a horse fallen down, or any other every-day occurrence. Of the coaches, the Tunbridge Wells, which has been in full working order since the 20th of April, was the first to show, and round it collected a vast crowd as it was drawn up before the old hostelry, criticising horses—a rare short-legged lot—and harness, which, sooth to say, could well bear the inspection. The same gentlemen are in command as last year, namely, Colonel Hathorn and the Earl of Bective, who, however, will not take an active part at present; and Mr. Goodinge is Honorary Secretary. This was made the occasion of showing how Colonel Hathorn's services in the now fashionable amusement are appreciated by his friends, as before he took the ribbons he was presented with a handsome whip. Selby is the professional on this coach, and Cracknell the guard. The latter's horn had scarcely sounded ere the Windsor, with Mr. Williams as the waggoner, was also away, in fact so quickly that the crowd prevented our being able to take stock of either team or coach. An interval now allowed us to see in

some measure who was there ; and by the hotel steps we saw Colonel Armitage, Mr. Alliston, Major Pryce Watkins, the Hon. W. Byng, Charles and Henry Ward, Tims, and the Thoroughgoods, &c.

In front of the hotel also was a brake drawn by four slapping chestnuts, in which we recognised the Master of the Bramham Moor and Mr. Anstruther Thomson, both of whom know all about putting four horses together ; but, although perhaps it would be no egotism to call ourselves more than an ordinary citizen of the world, we could by no means recognise the driver, and, appealing for information to one who appeared to know everything and everybody, were told that it was a well-known M.F.H. in Wilts. *That*, however, would not do for us, though there was a certain resemblance, so we received the answer with the smile of incredulity. Then in came the Watford, well loaded, with, we heard, a friend of Mr. Sedgewick's on the box, and a very useful square-made team in his hands, the guard looking exceedingly smart in his green coat, bouquet, and brand-new white hat. Having set down their load, they moved off, the roan leader showing by his mode of progression that it would take a light hand to steer him safely through a crowd. After some time the Guildford, bought from the Reigate road, a capital coach, and with a wonderfully matching team, nicely put together and driven without bearing-reins, made a start, Colonel Dixon and Mr. B. J. Angell on the box, and the coach well loaded, while a veteran 16th Lancer in the crowd seemed most anxious to witness the departure of his old chief. By-the-way, this coach is free from the knifeboard, which so offends the eye of an old waggoner in many of the present coaches, reducing them to almost the level of an omnibus.

These gone, a short interval occurred, though, from the multitude hanging about, it was evident that all the fun of the fair was not over yet, though to the uninitiated it appeared somewhat strange to make out what they were waiting for ; and we heard one working man say to another at the corner of Sackville Street, who wanted to find out the cause of the crowd, 'It's only a Jack-in-the-Green ; come along.' There were those present, however, who would be little likely to stop for a Jack-in-the-Green, and amongst them we noticed many old whips, as well as some aspirants to fame in that way ; *inter alios* Colonel Madocks, whom we have occasionally seen drive a coach-load to meet the Atherstone at Coton House, or to see the Grand Military at Rugby, and Mr. Charles Hale of Kings Walden, who, we were sorry to see, had on a pair of buff bar-shoes.

Colonel Stracey Clitheroe is there of course, having his phaeton in reserve, in which are always to be seen two good-looking horses, while Colonel Hathorn's carriage is on the opposite side of Piccadilly. Mr. Lansley, in a dog-cart with red wheels, drives slowly by and takes professional stock of the teams ; then the tall figure of Colonel Marshall attracts the attention of the gapers. Meanwhile the Watford coach has returned with a fresh judge on the bench, who keeps the queer-tempered roan in proper subjection, and induces him to

use his full complement of legs in progression instead of keeping two of them in reserve, and, having taken its load up, once more starts on the fifteen-mile journey. A horn is heard, and we look round just in time to see the Southall coach, with a flash circus-looking team of skewbalds driven by Mr. John Eden, floor a rickety old van, the owner of which paid the penalty for not attending to the signal by having his affair as nearly annihilated as possible, though, perchance, the trumpeter was not quite up to the mark, and only blew such a ghost of a tune as is said to be heard at night under the walls of Monterey. It was just at this time we first ran against Mr. A. G. Scott, to whose kindness we have before been so much indebted for assistance in our notices of the Road, and who seemed to be here, there, and everywhere. His courtesy and attention entitle him to the distinction of being considered quite a model Honorary Secretary. All was now over, for the morning at least; but ere we turned away, as if to point a moral, came a four-horse hearse and mourning-coach, which set us thinking of those kind, cheerful faces we so much missed that morning. Need we say that we allude to the late Mr. Chandos Pole, 'the Squire,' as he was always called, so well known here and at Brighton, and his faithful attendant, poor Tedder? *Requiescat in pace!* Strange to say, the road they so loved and did so much for is this season unoccupied; but we hope and trust it will not long remain so and the traditions of the road be allowed to die out. Alas! since the above was written, another name of note in the coaching world has passed away, and Mr. B. J. Angell, who was associated with them in the early days of the Brighton, has followed his old friend across the fatal stream.

The day, however, was not yet done with, for in the afternoon a crowd again assembled to see the now most popular coach on the road commence its season—we refer to the afternoon Dorking, commonly called Cooper's coach. Very well both coach and team looked as they drew up to Hatchett's—the coach primrose-coloured, with red wheels, the horses two well-known browns, Dear Me and The Drake, both of whom worked last season out of London at wheel, while before the bars were a smart skewbald (not the high-priced Columbine, though) and a rare useful-looking white-legged chestnut. So, with Billy Cooper and Mrs. Cooper on the box, Colonel Stracey Clitheroe, Messrs. Charles Hale, Fuller, Bovill, Holland, and the indefatigable Secretary to help make up the load, they started on a journey which was almost an ovation from beginning to end. That night there was a great gathering of coaching men and much talk of the road at a certain house not a hundred miles from Barford Bridge; but, being a private gathering, the rules of 'Baily' bid us drop the curtain on it.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TOMMY COLEMAN.

Tempora mutantur.

IN a retired villa in New Barnet there lives a man enjoying a fine green old age, and still full of life and spirits, who at one time played a considerable part in the sporting world. To those who remember Tommy Coleman of St. Albans it were needless to say that he was the father of steeplechasing. Not of steeplechasing in its modern form, for the old sportsman speaks with utter contempt of jockey boys on cast-off racehorses riding round and round a course, jumping hurdles, sham brooks, and other artificial fences, which he calls a burlesque. His system was to test the merits of hunters by having a right-away race over a country to some distant landmark, and not to allow the riders to see and break down the fences beforehand. Now sport gives way to shillings and sixpences, and the circus business best suits those enterprising lessees who have solely an eye to gate-money. Coleman learned his business in the stables of a Yorkshireman named Wetherall, who trained at Chevy Down Lodge, Ascot. It was a wild spot; the heath was then totally unclosed from Hatchet Lane to Bagshot. It grew nothing but broom, gorse, and heather, and not a tree was to be seen. Wetherall used to send out young Coleman to qualify hunters with King George III.'s Staghounds. In order to entitle him to a ticket he was obliged to be up at the take, and thus he shared in many of those long, laborious chases in which the old King took such delight. At that time the Marquis of Cornwallis was Master of the Buckhounds, and David Johnson was the huntsman. Mat Milton, the dealer, having made a match to ride from Dover Street, Piccadilly, to Stamford, sent his horses to Wetherall to train at Ascot. The match came off on a very rough day in December, 1810; but Milton won his match, riding the distance, about 95 miles, in 4 hours and 25 minutes.

Coleman's first essay upon his own account was in the year 1815, training a horse or two in Bocket Hall Park for Mr. Law and Mr. Williams, afterwards Sir Charles Williams, with which he went about the country plating. As in love and war, so in leather plating, every stratagem seemed to be considered fair. The races were generally run in heats; and upon one occasion Coleman enticed the trainer of the horse that won the first heat into a drinking booth, and plied him with brandy so effectually that the other horses started for the second heat without the winner of the first heat being brought to the post at all. George Dockeray lived in the neighbourhood, and used to ride for him; and Coleman declares that when George won the Derby upon Lapdog, he was 10 lb. overweight! Coleman next moved to Bulstrode Park, where he trained for Mr. Brathwaite and Mr. Weatherley. His greatest feat during this period was in winning the Gold Cup at Oxford with Gardenio by Cervantes. The Oxford circuit had for many years been pretty

well farmed by the Sadler and Day families; and this unexpected reverse caused Grandfather Day to exclaim, 'D——n thee, I wish 'thou would keep to thine own country!'

Having got together a bit of money, and having obtained permission to train in Gorhambury Park, Coleman took a lease of the Chequers public-house in St. Albans, which he pulled down, and upon the site of it he built the Turf Hotel. The house was small, but well arranged; the bedrooms were comfortable and well furnished; there were baths with hot and cold water laid on; and in everything the convenience of his customers was considered. Tommy Coleman was too good a judge of human nature not to have a good cook; his stock of liquors was the best that money could procure; and Val Kingston supplied the wine. Of course there was a first-rate billiard-table in the house. It was here that Mr. Osbaldeston played for a whole week at 25*l.* a game with a noted billiard sharper and lost 3000*l.* The Squire had been previously warned against his opponent; but The Squire was always the greatest flat out. At the back of the hotel was a spacious yard, round which Coleman built loose-boxes for forty horses. Upon one occasion Mr. Charles Davis, with the King's Staghounds and the whole retinue of men, horses, hounds, and deer, made it his head-quarters for a fortnight.

Coleman was fortunate in having many good masters to train for: Mr. Heathcote, General Grosvenor, Sir David Baird, Mr. Gully, Mr. Nevill, Mr. Tattersall, Colonel Charritie, Captain White, Prince Esterhazy, Mr. Formby, Mr. King, and others too numerous to mention. An eminent legal gentleman, now upon the bench, generally had two or three in training, which ran in Coleman's name. There were no railways in those days; but the learned gentleman would post down on a Sunday morning, see his horses gallop during church-time, and, after an early dinner at the Turf Hotel, would return to town to attend to his briefs in Westminster Hall on the Monday morning. Lord George Bentinck often had half a dozen horses under Coleman's care whenever the stables at Danebury or at Molecomb were full to overflowing.

However, it was in connection with steeplechasing that Coleman's name became famous. Previous to the year 1830 there had been some matches across country and one small sweepstakes in Leicestershire; but it was Coleman who first developed the sport on a great scale. The idea originated with some officers of the 1st Life Guards, at a dinner at the Turf Hotel, and it was put into Coleman's hands to carry out. Articles were at once drawn up for a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each p.p., for all horses carrying 12 stone each, over not less than 4 miles of fair hunting country, to be selected by Mr. Coleman within 40 miles of London. No rider to know the line till the moment of starting. No rider to be allowed to pass through an open gateway or to go fifty yards down a road or lane. The owner of the last horse to pay the second horse's stake. The novelty found favour with the young men of the day; it happened to jump with the spirit of the times, and there was soon

a goodly number of entries for the race. On the 8th of March, 1830, the following horses and riders appeared at the post :—

Lord Clanricarde's ch. g. Nailer	(Owner).
Lord Belfast's ch. m. Miss Doodle	(Mr. Haines).
Lord Ranelagh's br. g. Bully	(Owner).
Lord Ranelagh's gr. g. Wonder	(Capt. Macdowall).
Mr. Angerstein's b. g.	(Owner).
Mr. Angerstein's b. h. Tatler	(Capt. Beecher).
Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. g. Giraffe	(Mr. Stubbs).
Mr. Bayturn's Mowbray	(Mr. White).
Mr. Cosby's b. g. Gambler	(Owner).
Mr. Codrington's br. g. Topthorn	(Owner).
Mr. Nesbitt's bl. g. Black and all Black	(Owner).
Mr. Nesbitt's b. m. Bet Waynon	(Mr. Kinlock).
Mr. Rothschild's President	(Capt. Blane).
Mr. Streatfield's b. g. Teddy the Tiler	(Owner).
Mr. Thornhill's Peveril of the Peak	(Owner).
Mr. Wombwell's br. g. Rockingham	(Hon. A. Berkeley).

Colonel Standen of the Guards was chosen umpire. Coleman started them from the hill on which Harlington Church stands over a deep, rough country, and, from not having been hunted over, there was not a gap in the line. The winning-post was the obelisk in Wrest Park. Mr. Codrington made the running for the first two miles, Mr. Haines, on Lord Belfast's mare, taking a line of his own to the left of the others, and apparently a more direct one. When about half the distance had been got over Lord Clanricarde took the lead, his little Irish horse fencing magnificently, an exceedingly thick bullfinch into a bean-field and a strong timber fence soon after, both of which he cleared, bringing several of his followers to grief. Half a mile from home the competitors were straggling widely apart; but the Hon. Augustus Berkeley, upon Rockingham, a brown horse of Mr. H. Wombwell's, which had distinguished itself with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's staghounds, appeared to have the best of it. He was first in and out of the Silsoe road; but at the fence out of it his horse pitched on his head and knees, and the rider with difficulty recovered him. However, he was first into Wrest Park. Lord Clanricarde made his way in at quite a different point, closely followed by Captain Macdowall on Wonder, the orders to the Captain having been to stick to Lord Clanricarde and not to look to any one else. Wonder had the turn of speed in the run in, winning by six lengths. Rockingham was placed second, Nailer third, and Lord Belfast's mare fourth, Mr. Haines declaring, upon pulling up, that 'if the mare had not fallen at three fences she must have won easily.' The others came in at intervals, all having had falls, and some of them more than one. Where the chapter of accidents was so great, there was of course much difference of opinion as to the merits of the respective horses, and Mr. Angerstein offered to run Tatler, whose rider had lost his way, against anything in the race. This challenge was accepted by the owners of Rockingham and Wonder, and a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each was entered into upon

the spot. It came off in a fortnight's time, in the neighbourhood of Bushey, when the correctness of the running in the previous race was confirmed.

The popularity of the sport was fully established, and thenceforward the St. Albans Steeplechase became a fixture in the Sporting Calendar. The following year brought out Moonraker. He was rather a mean-looking bay horse and a tremendous puller, but he was a good animal in nature and had great powers of fencing. After defeating large fields of horses at St. Albans, Harrow, and Finchley, he was purchased by Mr. John Elmore, and repeated his victory at St. Albans in 1832. On this latter occasion Mr. Osbaldeston was the umpire, and so convinced was he of the superiority of Grimaldi, who ran second, that he gave Elmore 50*l.* to make a match for 500*l.* a side. The owner of Grimaldi, Captain Evans, was not willing to let his horse run, but The Squire got over the difficulty by buying him. The course selected by Coleman was from the seventh milestone on the London and Harrow road to Stanmore Hill. 'I'll teach these London riding-masters how to 'ride,' said The Squire, in allusion to the occupation of Dan Seffert, the rider of Moonraker. The Squire was as good as his word, for Moonraker was no match for the magnificent, powerful grey, who outpaced him from the very start.

Under Coleman's management the St. Albans Steeplechases continued to find favour with the public, with the following results:—

1830.—Lord Ranelagh's Wonder	.	.	(Capt. Macdowall).
1831.—Mr. Lee's Moonraker	.	.	(Mr. Parker).
1832.—Mr. Elmore's Moonraker	.	.	(Dan Seffert).
1833.—Mr. Fairlie's Antelope	.	.	(Bill Bean).
1834.—Mr. Brand's The Poet	.	.	(Jem Mason).
1835.—Mr. Fairlie's Agnes	.	.	(Capt. Beecher).
1836.—Mr. Elmore's Grimaldi	.	.	(Capt. Beecher).
1837.—Mr. Drake's Speculation	.	.	(Dan Seffert).
1838.—Mr. Anderson's The Performer	.	.	(Tom Oliver).
1838.—Mr. Elmore's Yellow Dwarf	.	.	(Jem Mason).
1839.—Mr. Goodman's Vandyke	.	.	(W. Macdonogh).

The winner in 1834 was the property of the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, rector of St. Michael's, one of the parishes of St. Albans, but ran in Mr. Brand's name, as the bishop of the diocese might have objected. This was Jem Mason's first appearance in public. The Turf Hotel became a favourite resort of the sporting world. The house was generally well filled with the fast youths of the metropolis. At one time the eccentric Lord Huntingtower made it his headquarters; at another, the still more strange Mr. Hoseason. Captain Beecher, of steeplechase notoriety, passed much of his time there: the Captain sang a good song, his parody of the Trotting Horse was first rate.

But the leading character of the place was The Squire Osbaldeston. There he was in his element, chaffing and offering to match himself

to do anything against anybody. He was equally ready to ride over the two middle miles at Newmarket against Nat, or to play Captain Campbell at billiards and not take points, or to shoot pigeons even against Mr. Gannon. In a letter to Coleman he says : ' I killed 92 out of 100 in a match with Lord Kennedy for 1000/. ' a side, and Mr. Gannon tried to do it, on Tuesday last, and did ' not do it.' This overweening confidence of The Squire in his own powers cost him a fine fortune.

With The Squire might frequently be found his friend Colonel, afterwards General, Charritie. The Colonel hired some partridge-shooting at Mimms, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and, being very keen, nothing would prevent him from following his birds, without any regard to boundaries. He became a constant thorn in the side of Lord Salisbury's keepers. ' There he is upon your ' Lordship's land again,' said one of them to the Marquis, one day. The Marquis got off his favourite cob and ordered the man to ride to the spot and shoot the Colonel's pointer. The gamekeeper obeyed his orders, but the dog was scarcely dead when the Colonel gave him a Rowland for his Oliver by shooting the pony, and gave the keeper to understand that he might consider himself very lucky that he did not shoot him as well. The following morning The Squire called at Hatfield House with a hostile message, for the Colonel was not half satisfied, but the matter was arranged without further bloodshed.

It was in 1831 that Colonel Charritie laid The Squire a level thousand that he did not ride 200 miles in ten hours. Coleman took Guildford and Donegani down to Newmarket for The Squire to ride. When Donegani's turn came Mr. Osbaldeston had only 36 miles more to complete his task. ' I've got them, Tommy ! ' ' I've got them ! ' he shouted out. The Squire had been confident from the very first of his ability to perform the feat, yet he won a comparatively small stake. He trusted to friends to get his money on, and they served themselves instead.

At the Turf Hotel might be met characters of all descriptions, who would run down from the metropolis to spend a day or two, being sure of finding some sport and amusement to excite their attention. Amongst the frequenters of the place was a wild young man of the name of Kirwan, who was rapidly making ducks and drakes of his fortune. One evening he made a match for a considerable sum to shoot pigeons against Josh Anderson, the singer. The latter was a crack pigeon shot, and Kirwan would have had but little chance had it not been that Anderson had a quick temper, upon which Coleman resolved to play. On their way to the paddock, where the match was to take place, Coleman began :—

Tommy Coleman.—Josh, there's a man here wants to bet 10/. you go mad in a twelvemonth.

Josh Anderson.—What does he say ?

Tommy Coleman.—He says that he will bet that you are shut up in a madhouse in a twelvemonth. Shall I take him, Josh ?

Josh Anderson.—What does the fellow mean?

Tommy Coleman.—He is a phrenologist, and sees something about your head. That is him (pointing to a young man, the son of a schoolmaster in the town).

Josh Anderson dashed off his hat and rushed up to the man, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Where are the bumps, you sweep? where are the bumps, you sweep?'

The spectators thought that he was mad, and well they might, for he had put himself into such a passion that he could not shoot a bit, and lost his match.

Always upon the look-out to find amusement for his patrons, Coleman, in the summer of 1833, gave 25*l.* for the fight between Deaf Burke and Simon Byrne, to come off at No Man's Land, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans. Coleman's race-stand was erected at one side of the ring, and was filled with spectators at a guinea a head. Byrne died at St. Albans a few days after from the effects of the battle, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Deaf Burke as principal in the first degree, and Tom Spring, Jem Ward, Dick Curtis, and Tom Gaynor, and the umpires and referee, as principals in the second degree, and the coroner's warrant was made out for their committal accordingly.

One of Coleman's light stableboys, upon a thoroughbred horse, quickly conveyed the intelligence to town, and it was known in all the sporting houses in London hours before the arrival of the officer in whose hands the warrant had been placed. Bumble made his way to Jem Burn's house and asked where he could get a bed for the night.

Jem Burn.—The only places that you will find open at this end of town will be Limmer's or Long's.

Bumble.—Oh, those won't do for me.

Jem Burn.—Well, you won't find any others. I have got a room, but it is a very poor one, quite up at the top of the house. You are welcome to that.

Bumble.—Oh, thank ye; anything will do for the night, but I want to be up very early.

Jem Burn.—As to that, suit yourself, old fellow.

So Bumble went into the parlour and smoked his pipe, and then went up to bed. As soon as he was safe upstairs, Jem Burn proceeded to chain a savage bulldog upon the landing-place, and sent off a trusty messenger to inform Mrs. Spring and Mrs. Gaynor that their husbands were safe until eight o'clock the next morning. At an early hour Bumble dressed himself, and was about to proceed downstairs, but he had barely opened the door six inches when the bulldog made a rush at him to the full extent of his chain. The more he attempted to pacify the brute the more violent it became. Bumble went back to his room to see if he could make his exit by any other means, but the window was too small for a man of his proportions, and moreover there was a drop of some forty feet to the leads below. Bumble set to work to bellow at the top of his

voice with such effect that Burn became afraid that he would rouse the police.

Jem Burn.—What are you disturbing every one for at this time of night?

Bumble.—I want to come down, Jem.

Jem Burn.—Go to bed, you old fool, and don't disturb the whole house.

Bumble.—But I must come down.

Jem Burn.—If you don't go to bed quietly I'll let the dog loose.

This threat had the desired effect, and when Jem's cheery voice announced to him that breakfast was ready, Bumble knew full well that his victims were flown.

One winter evening three gentlemen from London, Mr. James Adamson, Mr. George Caldwell, and Mr. Stubbs, were dining together at the Turf Hotel, with the intention of hunting the following day with Mr. Sebright's hounds at Gorhambury, when a message was brought in from the groom that one of their horses was lame. What was to be done? Tommy Coleman was sent for and asked if he had anything that one of them could ride. His answer was that the only hunter that he had was Sober Robin, and that he was engaged in several hunters' stakes, and therefore must be ridden very tenderly. So it was arranged that as Mr. Stubbs was the lightest of the party, he was to have the mount. Now Sober Robin was a brute without any mouth, that had run away with Captain Berkeley up the hill at Goodwood, and Coleman had bought him for a mere song.

On the following morning the hounds found in Pré Wood and went away across Gorhambury Park; Sober Robin took the bit between his teeth and went right through the body of the pack, knocking the hounds over to the right and left, and never stopped until he had gone half round the park. As soon as Mr. Stubbs could get a pull at Sober Robin he jumped off his back, and when Mr. Caldwell came up to him he persuaded his friend to have a try. The next thing that Coleman saw of his horse was, with its mouth streaming with blood, tearing away across the country, but taking everything in its stride. When Mr. Caldwell came home from hunting he assured Tommy that Sober Robin was worth five hundred guineas as a hunter, and Tommy was shrewd enough to keep his own counsel. Now there was a hunters' stake at Enfield, which Coleman fancied he could win with a mare named Harriette if the pace was made strong enough. So he enters Sober Robin for the purpose of making running, and he writes to Squire Osbaldeston, who was then very keen about race-riding, and offers him the mount. The Squire was delighted, and wrote in answer that he should bring his own cap and jacket to ride in. When he was mounted, The Squire asked Coleman how he was to ride the horse, adding, 'because I always ride exactly to orders, and then they cannot say afterwards that I ought to have ridden differently.'

Coleman's orders were : ' To jump off and set the others going and ' then to pull Sober Robin gently back and wait.' Directly The Squire touched the horse with his spurs away he went like a mad thing ; The Squire could neither hold him nor steer him, and he went the wrong side of half a dozen posts. However, he made the pace a cracker, and Harriette won. Just as Coleman was leaving the weighing-room with his jockey he met The Squire in a towering passion, so he thought it politic to fire the first shot :

Tommy Coleman.—Why, Squire, you did not ride the horse as I told you.

The Squire.—You infernal scoundrel for putting me upon such a dangerous brute. I thought I never should have stopped him.

Tommy Coleman.—I thought you were a horseman, Squire.

The Squire.—You deserve to be horsewhipped, you infernal scoundrel ! I might have been killed.

Tommy Coleman.—Why, I have a little boy at home, little Sam Mann, that rides him in a snaffle bridle.

The Squire.—You and your little boy be d——d !

So Tommy slipped away, laughing to himself ; but it was some time before The Squire forgave him.

How ever often the Derby may have been won by a four-year-old, the fact has never been proved but once, and that was thirty years ago, in Orlando's year. The fraud would probably then not have been discovered but for the perseverance of Lord George Bentinck, who spared neither trouble nor expense to bring to justice the delinquents. These were a set of playmen, often to be found at the Turf Hotel, and Coleman was one of the sources of information from whom his Lordship obtained the clue to the whole affair. Lord George writes to Coleman : ' Find out who painted Goneaway's ' leg. Was it Goodman himself or William Sadler ? It was painted ' in London.' From another letter of his Lordship's we omit the earlier portion,* which casts reflections upon individuals some of whom are still alive. It thus proceeds : ' Can the ostler at Bryant's ' recollect a dirty, mean-looking, littleish fellow, with light-brown or ' sandy, thin whiskers, with a bad knee, kicked by the horse he was ' leading up, stopping at the Red Lion to bait on Saturday, Sep- ' tember 24th, 1842, and asking his way either to Haines's Livery ' Stables in Langham Place, or else to Mr. Goodman's stables in ' Foley Place. The colt he was leading up was a high-couraged, ' unbroke, or rather *half-broke*, bay, entire thoroughbred, two-year-old ' colt, with black legs, and not a white speck about him, and a long ' tail. The colt had also, at that time, a small scar, scarcely healed ' up, on his near arm, just above the knee on the outside ; the scar ' would be about this size' [here a sketch of the size and shape of the wound]. ' The man and colt were on their way to Epsom, to ' Smith's Training Stables. The man's name was Richard Watson.

' I am your obedient Servant,

' G. BENTINCK.

' Mr. Thomas Coleman.'

The colt alluded to in the above letter was Maccabæus, by Gladiator, who at four years old ran for the Derby as Running Rein, by the Saddler, and was first past the judge's box. The defeat of this nefarious scheme was entirely due to the energy and exertions of Lord George Bentinck.

At a subsequent period Coleman purchased from the Earl of Jersey the stallion Cæsar, own brother to the famous Bay Middleton, and received the following letter from that excellent sportsman :—

‘ East Lodge, Brighton,

‘ September 28th, 1845.

‘ Sir,

‘ I think I once before said to you, as I say now, Cæsar being yours, that I believe most firmly that he was one of the very best racehorses ever bred. Robinson will tell you what he thought of him.

‘ Your opinion and mine agree as to his shape, his shoulders, and fine length of back. Some people might wish for larger ribs; I do not.

‘ With regard to his soundness, the ailment of his hock proceeded, not from curb or spavin, but from an accidental strain. He appeared a most perfect, sound horse, with good legs and feet; his constitution was excellent; I never heard but that he was a very good feeder.

‘ You are quite right in pointing out Emilius as a proper stallion as sire of mares for Cæsar; but Whisker mares must not be sought for. Web, the mare from whom my stud descended, was own sister to Whisker. Tramp, Orville's produce, Muley, Venison, on account of Lord Egremont's blood, is the blood which would suit. I can assure you I feel great interest in the horse.

‘ Your obedient Servant,

‘ JERSEY.’

Under the auspices of Coleman a race meeting had been established at No Man's Land, near St. Albans; but it scarcely ever reached beyond plating form. There were great difficulties to contend with; the soil was shallow, and required a constant outlay to give it bottom; the ground was open to the public at all times and seasons, so that it became rough and uneven; some of the turns were very objectionable, and last, but not least, the pecuniary support from the townsfolk of St. Albans was very limited. In a happy moment Coleman obtained leave from the Earl of Verulam to change the venue to Gorhambury Park. From the time of the change the meeting became a success. The distance from town, in those non-railway days, made the attendance select, and the good people of St. Albans charged a guinea a night for a bed, so that there was little of the rough element. The leading members of the Jockey Club were the guests of the Earl of Verulam, at Gorhambury, and all made a point of sending horses to run. The drive down from London found great favour with the lovers of coaching, the third

team being placed at Colney, an easy stage to the course. The drags mustered in great force, from the Earl of Chesterfield, with Count D'Orsay by his side, driving his four splendid bays, down to the scratch team that started from Limmer's, to which Facer Wellesley acted as shooter, standing upon his head on the top of the drag, blowing his yard of tin as the coach entered the park gates. The meeting was held at a time of year—the week before Epsom—when the old oaks and chestnuts and other trees of the park were in full foliage. Few courses could boast of a better mile than the Cherry-tree Mile, so called from the fact of a cherry-tree growing opposite to the starting-post. The leading feature of the meeting was the Two-year-old Race on each day, which brought out such clippers as Maid of Orleans, Robert de Gorham, Bastion, Gorham-bury, and many others. There were also races for gentlemen-riders, in which all the best performers of the day took part. Lord Glamis, afterwards Earl of Strathmore, rode his maiden race there—a catch-weight match with Sir Watkin Wynn, a rare bit of fun got up by the officers of the 1st Life Guards.

Tommy Coleman was in all his glory as, in his invariable dress of blue coat with brass buttons, buff waistcoat, white necktie, and kerseymere breeches and gaiters, he rode down the course to start the officers for the Brigade Stakes. But those merry days are past. In 1845 Coleman's patron, the Earl of Verulam, died, and Gorham-bury Races were discontinued. Coleman soon after left St. Albans; the Turf Hotel became a warehouse in the straw-plait trade, and the fun and frolic of the place were things of the days gone by.

CRICKET.

THE programmes of the leading metropolitan clubs are unusually large, and that of the M.C.C. has the merit of being varied also. Evidently the Committee have reason to believe that the playing members of the club are very much on the increase, for they have actually ventured to put two elevens in the field on one day, in different parts of England. It used not be an easy matter to get one eleven to meet together fifty miles out of London, but we shall be glad to find that the experiment tried by the club proves successful. The club has an efficient staff of ground bowlers, but must depend on amateurs for its success in batting. Among the counties, the club proposes to encounter Nottinghamshire, Herefordshire, Staffordshire, Wiltshire, Worcestershire, and Leicestershire; and, further, England is to be divided into quarters, and each quarter attacked separately. The North, the South, and the West will each furnish a good representative eleven, but what the East will be able to do remains to be seen. The club will also encounter, among the large schools, Cheltenham, Uppingham—one of the most rising schools for cricket in England—Marlborough, Rugby, Charterhouse,

Malvern, and Clifton. No doubt matches will also be arranged at Eton and Harrow, though they are not included in the official programme. Among the extra matches we may particularly refer to one between the Bar and the Army, which ought to be worth seeing, and one in which the club—apparently without professional assistance—will meet an American eighteen. We do not suppose that the Americans have made such progress in cricket during the last ten years as the Australians: if they have, an amateur eleven will have little chance against them. The programmes at Prince's and the Oval are equally extensive, and North and South, and Gentlemen and Players, will be repeated at each ground. The leading players, both amateur and professional, will have a laborious time of it during the next three months; but Mr. Grace and his brother, to whom fatigue is unknown, have returned from their Australian tour in perfect condition for their English season. Their first exploit, a few days after their arrival in England, was in their own country, when the great man made 259, and his brother 123, against the Clifton Club, just to get their hands in before commencing the great matches of the year. The professionals, we doubt not, are already bemoaning their fate, and wofully anticipating the amount of leather hunting they will have to go through during the next three months; especially as there promises to be a dearth of batting ability among the professionals. The older celebrities are getting somewhat worn out, and we cannot find much promise among the aspirants. In the colts matches that have been played the bowling has fairly beaten the batting. The Nottingham colts showed only fair batting form, and the Leicestershire colts fell easily to Randon—who, by the way, is engaged at Lord's—and Bishop. The Surrey colts, it is true, piled up a good many runs against a weak eleven of the Club and Ground, but their highest scorer, Clifford, is not a very youthful colt. The sixteen colts of England who played against the M.C.C. and G. could not look at Alfred Shaw; and though Betts, from Yorkshire, in his second innings, made a large score, the bowling had then been intrusted to amateur hands. Not only were the sixteen an indifferent lot of batsmen, but they could not bowl a little bit. The club played quite an ordinary batting eleven, yet they did pretty much what they pleased with the bowling. It strikes us that the counties have better youngsters in reserve than they generally send up to Lord's: otherwise this year's colts of England are not likely to become valuable aids to cricket. Had they had to bowl against Mr. Grace, or batsmen of high calibre, some excuse might have been made for the effect on their nerves; but their task in this respect was sufficiently easy, and if we do expect anything from young professional players, it is accuracy in bowling.

The first great match of the London season was between the M.C.C. and G. and the South of England. The club played a poor batting eleven, and Biddulph (36) was the top scorer. The South was strong in amateur batsmen, and Mr. Thornton (43) and Mr. I. D. Walker (45) were the most prominent performers in either

innings. The feature of the match was the bowling of Hughes in the second innings of the club. This excellent and difficult bowler, who is little known on metropolitan grounds, disposed, with the assistance of Silcock at the other end, of the club eleven in 21 overs for 60 runs. The match attracted a very faint amount of interest; and the fact that no fewer than seven ground men had to be pressed into the service of the club does not say much for the increase, in zeal and numbers, of the playing members.

The Whitsun week match between North and South was altogether spoiled by the weather. Rain stopped all play on the first day, and on the second the wickets were so sodden that batting was impossible, and the match was got through, after a fashion, in a few hours. As is often the case under such circumstances, runs were made by just the men from whom they might have been least expected. Southerton and Lillywhite, for instance, rattled up thirty runs between them at the end of the first innings of the South, after the two Graces, Mr. I. D. Walker, Jupp, and others had failed to do anything. In the second innings of the South matters mended somewhat; for, though the great man was again disposed of, Mr. G. F. Grace and Mr. I. D. Walker hit off the five-and-forty runs that were required, and won the match for the South by eight wickets. The Northern eleven was far inferior to the Southern in batting strength, and in their first innings they had all the worst of the ground. In their second, Mr. Booth and Mr. McIntyre (22 each) made some stand. Southerton took the lion's share of the Northern wickets, and J. C. Shaw of the Southern. Of course this match afforded no real criterion of the merits of the opposing elevens; and we must hope that when they next meet in the course of the season, it may be under more favourable auspices. Lord's is never the easiest of grounds at any time; but after such a soaking rain as fell on Monday, cricket there becomes an impossibility for some days.

The Universities have been hard at work for some weeks, and, from all that has been seen at present, we should say that the University match ought to be unusually interesting this year, and that both elevens will be above the average standard. There are some particularly good new men at each University. Oxford has got two capital bowlers, Mr. Buckland and Mr. Lang, and the best school batsman of last year, Mr. Crosse, who, however, has been prevented by illness from showing his powers this season. Cambridge has Mr. Patterson, a brilliant batsman, who generally comes off in one innings out of two, and is also fortunate in the return of Mr. Powys, whose bowling did such deadly execution when last he played for his University. Cambridge has also Mr. Sims (who appears to be bowling with great success this year), and Mr. Tillard, but would be all the better for a really steady medium-paced bowler, Mr. Jeffery being, of course, not nearly so reliable as Mr. Buckland or Mr. Lang. In batting Cambridge is very powerful, Mr. Longman, Mr. Tabor, Mr. Blacker, and Mr. Macan being all in good form this season, and forming a very powerful basis of resistance to any bowling, however

good. The Oxford batting seems hardly so strong, at any rate among the old hands, though Mr. Law—whose residence at the University seems unusually long—is generally good for double figures, and Mr. Game ought really to come off in one innings or the other, if only he would exercise a little patience. Mr. Ridley, Mr. Wallroth, and Lord Harris may very likely get runs, or they may with equal likelihood be bowled out. They are the uncertain element in the eleven. Among the new men, we have faith in Mr. Buckland and Mr. H. G. Tylecote; but, on the whole, we think that Cambridge has somewhat the best of the batting. As to the bowling, a great deal depends, of course, on Mr. Powys; apart from him, the Cambridge bowling cannot be compared with the Oxford. Mr. Buckland and Mr. Lang can go on bowling from morning to night without getting off the wicket; and there is a fast bowler, Mr. Kelsey, who is at times difficult. Oxford also has a lob bowler; and lobs, though not ornamental, are very often useful in emergencies. By-the-way, we must not forget to observe that if Cambridge has eleven better men than Mr. Greenfield, the Light Blues must be strong indeed. From all that we have heard, and from the records of cricket at Oxford and Cambridge up to the present time, we are led to believe that the match this year between the two Universities ought to be unusually well contested. Given fine weather and good wickets, and we may count on some good all-round cricket on the 29th and 30th of June.

The twelve players, amateur and professional, who have been representing English cricket in Australia, arrived in England in the course of the past month, having had a fair share of success—thanks to Mr. Grace and his brother—but by no means the canter over the course that some of their admirers may have anticipated. The eleven were not a first-class eleven, to begin with. Then they immensely underrated the strength of their antagonists, who have not been standing still all these years, but have practised assiduously, and have also obtained a formidable accession to their strength from the ranks of young English players. Lastly, the eleven were made up of discordant elements, and from first to last they grumbled and quarrelled amongst themselves in a manner that must have seriously jeopardised their chances of success. Consider, in addition to all this, the intolerable heat, the blinding dust, the roughness and badness of many of the grounds, the long tedious journeys in jolting coaches and omnibuses, and the apparently incessant consumption of champagne—not all, probably, of the highest quality—and, for our own part, we are astonished that the Englishmen won so many matches as they did. That they won any at all is due to the exertions of Mr. Grace and his brother, on whom heat, dust, fatigue, bad wine, bumpy wickets, ill-feeling in their own ranks, and constant ebullitions of ill-temper on the part of the colonists, seem to have had no effect whatever. This was fortunate, for Mr. W. G. Grace was the centre of the whole expedition. The real anxiety of the Australians was to see him, and they did not care twopence whom he brought with him, whether they

were good, bad, or indifferent players, as long as he came himself, and showed them some specimens of his prowess. This he did, scoring steadily from first to last, and playing as none but he could play under similar circumstances; and the Australians ought to be satisfied with that. Next to him, his brother undoubtedly takes second honours; and, indeed, Mr. G. F. Grace has made a remarkable advance during the Australian tour on any form he has ever shown in England throughout a consecutive series of matches, especially when we take into account the exceptional difficulties under which a player accustomed to English grounds must labour in Australia. Should he keep up that form during the present season in England, the Players will be more than ever put to it in the next three months. After having seen Mr. Grace and his brother, we should think that the Australians will have no anxiety to invite the visits of any inferior English players, and therefore we may hope that we have had the last of these expeditions, which do no real good to cricket, and, in the present instance, have undoubtedly done a great deal of harm. We know nothing as to the relations that have existed between the professional and the non-professional members of the Australian twelve except what we have gathered from the letters published in some of the sporting papers from their accredited correspondents. Our judgment, formed solely on those letters, which we must assume represent the facts of the case accurately, is that the professionals have had just cause for complaint. Whether they have exhibited a becoming spirit under the grievance of which they have complained is another matter. The one fact to be dwelt on is that every member of the team, whatever might have been his social standing in this country, was paid for his services, and was, in all probability, paid up to the uttermost farthing of what he could exact for those services. In the face of that fact, all the twelve ought to have been treated alike, especially in a country where men are supposed to be valued for what they are, not for who they are, where pedigrees and quarterings are unknown, where few of the inhabitants have any idea who were their grandfathers, and still fewer would care to recognise their grandfathers, could they be discovered. Trust your republicans, however, to be masters in the arts of toadyism and servility. The amateur portion of the twelve were, as soon as they landed, separated from their professional colleagues, mounted on four-in-hand coaches, accompanied by bands of music, and escorted to the choicest quarters with all that exuberant ostentation which a snobbish democracy delights to display. The professionals appear to have been left pretty much to shift for themselves, or to have been pushed into inferior quarters, or to have been compelled to accept the leavings of their more favoured comrades. Such blundering could not fail to excite ill-feeling. The paid captain of a paid English twelve made a gross blunder when he permitted any distinction to be made between the various members of his party during the period of their joint companionship. Blunders naturally lead to bickerings, and the discontent excited at the very first landing was never

appeared. What though champagne flowed in pailfuls, and breakfasts, luncheons, collations, dinners, and suppers followed one another with bewildering rapidity;—the British professional refused to be comforted; for his sound, sturdy common-sense taught him that, despite all such flattering compliments, he was in reality placed on a footing of inferiority as compared with other members of the team, who had no right or title to claim a station of superiority. The evil, however, will perhaps work its own cure. The colonists will be in no hurry to invite another visit from English cricketers, and English cricketers will be in no hurry to accept the invitation. Both Australia and America have seen what Englishmen can do in the way of cricket, and, if report speaks true, have not been heartbroken at seeing the last of their visitors. The farewell greeting to the English cricketer was probably little more than an echo of the words:

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:—
Tempus abire;*

and, but for politeness, it might have been added that the prowess exhibited in eating and drinking had been more remarkable than the proficiency shown in play. Then, too, the game of cricket at odds is pretty well done with. It is only possible when there is a preponderating amount of inefficiency on one side, easily overwhelmed by practical experience on the other. In old days, when elevens used to play twenty-two, the twenty-two were always selected with extraordinary care. There were about four professional bowlers, as many moderate all-round cricketers—just to make the business look decent—and a dozen arrant duffers, who by no earthly possibility could hold a catch, bowl a wicket, or obtain a run, but who were willing to give their three guineas, so that their names might appear in print as having taken part in a match against the Eleven of England. If by any accident the eleven found the twenty-two stronger than they anticipated—found, that is, that they could, for the most part, stop a straight ball with their bats, and a hard hit with their hands,—their dissatisfaction knew no bounds. That was not what they came out into the country for. They came to dawdle through three days, for which they would take care to be excellently remunerated, and they did not reckon on finding any real work to be done. The truth is that the best eleven in the world must be overmatched by a fairly good twenty-two, managed with average ability; and as the duffers are tired of paying their three guineas for the privilege of receiving as many balls and missing twice as many catches in three days, twenty-two matches are falling deservedly into neglect. The experience has been much the same in trans-oceanic expeditions. At first, it was mere child's play for the English eleven, who could have beaten thirty-three of such antagonists as were got together to meet them as easily as twenty-two. Times are changed: the colonists have taken kindly to cricket, and have acquired also the art of playing amid whirlwinds of dust on grounds devoid of a blade of grass. Good men from England, such as Mr. B. B. Cooper, have

gone out and shown how the best professional bowling may be treated, defensively and offensively. A picked eleven of Australians could now meet an eleven of English professionals on even terms, especially as, under the influences of a hot sun and a liberal distribution of liquor, the zeal of the English professional is inclined to languish. We think that the Australians have found out their strength pretty well during the past expedition. They could not get over Mr. Grace and his brother; and perhaps they would have been sorry themselves if the fame of the great master of batting had been dimmed by a run of ill-luck; but, as for the rest of the team, they probably look on them no longer with undisguised admiration as models of excellence, but with half-contemptuous complacency as rather small potatoes, and dear at the price.

Out of evil good may come; and the quarrels between the two divisions of the English twelve may ultimately help to a final settlement of the professional and amateur question. Is there, or ought there to be, any difference between a professional and an amateur player? and, if so, what is it, and how should it be defined? We apprehend that the broad principle that a professional is paid for playing cricket, and that an amateur pays out of his own purse for indulgence in an amusement, furnishes the soundest basis for the settlement of the matter in dispute. On any other principle, the meaning of the word professional, or its object, ceases to be apparent. If one amateur is at liberty to make an income out of his proficiency at cricket, every amateur may endeavour to do the same according to the measure of his abilities, and then professionals, as a distinct class, would cease to exist. The idea of exceptions to a general rule being made in favour of this or that man, is, of course, preposterous; and its injustice would insure its condemnation. Yet there is apparently a hesitation in confessing that every amateur may make what he likes by his skill, and it is owing to these feeble and timid counsels that the ill-feeling which has been excited is not likely to know abatement. At the annual meeting of the Marylebone Club, the question was raised in a letter from Captain Holden, who expressed his opinion that the time had arrived when some proper definition should be laid down of the term amateur, as distinct from professional. He, like other people, had been under the impression that an amateur was one who played for amusement, and a professional one who played for profit; but he was beginning to discover that his impression was wrong, and he was anxious to hear an authoritative decision on the subject. The answer of the Secretary of the M.C.C. is a fine example of red-tapeism. 'The meeting [what meeting? certainly not the general meeting] 'approved of the 'reasons given by the committee for payment of expenses to 'amateurs at Lord's, as in accordance with established precedents.' Captain Holden's question, as to who is an amateur and who is not, is left altogether unanswered, and he is put off with an unmeaning answer about precedents—for which he probably does not care a button—as influencing the arrangements on a particular ground—and

he was speaking of cricket in general, and not of cricket at Lord's only—in regard to payment for expenses—to which he had not alluded in his letter, the well-known fact being that paid amateurs are paid large bonuses in addition to their expenses. Some very old Whig must have primed the Secretary of the M.C.C. with this reply, for his own lively genius could never have stooped to such dull quibbling. Captain Holden's letter may not produce any practical result at present, but it cannot fail to stimulate the already wide-spread feeling against the abuse of which it complains. It especially directs attention to the amateur and professional question in connection with the Gentlemen and Players matches, of which no fewer than three are appointed to be played during the present season. The Players have a good deal of power in their own hands as far as these matches are concerned; for a firm and united protest from them might lead to their withdrawal, and their withdrawal would entail a certain loss on each of the three great metropolitan clubs. Not one of the three likes to lose money, and even 'established precedents' might be thrown to the winds sooner than a couple of hundred pounds should be kept out of the till.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Coaching *Causerie*—May Merry-makings.

MAY DAY, not with pipe and tabor, but with the conspirator's chorus from 'Madame Angot' on a cornepean that might be better, answered by a blast from a post-horn given with rather an uncertain sound. There are some mummers in Piccadilly and about Hatchett's, it is true, and a rather drunken Strephon woos a draggle-tailed Phyllis in boisterous fashion, while Jack-in-the-Green performs some dreary evolutions before an apathetic audience, to whom the traditions of the day are as mysteries. No, the post-horn and the cornepean are not waking such echoes as linger about Piccadilly in honour of them. It is the merry month of May, no doubt—at least, we try and believe it is as we shiver on the steps of Hatchett's, where some one suggests a 'nip,' eagerly adopted, and a general liquoring-up the consequence—the opening day, on which we are going, if not exactly to 'the merry green wood,' to the best imitation thereof this degenerate age has left us—to breezy commons and health-giving downs, to pleasant nooks and corners round London that the iron road has yet spared us—to revive not the old games of our ancestors, but to make a pleasant pastime of what half a century ago was a very tremendous business—in fact, to begin our coaching. And how the revival, as it is called—'our last new plaything,' some satirist termed it—draws out the old generation, the few left who remember when the dust of the Bath and the Oxford roads never ceased from stirring—when Piccadilly was alive with the horn, and the White Horse Cellar was better known than the Bank—when the Tantivy and the Cracknell of Tantivy fame were flourishing, and old Jack Adams on the box of the Royal Defiance was an institution—when the Cheltenham road boasted a 'sanguinary Jem,' together with other swells the roll of whose names would fill this page—how the old fogeys, we are much afraid they *are* fogeys—dwell on their memories. Not quite all belonging to the old

generation either ; for there is both the present and the rising one there to assist. There is Charlie Ward, and there is—alas ! we must now say ‘ was ’—‘ Cherry ’ Angell ; there is Major Byng and Colonel Armytage, Colonel Stracey Clitherow and Captain Otway ; there are senior members of the Four-in-Hand, and in their ranks, too, there is a regretted vacancy, and junior members of the C.C ; there is Captain Cooper, come to bid *bon voyage* to his brother whips ; and there is one of the new generation, to whom the coaching period is so deeply indebted, for without Mr. Scott’s aid it would have lacked both the enthusiasm to conceive and the working ability to carry that enthusiasm into effect. We miss some old faces, and the name of that good coachman Chandos Pole is mentioned with regret. Some of the young whips of last year are absentees ; and Lord Macduff has given up the Dorking, and Mr. Tiffany the Brighton roads. It almost makes Mr. Scott sad to think of his first love deserted ; and Major Byng, who, next to the Dog’s Home, loves a coach, shakes his head over such a sad falling away. Will no one come to the rescue of the Brighton road ? and some people turn their eyes on Colonel Clitherow, but that gallant officer makes no sign. There are plenty of young fellows eager to put down money and take a stage or two ; but are they coachmen ? Both Captain Cooper, who has had a proposition from some one to join him in the afternoon Dorking, as well as Colonel Clitherow, evidently think that a very important point. They do not want a young beginner, however zealous, who will learn to drive by practising on their horses, and they are quite right ; so the Brighton road must wait a little longer. Perhaps, after all, it was a little too long, and the popular road will be the one on which you can have a pleasant drive between breakfast and luncheon, and a pleasant return journey between luncheon and dinner. Some intending coaches are not ready, and Sir Henry de Bathe and Major Furnivall are lookers-on to-day while the Westerham is preparing for its new route by the Crystal Palace and Beckenham to that pleasant spot embosomed among Kentish hills. Colonel Hathorn works the Tunbridge, *vice* Mr. Hoare, and Colonel Dickson has a perfect team for the first stage to Guildford. The first-named coachman has had so much of the rough this past winter on the St. Albans road, that every one wishes him a smooth time in Kent this summer, with good loads and pleasant companions. It is a stirring scene from ten to eleven that morning in Piccadilly, as first one and then another of the three coaches, spick and span as to paint and harness, admirably horsed, and well appointed in every detail, drive off ; and again the crowd assembles at four in the afternoon to see Captain Cooper take out the afternoon Dorking, and Mr. Scott is there again, be sure, for what would the Dorking road be without him, we should like to know ?—and there is Mrs. Cooper, anxious to do honour to and participate in the excitement of the first day, and Colonel Clitherow sits behind his old friend to advise, perhaps to criticise, and a seat has been kindly kept for the ‘ Van ’ driver, who has known the coachman for more years than they each can well remember—since the hot days of youth, when one blew post-horns in Oxford quads and drove teams to Henley. There are some other old friends of Captain Cooper’s on the coach, and we find we are all bidden guests to a certain hospitable table down in the pleasant valley that lies between Leatherhead and Box Hill, and that is a pleasant hearing, and we fraternise accordingly. The drive is delightful. Everywhere we are received most cordially—at Leatherhead with effusion. The Marquis of Granby at Epsom has brushed himself up to an extent the old warrior on the sign-board can scarcely trust himself to believe in ; while the Swan at Leatherhead and the female population of the town,

aided by some infant bands of hope, whom Captain Cooper rejoices with buns, have burst forth into banners, smiling greetings and shrill hurrahs. Clearly it is the right thing to do to be on 'Cooper's Coach' on its first journey, for some of the honour and glory gets reflected on the passengers; and we are some inches taller as we reach Mickleham, and pull ourselves together by the lodge-gate of Mickleham Hall, where two of our fellow-voyagers leave us, and seeing the very pleasant welcome awaiting these gentlemen, and who are the well-comers, we are inclined to be envious, but buoy ourselves up with hope that we too may be among the favoured. All of which, with many other delightful things, that need not be told in these pages, comes to pass in due time; and we awake the next morning under the slopes of Box Hill with all sorts of pleasant memories, and with an idea in our heads that we should like to travel down by 'Cooper' twice a week at least, and that it would be a good thing to cut Mr. Scott out, and instal ourselves in his place, and various other vain imaginings.

And the week following that May Day we journey down to Westerham with Sir Henry de Bathe and Major Furnivall by the new route, *viâ* Crystal Palace and Beckenham, that the latter gentleman has chalked out. A wonderfully pretty road through a country which, once clear of the last gin palace and the last gas lamp, you can hardly believe is only ten or twelve miles from Piccadilly. Through lanes as long as a Devonshire one—over commons such as only Kent and Surrey can show—past quaint old manor houses where cedar and yew tree speak of bygone days—by primitive villages where the whistle of the locomotive has, wonderful to say, not yet penetrated, down to our destination in a sleepy old country town embosomed among the Kentish hills, but where gabled mansions, and the old church and the almshouses, and the country inn, all tell of a certain prosperity and well-to-do-ness, out of the world though they be, that sets you thinking of the old rhyme about a yeoman of Kent and his yearly rent and what he could do with it. There cannot be, we say without fear of contradiction, among the roads out of London which the coaching revival has opened to us, a prettier one than this, or one that will better repay the traveller. The view from the terrace on which stands the C. P., the one from Hayes Common, and, the most beautiful of all, that from the summit of the hill at the foot of which lies Westerham, cannot fail to strike any one who cares for scenery as a grand adjunct to the enjoyment of sitting on a well-appointed coach and seeing four horses doing their work under the hands of a skilful coachman. As we believe there must be hundreds of weary Londoners who would keenly appreciate a few hours of real country, health-giving air, enjoy a capital luncheon, half an hour's stroll through country lanes, and back again to town refreshed and invigorated, let them repair to Hatchett's at 10.30 any fine morning, and, beginning one week with the Dorking, another with the Westerham, a third with the Tunbridge Wells, and so on, snatch a pleasure as innocent and inexpensive as it is delightful.

And how much obliged we ought to be, we poor people who cannot afford to keep coaches, to those gentlemen who thus minister to our gratification. What a new pleasure to the young generation! What a revival of an old one to the past! What do we not owe to the Coaching Club, with its sixty or seventy coaches and its 50,000*l.* worth, more or less, of horseflesh? We are putting it on the comparatively very low grounds of a sight of the London season, but to how many is not that sight one of pure enjoyment, provided for them by men of means and position, to whom the road is a tradition that will never fade! The C.C. has not had a very long existence (this is its fourth

season, if we remember rightly), and yet it is already an institution, and its meets are looked forward to and appropriated by society in much the same fashion as a 'Middle Chiswick' used to be in the days of our youth. The first meets of the Club and of its parent society, the Four-in-Hand, are red-letter days in society's calendar not to be interfered with by Shahs, Emperors, Woolwich reviews, or any similar trivialities. There was a great gathering on the 20th of last month at the Magazine on the occasion of the C.C. coming out for the first time; and though society had sent a fairish contingent down to Woolwich, and the meet could not be honoured by the presence of royalty, yet there was an extremely good reserve on the banks of the Serpentine. We talked a good deal about the east wind at that time, but we had agreed to ignore it that day. What a meet it was! As coach after coach came up the drive and fell into one of the four divisions, and the crowd of carriages and pedestrians increased, it was really a grand sight. Here and there was a team, and here and there was a coachman, not so much up to the mark as they might have been; but teams are not always to be got together in a hurry, and coachmen are unlike poets—they must be educated, and are not to that manner born. It is not given to every young fellow to sit on his 'bench,' like the Duke of Beaufort or Lord Poulett, nor to handle his team like Lord Carington or Mr. Murietta; but if the young gentleman will be but patient and attentive, if he will make up his mind when he mounts the box, after, it may be, a few lessons from Mr. Carter, that he is but a babe and that practice alone makes perfect, that man will make a coachman. We see the same in riding. Men who will take the trouble to learn become accomplished horsemen; and there are men who, with every appliance to make themselves the same, figure, weight, &c., remain duffers to the end of their days.

But we must not wander away from the meet, which was brilliant in the extreme. The Duke of Beaufort headed the long procession of 33 coaches; and there were present also Lord Poulett, Lord Carington, Lord Algernon Lennox, Hon. Colonel White, Baron Alfred de Rothschild, Colonel Armytage, Major Pary, Captain Wombwell, Major Rolls, Mr. Edwards, Sir Clifford Constable, Sir John Lister Kaye, Mr. Baird, Mr. Murietta, Captain Coote, Major Stapylton, and a long list of members and their friends beyond our power to name. Many of the coaches had ladies on them; and when the word was given to move, and the long procession, headed by the Duke of Beaufort, trotted down the drive, each coach keeping the correct distance, it was a sight which, accustomed as Londoners are now to it, is one that never palls. The popular vote put Baron Alfred de Rothschild's bays and Mr. Murietta's black-browns as *the* teams of the lot, and, without wishing to dissent from that opinion, we may say that there were others equally good, if not quite so showy—working teams, not pulled out to make a London holiday, but capable of doing their two sweats a day, if called upon, on any road out of London. Baron Alfred's certainly went very well together, and captious critics declared they did not require a coachman. We were told, however, that one of the leaders had never been in the team before, and was only purchased twenty-four hours previously. The route was along Piccadilly, down St. James's Street,—the turn into which, particularly if the coachman lets go his leaders' heads, is, in some instances, fraught with danger to White's bay window,—then by Pall Mall to the Embankment, where a great falling-out took place. The Club were to dine at the Trafalgar at Greenwich, but only four coaches went down, a small number, which, we suppose, must be accounted for partly by the wish of many of the coachmen to show themselves again in the park,

partly by prior engagements, partly by dislike of the tram. But still a very merry party managed to enjoy themselves at the Trafalgar, and if few, we were fit. Hurrah for the Road!

And that reminds us before we close our coaching parcel, which, perhaps, some of our readers will think is already too bulky, that a capital idea, and something more than an idea, has been started of a Road Club—a rendezvous for lovers of the road, be they coachmen or only passengers, where they can meet and talk over its prospects and its doings, and within sight and sound of that White Horse Cellar, the head-quarters of the coaching revival, find a local habitation. It has met with the approval of the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Henry de Bathe, Captain W. H. Cooper, Lord Carington, Colonel Clitherow, Colonel Hathorn, Major Furnivall, and other of our leading whips. Premises have been found opposite the White Horse Cellar, and one excellent feature in the Club is that it is not to be an expensive one. The subscription will be trifling. A simple 'grill' comprises the culinary arrangements, and there will be every comfort without luxury. We feel sure that the Club will take, and that coaching men and patrons of the road in general will find in it something that they have wanted, and will therefore prize.

Our racing parcel would be large indeed if we packed the Two Thousand week into it, which we ought in right to do, seeing that the 'Van' last month was at press when the great Derby trial was being run. But it is an old tale now, together with its bearings on the Derby, which will be all settled and done for within a few hours after these pages meet our readers' eyes. So we will spare them the Two Thousand, and what Ecossais looked like and what he did not do, and the moderate quality of our three-year olds, &c., &c., topics which have been discussed *ad nauseam*. We will rather take them, if they will allow us, to Ireland once more, on to the deck of the good ship 'Ulster' on a certain Sunday afternoon towards the middle of the month, when the Channel is like glass, the Welsh mountains we have just left with their snow-clad summits, things of beauty—when there has been an agreeable little luncheon in the saloon, presided over by Captain Triphook, at which Mr. Thomas has very considerably assisted, and we find the sea air provocative of thirst, symptoms that Captain Triphook says he has noticed among his passengers before now, which is singular. A life on the ocean wave is not very much to our taste, but if it could be always like the few hours we spent that Sunday on board the 'Ulster,' it would be bliss indeed. There are not six passengers, and Colonel Forster, Mr. Thomas, Captain Triphook, 'Chance,' and the 'Van' driver have it all to themselves. There is much talk on many subjects, from the cedar of Lebanon of the Chester Cup, to the hyssop on the wall of Newmarket racing; and Mr. Thomas tells us of fields lost and won, and of other fields where there might have been bloody issues, but happily there were not. The gallant Master of the Horse to the Viceroy has much racing and hunting lore to impart—memories of past and gone men and horses who have fretted their brief hours and departed, some to the happy hunting-grounds, others 'to the demnition 'bow-wows.' Ireland's Eye fixes us before we are aware, and we are sorry when at the Kish Light Captain Triphook tells us we are only half an hour from Kingstown Harbour. Kingstown Pier is thronged with visitors, who seem disappointed that we are neither sick nor sorry, and take it ill that we are few. But two of the English trio at least are well known in Ireland, and there is much speculation on what Mr. Thomas has come to ride, and fear is expressed that the Saxon will be too many for them at Baldoyle. For it is to assist at

this great metropolitan gathering that we have come across St. George's Channel—a visit we had promised ourselves the pleasure of making when over at Punchestown in April. Baldoyle has assumed grand proportions lately. Formerly it was a wildish sort of place, with plenty of good sport, but conducted in a rather rough way, and where the Dublin *οι πολλοι* were very much masters of the situation. The late Lord Howth created it, and at his death the gentlemen who have done so much to make Cork what it is came forward and took Baldoyle in hand. They have put down plenty of money, have gone to no end of expense in erecting stands, laying out the ground, and bringing Cork experience to bear on their administration. Very admirable is the way in which the people are managed and kept within bounds. A large inclosed area in the centre of the course and going round it, is given up to their use. In it there are plenty of refreshment tents, a large marquee provided for dancing, and everything that the heart of Irish man or woman can desire; only when they are once inside they can't get out. They suffer no hardship; on the contrary, they enjoy a capital view of the racing, and can indeed see more of it than the favoured occupants of the stands. They may imbibe as much whisky as they please, and might indulge, perhaps, in a free fight without molestation from the police. 'The People's Park' is the euphonious title given to this piece of ground, and very charming it is to see the people so well taken care of. At the same time we cannot help thinking that unruly Paddy, whom we are apt to consider in this country such a devil of a fellow, must in reality be a very law-abiding animal, for we doubt if such an arrangement could be carried out here in England without much grumbling, if not downright opposition. Fancy at Chester, Doncaster, or Liverpool the people being persuaded to enter a 'park' in the centre of the course, where they should have every licence but the licence to leave it! We think there would be a row. The Doncaster tykes would have something to say to it, and it would be a mercy if the Mayor and Corporation and Mr. Justice Johnson escaped with their lives. It would be a very charming thing if it could be done, though. The tykes are particularly nice fellows, but a little of them, on the Leger day especially, goes a great way. How very nice if they could all be induced to go into a 'park' erected in the middle of the Town Moor, and from whence they could have a capital view of the race and interfere with nobody but themselves. At Chester, too, the centre of the Roodee would make an admirable 'park,' and we throw out the hint to the Grand Stand proprietor and the Messrs. Topham—the latter to follow suit on Aintree. But these are idle dreams, and only at Baldoyle are they realities. Nobody is allowed on the course, so of course there is no course to be cleared. When Mr. Betagh, one of the stewards, and a prominent member of the Irish Turf Club, most kindly offers to accompany us round the course, though he is a steward, and by virtue of his rosette and his office can go anywhere, yet do we require passes from the ever-present and indefatigable Mr. Waters before we can be allowed on the sacred ground. Well, this is as it should be, and we are far from finding fault or complaining of any slight inconvenience, but the rather admiring and wishing we could do likewise here. After all, what do we really want on a course at all? We see, or ought to see, at a well-managed meeting the horses in the paddock; and we can do our betting, our talk, and coffee-housing either there or in the inclosure. With the people in their 'park,' and the rest of the community confined to the other side of the course, what a delightful thing and how easy of management would be a race meeting. But we shall get laughed

at for these Utopian views, and had better get on with our account of Baldoyle—only as they are part and parcel of Baldoyle, we could not help mentioning them.

The course disappointed us after what we had heard of it. It is entirely an artificial one, very much on the turn, and the fences somewhat trappy. The promoters of the meeting, conspicuous among whom are Sir John Arnott and Colonel Graves, have worked well with the material to their hands, and have turned out, the nature of the ground taken into consideration, a perfect little course in its way; but it is a small way, and cannot compete, as indeed it is not intended to do, with Punchestown or Fairy House. A flat course is combined with the cross-country one, and curiously enough the flat is on the outer, the cross country on the inner, circle. The turns are nasty, the top one beyond the winning chair particularly so; but the fences are easy enough. Everything has been done that could be done to make it as perfect in arrangement as possible, and very neat and pretty it is; still, as we looked at it from the summit of the Stand, it had a very toy-like appearance. The surroundings were charming. The outline of the Wicklow Mountains was a grand background, and the Bay of Dublin sparkled in the sun at their feet. Behind us was the Hill of Howth, and beyond that the waves of St. George's Channel broke but faintly on the ear. 'The quality' were all there, from His Grace the Lord Lieutenant to the newest pair of bright eyes that had played havoc at Castle balls and Dargle picnics. Very pretty and winning were the faces of maid, wife, and widow; and without going to the length of the enthusiastic writer who termed Baldoyle 'the Goodwood of Ireland,' we may admit there were not wanting many of the accessories of that celebrated meeting. Flat racing, as we before have had occasion to remark, is but an exotic plant in Ireland, and though the Curragh flourishes to a certain extent, the Irish sport is steeplechasing. The Stewards' Plate and the Baldoyle Derby, then, excited but little attention, and as Bloomfield won the latter in a canter, the form could not have been anything great. But when the Great Metropolitan Plate of 650 sovs. came on for decision, then we began to bestir ourselves, and there were great pros and cons in the paddock, a large amount of stocktaking, and many anxious inquiries as to what 'Mr. St. James' would ride. For they wait in Ireland now to see what that exceedingly clever horseman throws his 'limb' over before they venture to give an opinion. So at Baldoyle, when it was known he would ride Revoke, 5 to 2 was all the bookmakers offered. They are not famous for long prices over there, by-the-way; but that is a complaint not common to Ireland. There was a four-year-old, Juggler, belonging to Captain Gubbins, the owner of that good horse, Sailor, on whom some knowing people were very sweet; and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands had brought over Belle from Epsom, and was rather fond of her chance. Scots Grey, with 12 st. 12 lb. on him, was surely out of it, for the ground was in places as hard as iron, and the old horse prefers greasy going. Mr. Forbes ran Héraut d'Armes but after he jumped so unkindly at Punchestown nobody would have him, even with Captain Smith in the saddle. The knowing people above mentioned were right, for though it was a race between Juggler and Revoke, and 'Mr. St. James' caught hold of the latter's head and went up to Juggler in very resolute style, Captain Gubbins's horse had most in him, and won cleverly enough at the finish. A very good fencer is the winner, and his owner is lucky in having two such horses as Sailor and this son of Conjuror. Poor Héraut d'Armes came to grief, and fortune does not smile on Mr. Forbes certainly. Something struck into his horse in the race and smashed his fetlock,

so that it looked all up with him; but the horse was got off the course and slung as speedily as possible, and we hope he may be saved for the stud at least, for his racing career is over. He is about one of the handsomest horses that ever looked through a bridle, but he had taken to running cunning—a thing he was guilty of on the flat we remember; and perhaps his accident has saved Mr. Forbes some money. His stock ought to be worth something, for he is a model of a steeplechaser, and was a good horse when he won the Conyngham Cup two years ago, that race which Mr. Sturdys has perpetuated on canvas, and which Mr. Cranfield is about to reproduce for our benefit. There was a fair amount of speculation on the second day on the Grand Military, which looked, we thought, a good thing for Scots Grey if he would but try. He had not got his own jockey, however, now; and though Mr. Hickman is a very good man, he did not know the old horse, nor the old horse him, as would have been the case if Mr. Garret Moore had been on him. Still he might take it into his head to run kindly, and Mr. Moore said he was 'very happy' that morning. He did not go happily in the ring, however, for they offered the extreme outside price of 10 to 1 against him, and the market, after some few changes, made Revenge favourite at 6 to 4. We could not quite make out Revenge's form, which did not on paper look anything particular; but the talent were right about him, for he won in a canter, though if Waterford had not fallen the result might have been different. The People's Plate was a good thing for Mary Highland, who settled her field very easily, Mr. St. James, who was not in his usual form here, winning but one race, having fallen at the first fence on Leinster Lily. We thought when we were at Punchestown that Egyptian had a good race in him, and so he might have had if his heart had been in the right place, which it was not, for on the Welter Plate Mr. G. Moore caught him on Rory of the Hills halfway up the straight, and the good-looking soft one hung out the white feather immediately. It was thought such a moral for him that some people took even money, and he was beaten by a neck. It was a very jolly meeting taken altogether, and we hope to assist at future Baldoyles, and meet again all the good fellows we met there. Who was there is more than we can tell. There were Beresfords, and no doubt there were Blakes and Bodkins, though we were not in Galway. There were Bourkes and Crokers from Limerick; Chutes and Blennerhassets from Kerry; and if Mayo did not send her Knoxes, Mayo must be a strangely altered county from what we remember it some few years ago. There were the men who hunt with the Kildare, and the men who hunt with the Ward; at least, we can swear to one of the latter, the man who leads us—

'When from sorrow to borrow all fate can afford;
With Morrough to-morrow we hunt with the Ward.'

The interference of the last day of the big gathering at Baldoyle with the first on the banks of the Dee, may have had something to do with a slight falling off in the attendance at Chester on Tuesday. Certainly we missed the well-known faces of many of our Hibernian friends, who generally pay us a visit about this time of year. Whatever deficiency, however, that there was discovered when the receipts were counted on the first night was amply made up on the Cup Day, when it is computed that many thousands more witnessed Organist's victory than had ever been assembled on the Roodee before.

Before making a brief record of the sport, which, by-the-by, was a vast improvement upon recent years, a few words on the course may not be unin-

teresting ; for it is beyond all doubt the most ancient in the kingdom, races having been held here as far back as 1511, just three hundred and sixty-three years ago ; the first prizes given—a bell and a bowl—were supplied by the sheriffs, and were brought down to the Roodee with much solemnity and great pomp. This we are told in a celebrated old book, 'Topographical Beauties of England and Wales.' The Chester Cup, however, does not date so far back as the course over which it is run, the race, to which the Tradesmen's Plate owes its origin, having been established in 1609, or nearly a hundred years later, after which for nearly two centuries it was annually run for on St. George's Day. We are led to make the above remarks because we learned during our late visit to the ancient city, that in all probability we shall see very few more races run for on the old course, one life only remaining, and that a very old one, before the lease expires ; but let not the 'unco gude' flatter themselves that, because they may prevent a renewal of the lease, that there will be no more Chester races, no more cakes and ale. A far better course can be got in the neighbourhood, in fact, is already obtained, and those who go racing in a few years' time will see the Cup run for over a much more extensive track.

On Tuesday, as is wont, racing commenced with the Grosvenor Stakes, for which the speedy Oxonian monopolised the attention of backers ; but either his jockey left off riding too soon, or the old horse would not persevere, when Encore, who came with a rattle from the last turn, got to his head, the result being, in the dead language of the prize-ring, first blood for fielders. The Wynnstay Welter Handicap was won by an unnamed horse by Wynnstay, out of the Witch, the first of three winners which ran during the day whose christenings had been overlooked ; a fourth, also without a name, won during the meeting. Are owners really so devoid of inventive power that they cannot find names for their horses ? Are they too ignorant or too lazy ? We should like to see a rule made that all unnamed winners were to pay at least fifty pounds to the Bentinck Fund. Perhaps the infliction of the fine would prove the mother of invention. Charles also, who ran last in this race, but who won Her Majesty's Plate on Friday, is a fine example of the mischief, as well as the inconvenience, arising from horses running unnamed. Here is his pedigree, a veritable puzzling one. He is described as being by Roan Horse (by Brother to Bird on the Wing—Rapid Rhone's dam), or Le Maréchal—Miss Pickle. He is further said to be a brown or grey colt in the Calendar, whereas he is undoubtedly a black-roan. The Miss Hawthorn colt was favourite for the Belgrave Cup, one of the chief races of the day ; and he won with so much in hand that the backers of Cambuslang and Organist for the great event of the morrow took courage. Old Fashion, who ran second in the Wynnstay Handicap, had the misfortune to occupy the same position to Bras de Fer in the Members' Plate, the latter winning easily by a neck. Knight of the Bath was the only other runner, and he was beaten off. The Mostyn Stakes, of 500 sovs., only attracted nine to the post, which number was reduced to eight before they got to the other end ; for Fatigue broke her leg after rounding the turn, which was a bad beginning of a long list of accidents, for which the course is unfortunately so renowned. Maidment, who was riding her, fortunately escaped unhurt. The Eaton Plate resulted in the easy victory of the third unnamed animal, a good-looking chestnut filly by Adventure—Bab-at-the-Bowster—who started the worst favourite of seven runners ; but the talent recovered their losses when they laid a shade of odds on Bonny Blue Eye for the Vale Royal Stakes, which she won very easily from four others.

The Subscription Room at the Grosvenor Hotel was barred and closed against both backers and pencillers, by-the-way, and consequently there was no betting on the eve of the Cup Day. If the authorities were to direct their attention to the rabble that congregates in the hall of the hotel, to the inconvenience of the legitimate frequenters thereof, they would do well, we think, for a more disgraceful scene we have seldom witnessed.

Very early in the morning it became evident that we were in for a fine day, and soon after breakfast the crowds commenced to pour down the narrow streets. The Ring, having no habitation of their own, were also early on the ground, and the Stand was crowded in every part an hour or more before the time set for the first race, which was one of the numerous Beaufort Biennials, and which did not attract the least attention from any one, Bonny Blue Eye, with 6 st. on her, repeating her victory of the previous evening, having this time, however, only one, a nameless opponent. The Dee Stand Welter Cup served as an interlude before the play, and at one time looked like being turned into a tragedy, for Bras de Fer and Aragon fell, and J. Osborne and Bruckshaw, north country jockeys of great fame, were both severely shaken; the latter so much so that he was obliged to give up his mount on Implorer for the Cup. Keeping clear of the scrimmage, King Ofa won easily. Fifteen, quite many enough to get round the turns, these were speedily weighed out for the last great handicap of the spring season; and it is worthy of notice how well it has held its ground, spite of all the opposition (we are not now alluding to the clerical part of the play—of that anon) from Lincoln, Epsom, Newmarket, &c. Although on one memorable occasion nearly three times as many competitors started for the Chester Cup, we very much doubt if ever so many good-looking horses ran for it at one time as on the present occasion; and where so many looked trained to the minute, it is unnecessary to say which looked or which went the best. All and every one did credit to their trainers, and the fastest race on record was the result. Cingalina showed the way past the Stand twice, but at length was headed by Implorer at the railway arches the second time round, he in turn giving way at the five-furlong point; the front rank then being composed of Leolinus, Mont Valerien, Bertram, Organist, and Redworth, nothing else having a chance. When fairly round the last turn Organist took the lead, and from that point the race was over, the Cup and its appendages in Mr. Vyner's pocket. Redworth, as usual, ran worse than was expected of him; Mont Valerien, first favourite from the opening of the betting, failed to get a place; Leolinus, unheard of before, secured the 50 sovs. attached to second honours, and Bertram, the top weight of the lot, was third. After the race Leolinus was backed for the Derby; and loud were the wailings because Organist, who gave him 11 lbs., is not in the Derby, which great international contest, it was said, would have been a moral for him, in which opinion the driver of 'Our Van' did not coincide; and after the way Andred made mincemeat of the Cup horse in the Cheshire Stakes, the said driver does not think quite so much of Organist's victory as before. He does not for a moment desire to subtract one iota from Organist's great victory, but he cannot shut his eyes to the superior form displayed by Andred on Friday. Steeple Jack, ridden by his owner, Mr. G. Montgomerie, who wins hunters' races rather oftener than his turn, defeated nine moderate opponents for the Duke of Westminster's Plate; and the other events may be passed by, the only one worth mentioning being the disqualification of Princess Thérèse for the second year of the Sixth Beaufort Biennial, whereby St. Patrick was returned the

winner, although the stewards, with a want of firmness which we did not expect of them, allowed the case to be reopened and referred to the Jockey Club. Thursday, for an off-day, was far above the average, and had not the long-prayed-for rain rather interfered with the ladies' toilets on the balcony, everything would have been *couleur de rose*. Our space, however, warns us we must not linger over the details of the sport. Friday's card was composed of seven events; but the Wilton Cup not producing a race, there was plenty of time to speculate upon the Great Cheshire Stakes after Oxonian had won a Handicap Plate, the first on the card. The good field of fourteen weighed out, and Bertram was the selected of the talent, from the forward position he had held in the Cup; but the lucky Archer, on Andred, came to the rescue of the fielders, and, with very few friends to take the 10 to 1 offered against him, won in the commonest canter by three lengths, which performance was the cause of much glee to the backers of Atlantic and Aquilo for the Derby. The remaining races were brought off before a gradually-diminishing company, John Peel repeating his previous victory; Bernardet won the Ladies' Purse; Black Knight upset the odds laid on Sweet Agnes for the Earl of Chester's Stakes; and the agony was further piled up when Elderslie, against whom almost any price was laid, defeated two hot favourites in Lily Agnes and Syrian for the Stewards' Cup. Then the curtain descended; the play was played out.

A better meeting, as we have before remarked, has not been held at Chester for many years. The racing was interesting, the fields were good (there was only one walk-over during the week), and all the business arrangements were carried out in Messrs. Topham's best style. The handicapping speaks for itself. Of seventy-eight subscribers to the Cup only twenty-two were non-contents, and the other races were equally successful. And here we should prefer to close our records of the week; but duty calls us, and we obey. For many years past, during the race-week, Chester has been infested with a gang of enthusiasts, who have spent the whole of their time in distributing tracts and posting up placards with Scriptural quotations printed thereon. They may have done little good, but they could have done but little harm, for they were men of no standing and of no particular sect: where they came from no one knew, and whither they went to no one cared. But this year the religious crusade against the races has taken a wider scope; the clergymen of the Church of England banded themselves together with Roman Catholic priests, Dissenters of all sorts, and laymen. During the morning they busied themselves in distributing tracts; and after the races they assembled near the Castle gates, from whence they marched in a body, singing hymns, &c. All this is very well, and, England being still a free country, there is no law why these enthusiasts should not sing and pray when and where they list; but it is rather a curious sight to see so many bitter opponents at other times all hail fellows, well met, on occasions such as these; and it is a still more curious sight to see a clergyman of the Established Church not only endeavouring to circulate his anathemas among the crowd, but losing his temper when his wares are refused. The following scene took place; *ex uno disce omnes*:—A gentleman, well known in Chester, was walking to the course when one of these persons offered him a paper. The gentleman courteously declined it, whereupon this teacher of the people quietly informed him that he was 'going to hell.' These were the words, and, as a clergyman of the Church of England thought fit to utter them, we need not apologize for repeating them. The gentleman in question was naturally rather taken aback, but passed on, not, however, before telling

the reverend divine that, if that was his line, he would probably arrive at Hades first. Comment is superfluous, but it strikes most people with common sense that the clergy of Chester, from the Dean downwards, have got a little out of their course, and if they would confine themselves to their proper duties, it would be much better for all parties. The Dean has made himself particularly obnoxious for some years, and now the smaller fry have followed in his wake; but let them be assured that their efforts are misdirected, besides being the cause of much blasphemy which otherwise would be unheard, and that all they can do will never put a stop to the sport. The Dean may be a very great man in his way, but he has handicapped himself just a little too high.

Do our readers care for otter-hunting? Let them listen to some account of the sport from merry Carlisle. The Carlisle otter-hounds met for the first day of the season at Annan Bridge on Tuesday, April 28th. The weather was cold, with a north-easterly wind; but this did not prevent more than a hundred persons, amongst them many ladies, from being present. Mr. J. C. Carrick, the Master, made his appearance at the head of the pack at seven o'clock. The hounds were in excellent condition, and Sandy, the well-known and deservedly celebrated huntsman, in equally good fettle, was gaily caparisoned in a new uniform of the Hunt, the bright colour of which was soon to be marked with honourable stains. Neither should the terriers be omitted—White Jack, Joe, and Yellow Jack. In otter-hunting it is well known to those who are practised in the details of the sport that terriers form an essential element in the establishment. Without them it would be often impossible to dislodge an otter from his position under a deep and shelving rock, where a spade and pickaxe—always a slow and unhandsome process—are useless, from the nature of the ground. These Carlisle terriers are of the first quality, rivalling in reputation the far-famed Russell fox-terriers of the West of England, and they gave proof of their work on this the first day of the season.

The Millpool and the island, usually held to be a sure find, were drawn blank. Neither did the water at Boyde-Kirk Bridge afford any token of game. It was quite competent for Izaak Walton in his day to expatiate upon the beauties of river scenery, flowers, singing-birds, and the other apologetic consolations for a want of sport, but with a keen nor'-easter searching the very marrow of one's bones, a nip of 'the crater' is the only effective solace. Within a quarter of a mile of Hoddam Bridge the feathering of the hounds gave symptoms of a line of scent, and a cheer from Sandy made them open and carry it bravely to the island above the bridge. Here he was marked, and in a couple of minutes dislodged and away in the stream, making for the shelter of a huge stone in the centre of the river; but his grey nose was viewed just above the water by a canny Northerner, when his Gaelic 'Tally-ho' brought the pack about his ears, and, amid cheering and shouting, the hounds worked him up and down the large water for an hour, when he made tracks for his original holt, where he was marked by Royal. The terrier White Jack rushed in and resolutely tackled him, getting severely punished; for it was a dog-otter, and, the holt being narrow, he was obliged to work single-handed. The terrier fought bravely, and at last forced the otter

out, sorely dilapidated by the fray—so much so that the men in the water, in true sporting spirit, kept the hounds off with their poles, and the otter went down stream, head above water, much distressed, in full view and with every hound swimming eagerly and opening cheerily on the line. At this juncture it was easy for Sandy to have 'tailed' him; but he gallantly forbore to spoil sport and the scene that followed. With the hounds and the otters in view struggling, the one for victory and the other for life, on, on, and every second diminishing the distance between them, was a lively specimen of this most exhilarating river chase. As the hounds closed in, and just before seizing him, he sank, and, although viewed once afterwards, they failed to account for him. It was supposed by many that he died from punishment; but from the tenacity of life that the otter is known to possess, it is more probable that he lives to fight another day. Be that as it may, the first day of the season was one of first-rate sport.

The otter hounds of Mr. Hill, in Brecknockshire, have been having excellent sport, never without a find, generally with a kill, and sometimes two in a day. The meets are popularly attended and enlivened by the presence of many ladies, who alone would make any diversion popular, and a 'swell' lunch is usually provided by some riparian Amphitryon. The Hunt uniform is conspicuous, we will not say loud, consisting of blue shooting-coat and knickerbockers, red stockings, waistcoat, and cap, the latter having an otter-pad worked on it in gold. It has the effect of frightening the otters, and when one or two sportsmen congregate on the shallows, the latter dare not pass down stream and rush back into the pool; and thus the gold pad and its belongings cause a plenitude of sports.

Westward Ho!—May 20th. The Golfers are gathering in numbers for the Whitsun meeting. The London Scottish, Royal Liverpool, and Prastwick Clubs are mustering strongly. The weather has been everything that the most exacting Golfer could desire, and the new course elicits general approval. It has been slightly altered to suit the International Match, England v. Scotland, and the Prince of Wales's Gold Challenge Medal. Excellent play is expected; but there is danger of some of the matches being crowded out, and it would be advisable that some of the amateur matches should be cleared out early, before the great events commence. The members of Aberdeen and Lymington will represent the House of Commons, and Colonel Hutchinson will do battle with another for North Devon. The ladies' meeting will be a day after the ball on the 30th.

There are none more staunch in the support of fox-hunting than farmers, to whom all honour be due; therefore it is with pain and reluctance that we notice the following announcement in a Northern journal, invariably accurate in its report of sporting doings:—"On the farm of Mr. Irvin, near Kirk-Bampton, a vixen was known to have laid up her cubs. Under the superintendence of and led by Mr. Isaac Stooddy of Thurstonfield, who is styled 'in the account "a veritable Nimrod," a crowd of men and boys, with 'hounds, pointers, spaniels, and curs, with spades and nets, was collected 'around the earth, and dug for six hours, until at last Mr. Irvin himself drew 'a vixen and cubs, and put them in a bag to reserve for some future pastime.

'This is not in accordance with the usual conduct of farmers, and, as fox-hounds are kept in the district, some notice should have been given before proceeding to harsh measures. If destruction were meant, the offence was sufficiently reprehensible; but if it were intended to reserve the vixen and to run her down before the motley curs that were assembled, it was a grievous affront to the Master and followers of the Cumberland Foxhounds.'

Margate has long had the reputation of being one of the most bracing of our southern watering-places, and the pure ozone and appetizing sea-breezes one inhales whilst meandering along its pleasant cliffs often does more to renovate an enfeebled constitution than a score of medical prescriptions and a shopful of drugs. Good quarters and good food are also indispensable additions to an invigorating atmosphere for resuscitating our mortal frames; *et celui qui sait vivre* will be glad to know that the Cliftonville Hotel has fallen into the hands of such an able and experienced administrator as Mr. John Grieve of St. James's Hall, who is also the proprietor of the Balmoral, the Royal British, and the Café Royal, three of the principal hotels in Edinburgh. Under the present *régime* the Cliftonville establishment has been elegantly decorated and refurnished throughout in a thoroughly comfortable manner; the kitchens have been reconstructed with the latest gastronomic improvements; the *chef* knows his work and does it, for the viands are of excellent quality, well cooked, and served up hot; the wines are up to the mark; the *salle à manger*, which faces the sea, is well ventilated and extremely comfortable; the bedrooms are all that can be desired. The Cliftonville is now one of the most commodious and best managed of modern hotels, and, with admirable site and pleasant grounds, is, perhaps, the place of all others to pick up 'condition.'

The Great International Horse Show at Manchester was a success, owing to the exertions of Mr. Douglas, the enterprising manager. Still there is much to be learned, and doubtless another year will see great improvements. The principal prize for the best weight-carrying hunters was won by an East Riding Yorkshire farmer, who showed a clever, strong bay horse called Palmerston. The prize for the best ladies' horse was carried off by Sir George Wombwell with a good-looking chestnut mare, 'Miss Sykes'; and as horses in this class have to be ridden by ladies, we have no hesitation in saying that Sir George was much indebted to his fair jockey for the admirable manner in which she rode his horse, especially over the fences. We were pleased to see the lady in question, who is well known in London for her kindness and hospitality, carry off the white rosette, and should like to give her name; but she has requested that it might not appear, and to hear is to obey.

The Islington Show promises to be good. The Prince of Wales supports it by exhibiting two clever cobs, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are both exhibitors. There is to be a liberal special prize for Polo ponies, and we hear the entry is already large. We need scarcely remind the racing world of the Stud Company's sale, at Cobham, on the 20th of June. Report speaks highly of many among the thirty-three yearlings that will be then offered. There is a brother to Glenalmond and Claremont, a sister to Gamos, a sister to Rosicrucian and Chaplet, and other very promising stock by Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Macaroni, and General Peel.

Some of the Gladiateurs, we hear, are very good-looking, and now that that great horse has given us a Hero we may anticipate a struggle for their possession.

The General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society will be held at Tattersall's on the 4th of June, the day after the Derby, when the Duke of Buccleuch, the President, is expected to take the chair. This particular date is selected as being the only day on which the Subscription Room is sure to be disengaged, and the Society is much indebted to Messrs. Tattersall and Pain for their kindness in granting the use of it. As everybody is in town just then, hunting men up for the Horse Show, and racing men up for the Derby, we trust there will be a full attendance. Lord Hardwicke, the new Master of the Buckhounds, has consented to be one of the Vice-Presidents, and Lord Spencer and Lord Radnor have been elected members of the General Committee.

The death of Colonel Ouseley Higgins, after a painful illness, removes from the ranks of society one of its best-known and most popular members, liked for his genial kindly nature, and looked up to for his practical knowledge and judgment, that *savoir-faire* which is of such use in the interpretation of the unwritten law binding society together. Colonel Ouseley Higgins, who sat for some time in the House as Member for his native county, Mayo, was one of those Irish gentlemen uniting to the vivacity of his countrymen the plain common-sense and shrewdness which we are apt to consider so characteristic of Englishmen. On the Turf he was well known, and he was a staunch supporter of the Russley stable until the win of Lioness in the Cesarewitch, a few years back, created a coolness between Mr. Merry and himself. He was thought to have been a successful man in the days when betting was a little heavier than it is now; and he was a whist player, though not a particularly good one. A bold punter, we remember him once going against a run on the red at Homburg until it turned, with a courage and determination that commanded both our admiration and our sympathy. The Committee of Tattersall's will lose in him an active member whose knowledge of Turf law and custom was not to be gainsaid, and the many warm friends he had made in society will miss one they could ill spare.

Mr. B. J. Angell, the familiar 'Cherry' Angell of the clubs and society, has also died, and before his time. For the last twenty years or so Mr. Angell has been prominently before the sporting world, an old member of the National Hunt Committee, from his youth upwards a great patron of the road, a mighty hunter, with always a good team at Lubenham, a winner of the Grand National with Alcibiade (and well we remember standing by his side on the trainers' stand on Aintree and his 'Come along, little Coventry,' as Mr. Coventry was seen in the straight with everything else pretty well beat), horsing the Windsor coach with Lord Carington,—living his life, few so well known and liked as 'Cherry' Angell. He began hunting when he was a gentleman, commoner at Magdalen, and kept half a dozen good horses at Charles Symonds's, and for some time after that lived at Leamington; and those persons who have read poor Charles Clarke's 'Box for the Season,' doubtless recognised Mr. Angell as the hero of that amusing novel. He did

not care much for flat racing, but still Lord Burleigh stood him in good stead at Warwick, Newmarket, and other places, and he owned Columbia, who was a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire that Ackworth won. We saw him last at the latter end of April, and his health, which had long been failing, seemed then improving, but it was a momentary flash, and he died on the 12th at his residence in London.

But among the missing ones of whom our obituary has this month to tell, there is no one whose memory will command greater respect than that of Harry Ayris, so long connected with the Berkeley Hounds. The best huntsman of his day, he was equally at home in the kennel and in the field, while his cheery demeanour and excessive kindness of heart endeared him to all connected with the celebrated Gloucestershire pack. A very determined horseman, though not possessing the elegance of a Davis, he was always very bad to beat in the Berkeley Vale, especially among the *rhines* with which the country is intersected; and a good story is told of his address to some *would-be* hard riders in a run between Thornbury and Church Wood: 'Now, gentlemen,' said old Harry, 'come along. We're coming to the Rockhampton Rhine, which is '15 foot broad and 10 foot deep, and so bound to be maintained by Act of *Parliament*.' This cheering invitation was not *universally* accepted.

The painters have rather turned up sport and pastime this season. Sir Francis has cut us entirely. No gentleman in scarlet surrounded with his hounds figures on the walls of Burlington House from that easel, and Mr. J. Carter, Mr. Pearce, and the Hon. H. Graves are the chief contributors to the study of horse and hound and noble science. The first-named gentleman's 'Little Foxes' is a charming picture of three cubs in the days of their innocence, when hen-roosts were unknown, and yet with a very foxey look, too, in the countenances of all three. The 'Duel on Black Mount' is an ambitious picture of the eagles fighting, to the great terror of a hind and fawn, whom they almost touch in their sweep down the mountain-side. The feathers are flying above a bit, and the picture finds many admirers; but we much prefer the 'Little Foxes,' while if Mr. Carter wishes to make portrait-painting his speciality, his picture of Mr. Edmund Tattersall will help to get him many commissions. A better and more pleasing likeness of our great auctioneer could not well be painted. Mr. Pearce has sent Mr. Garth, Huntsman, Whipper-in, and Hounds; and the Hon. H. Graves has a capital likeness of Lord Macclesfield. Of course there are cattle of Ansdell's, and the perpetual cows of Cooper; and Mr. H. Davis is very clever at a 'coo' also; while the Dutch horns of Mr. Beevis in 'Bring up Nets at 'Schereningen' are wonderfully well done: you can see they are pulling. There is a picture of the thoroughbred Amsterdam (in water colour), clever, but whether a likeness we are unable to say; and Mr. Prinsep has a funny notion of Newmarket in his 'Heath on the Morning of the Race,' which we beg to tell him is entirely without foundation.

We were amused not long ago at a certain race meeting by the following little incident:—The starter had reported a well-known gentleman jockey for disobedience at the post, and the stewards had sentenced him to suspension for a week. A great friend and ally of the culprit's, a gentleman whose horses

he always rode, meeting the starter, earnestly inquired of him if it was true that he had reported Mr. —, and what was done to him? 'I have,' was the reply of the official, who thought it probable that he was going to be remonstrated with on the impropriety of reporting an amateur, 'and he has been suspended for a week.' 'A week!' replied the friend, 'I wish to God it had been for life.'

What shall be our Derby tip? We suppose we must give one, though the result will be but a question of a few hours after these lines meet the eye. We are sorely puzzled by the contending claims of the mediocrities who will be, doubtless, giving Mr. McGeorge some trouble at the post on the eventful Wednesday, and the feeling that it is really anybody's race is uppermost in our mind. Amidst the grave doubts that agitate us we turn with relief to the following vicarious prophecy, assuring our readers that we can vouch for the truth of every word:—In Kingcraft's year a friend of ours received an anonymous letter on the morning of the Derby day containing these words and these alone: 'Don't bet against Kingcraft.' Having laid a little over his book, he took it back on the course when the numbers went up, and the result we all know. He could discover no clue to the identity of the unknown prophet, of whom nothing more was heard until the Friday before Goodwood in the same year, when a letter in the same handwriting was received by our friend at his club, its contents being, 'Salinus will not win the Goodwood Cup, but one of the next three favourites in last Monday's betting return will.' He referred to the betting and found Salinus was favourite; Muster, Musket, and Siderolite being at 4 to 1 each. Muster and Musket were scratched, and Siderolite won. The next anonymous tip was received two days before the Leger, when the words were, 'Kingcraft won't win,' which he did not. Since that day the oracle has been silent. Whether the priestess of the shrine (there was much reason for believing that the utterances were those of a woman) thought her counsel had been unheeded we know not, but she has been dumb until now, when the silence is at length broken. On Saturday, the 23rd of May, our friend received the mystic message which he has given us permission to lay before our readers:

'Don't bet against Feu d'Amour.'

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 173.

JULY, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE WILLIAM J. S. MORRITT, ESQ.,
OF ROKEBY.

CONTENTS.

SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
WILLIAM J. S. MORRITT, ESQ., OF ROKEBY: A BIOGRAPHY .	249
DOWN AND HEATH	254
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER V. . .	261
A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA	269
JINKISSON'S DUELS.—I.	277
CRICKET	284
YACHTING AND ROWING	291
'OUR VAN'	296

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR JULY, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Carlisle and Bibury Club Races. Hull Regatta.
2	Th	Stockbridge Races.
3	F	
4	S	Sale of Blood Stock at Alexandra Park.
5	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. [at Lord's.
6	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Albert Gate. Gentlemen v. Players,
7	Tu	Newmarket July Meeting. Alexandra Park Horse Show. Ex- hibition of Dogs and Poultry at Manchester.
8	W	Newmarket Races. Alexandra Park Horse Show. [market.
9	Th	Newmarket and Abingdon Races. Sale of Yearlings at New-
10	F	Eton v. Harrow, at Lord's.
11	S	Leeds Regatta.
12	S	SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
13	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Albert Gate.
14	Tu	West Drayton. Nottingham July Sutton Park Races.
15	W	Liverpool July and Nottingham Races.
16	Th	Liverpool, Worcester, and Southampton Races.
17	F	Liverpool. [Sports. Pony Races at Lillie Bridge.
18	S	Sale of the Waresley Stud. Crystal Palace Athletic Club
19	S	SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
20	M	M.C.C. v. Gentlemen of Scotland, at Lord's.
21	Tu	Huntingdon and Chesterfield Races.
22	W	
23	Th	Kingsbury and Pontefract Races.
24	F	
25	S	Sale of Yearlings at Middle Park.
26	S	EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27	M	M.C.C. v. County of Wilts, at Lord's. [Agricultural Meeting.
28	Tu	Goodwood Races—Stewards' Cup (6 fur.). Gloucestershire
29	W	Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles). Rugby v. Marlborough, at Lord's.
30	Th	Goodwood Cup (2½ miles).
31	F	Goodwood—The Chesterfield Cup (1¼ mile).



W. T. Mowbray

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WILLIAM J. S. MORRITT, ESQ., OF ROKEBY.

In Memoriam.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

‘THE bird of the air shall carry the matter.’ How true this is of the bad news that proverbially flies so fast!

It is a fresh, sunny morning in spring; a light wind, balmy with the scent of a thousand wild flowers, breathes its promise of life, and hope, and budding beauty, through the glades and thickets of those glorious woodlands where the Red King died. Pawing, snorting, with eager eye and restless ear, horses are ringing bit and bridle in joyous anticipation of the day's sport. Frank, manly faces are gathered round a pack of tall, majestic stag-hounds, musing, solemn and sagacious, on the coming chase. The harbourer has lodged a buck in a neighbouring thicket, and imparts to the initiated this all-important intelligence with due mystery and caution. Everything looks well for the day; surely we need not fear that sorrow or sadness will intervene to mar our prospects till the sun goes down. In ten minutes we shall throw off; in twenty we shall probably have found and gone away. Presently there comes a cloud to dull the sky. The pleasant greeting, the kindly jest, are hushed to ominous whispers. It seems as if some cold and blighting air had crept in on us to freeze the fountain of enjoyment at its source. Well, indeed, it may, for the breath that chills us is a whisper from the grave!

Pale under the bronze of health and exercise, men turn to each other in deep concern and unconcealed dismay. More than one shaggy cheek is wet; and to eyes that ere now have looked fearlessly on death, the sylvan beauties of the New Forest show dim through a mist of tears. Somebody has received a telegram; somebody else has telegraphed back to have it verified. Ere long the cruel rumour is painfully corroborated, and old friends whisper, ‘Have you heard ‘this sad report, that poor Will Morrutt is dead?’ The day has darkened indeed for *us* who knew him. We have always appreciated his regard, valued his friendship, and loved his society—we never knew how well till now!

It was too true; next morning's paper confirmed it beyond the possibility of hope.

'At Brighton, suddenly, on the 13th of April, 1874, William 'John Sawrey Morritt, Esq., of Rokeby, in the sixty-second year 'of his age.' Then we knew that in this world—the world he frequented, the world he enjoyed, the world he adorned—we should see him no more.

He had gone down to spend a few weeks at Brighton, as was his custom about that season of the year, leaving his own beautiful home smiling amongst its woods and waters in the promise of early spring. He seemed to the outside world in his usual health and spirits; for William Morritt's was the unassuming courage of a true Englishman; and he may be said to have carried his death-warrant in his pocket with a smiling face. None but himself, and, it may be, one other, who loved him best and watched him closest, had the slightest suspicion that when he turned back in his carriage for a last look at his own beautiful Rokeby, his heart told him he might never set eyes upon that dear, familiar home again. There is a heroism of suffering more admirable than the heroism of daring, and peculiar to the bravery of women rather than of men, for that theirs is the less selfish nature of the two. Such was the courage with which Morritt bore the painful and fatal malady destined to destroy him, concealing it from his nearest and dearest, more especially from the beloved wife, who was nearest and dearest of all, as from friends and acquaintances, with a grand hypocrisy essentially feminine in its consideration for others, with a light-hearted gaiety truly manly and generous in its regardlessness of self. It was only after the heart-disease to which he succumbed had proved fatal that friends recalled many little circumstances, unnoticed at the time, from which, but for his indomitable resolution to spare the feelings of all about him, they might have suspected and feared the worst. One could remember how he had been seized with sudden faintness out shooting; another, how occasional spasms, as of pain, swept over his handsome, genial face, causing no alarm, only because the sufferer made so light of his ailment. All have cause to marvel now at the unsuspected fortitude with which this man stood hourly in the face of death, calm, pleasant, on occasion jovial, and where wit sparkled and laughter rang, ever the gayest of the gay.

Of his social life, those who knew him (and who in the higher circles of society did *not* know Will Morritt?) can hardly yet bear to speak. It seems so strange to think that on the course at Epsom, the lawn at Ascot, on a penny chair in the Park, or a quiet hack in the Row, we shall never again be greeted by his pleasant smile, accosted with some ludicrous remark, some quaint conceit, some pointed shaft of wit that went straight to its mark, yet left no venom rankling where it touched. Few men combined so much sound common sense with such acute perception of character and knowledge of the world; none could equal him as a *raconteur* (there is no English word that conveys the knack of telling an anecdote

without wearying a listener; and this was a gift he possessed to perfection), nor in placing the little contrarieties of life in a ludicrous light that turned the petty annoyance to an excellent jest. Yet an ill-natured word never passed his lips. The playfulness of fancy in which he delighted and excelled could not degenerate to nonsense nor darken to detraction. Gifted with extraordinary readiness of repartee, few might vie with him in what is now called *chaff*; but though in the joyous encounter he sparred better and hit quicker than others, he always fought, so to speak, with the gloves. Nothing would have induced him to take them off against a *friend*, and I never heard that Will Morritt had an enemy in his life.

But, like most men who excel as conversationalists, he possessed an abundant store of deep and varied information underlying the glitter of the surface. Though it does not seem to require much capital from which to furnish the small change of every-day talk, yet it stands to reason that the larger funds a man possesses the more lavishly can he throw the silver about of which he need not count the cost; and when graver matters of life were in question sensible men listened to Morritt attentively, and quoted his opinions with a respect due to the reflection and research of which his wit was but the exponent—a polish that gave light and sparkle to the gem. As a country gentleman he was invaluable, carrying to the market-place and the bench those gifts of sound sense, keen perception, and ready intelligence, that even on the shortest notice never seemed to fail their owner at his need. From the price of an ox to the decision of a *quorum*, Mr. Morritt's award might be considered final; and it was delivered with a modesty and kindliness that caused his opponents to feel convinced by reason rather than worsted in argument.

At the annual meeting of the Barnard Castle Agricultural Society a full assemblage might confidently be expected when Mr. Morritt took the chair; and with such a president it may easily be imagined how the honest North-country farmers combined business with pleasure in the kindly intercourse of these social gatherings. He was equally at home with a Durham yeoman and a royal duke—frank, genial, polished, he seemed a perfect gentleman in the eyes of both.

No man was more anxious for the welfare of his poor, none more judicious in efforts to promote their comfort and respectability—devoting especial attention to the education of their children and the efficiency of the schools on his estate. Liberal in private life, and tolerant to a degree of differences in opinion, he was in principles a Churchman, and in politics a Conservative.

As a supporter of that party he represented the North Riding of Yorkshire from 1862 till 1865, and, although he spoke but rarely in the House of Commons, was listened to with the attention thorough knowledge of a subject, conveyed in correct and fluent language, always commands from that assemblage—the best judges of oratory in the world.

On the hustings, either as proposer or candidate, he was unrivalled.

That must have been a bold man in the crowd below who ventured to break a lance with him in the lists of repartee; and, requiring no preparation, he was not to be taken unawares. Some of his best speeches, indeed, were wholly unpremeditated, and drawn from him in reply.

As a statesman or the leader of a party he might have made himself a great name, while there are few professions or callings in which his mental powers and indomitable energy would not have commanded success; but coming into possession of his estates on the death of his uncle (the John Morritt of Rokeby who was such an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott) in 1843, he became a large landed proprietor, devoted himself to the duties of his station, and certainly was never heard to express the slightest dissatisfaction with his lot.

In the limits of such a paper as the present it is impossible to do justice to the varied talents and attainments of a character like William Morritt's; and it is perhaps more in keeping with the tone of this Magazine to dwell on the sporting rather than on the parliamentary and magisterial phases of his career; to look at him neither in the court-house at Barnard Castle, nor the senate at Westminster, nor even cantering his pony round Rokeby Park and receiving his guests in Rokeby Hall, but rather sitting erect on the box of the yellow drag, driving his four roans with an easy skill and precision that betrayed to the most inexperienced eye a perfect master of his art.

Fond of all field sports, he was an excellent shot and ardent votary of the chase. It was not, indeed, till long after he had left the 37th Regiment, in which he held a commission for some years, that a fearful accident incapacitated him from riding to hounds, and turned a walk after grouse on his own moors to severe and painful toil. He was driving home in a dog-cart from those very moors with a friend, and going, as usual, best pace, when, half-way down a steep hill near his own lodge gate, the horse shied, and upset the carriage with its occupants over a high bank into an adjoining field. The friend, a sixteen-stone man, who was thrown many feet clear of his companion, strange to say, escaped unhurt; but Morritt, buttoned into his seat by a leather apron, was less fortunate. The whole weight of the carriage turned over on him, inflicting grievous injuries in his back and hip-bone, which confined him to a couch for several months, an imprisonment he bore with his characteristic equanimity; but for years he was a cripple in consequence, and never again walked without a stick, to the day of his death.

Such a smash would have shaken the nerves of most men, but seemed to have no effect on his. He never hesitated in a difficulty, nor anticipated 'coming to grief;' and this confidence in his own resources, as in the powers of his team, combined with an accurate eye and extraordinary knowledge of pace, made Will Morritt quite one of the best coachmen of our day. On the longest journeys, with heavy loads, over all sorts of ground, *he could keep his time*; and I

appeal to every member of both clubs if that is not the very test and touchstone of excellence in driving.

He was gifted also with a critical eye for the points of a horse, and envy itself could hardly pick a fault in the make and shape of those handsome roans, which were so associated with his own neat, wiry figure on the box. Their excellence, indeed, was sufficiently attested by the large price they realised at the hammer after his lamented death.

Though a light-weight, he was a muscular man, very strong above the waist, and under no circumstances losing the command over his horses that was so essential to the comfort, and indeed the safety, of his load. He possessed besides that delicate and inexplicable quality which is called 'hand.' Fractious, irritable animals, awkward mouths, hard pullers, nervous tempers, he brought them all to reason in a few miles, usually, as it seemed, without coercion. If required, he could use his whip with stinging effect; but he understood so thoroughly the art of biting and 'putting together' his team, that they looked as if they trotted along of their own accord. Many a fair coachman has been glad to persuade Morritt to catch hold of his new lot, if only for an hour. They went all the better during the rest of the week.

Notwithstanding his liking for pace, he was essentially a *safe* driver. I cannot now call to mind any occasion on which the yellow drag came to a *smash*; and this is no small praise when we remember how, at every gathering within reach of London, from Epsom Downs and Ascot Heath to the Hurst at Hampton Court, the well-known roans were to be seen threading their way through the thickest of the crowd, while gentle and simple alike seemed glad to recognise their owner, whose attention was never so occupied with his horses but that he had a smile and a jest for high and low, with a hand to spare when the greetings of fair heads and pretty bonnets demanded an answering bow. The safety of his driving was indeed so proverbial that the writer of this article can well remember how, on one occasion, when the Four-in-hand Club were playing at 'follow-my-leader' in and out the gates before Knightsbridge Barracks, nobody thought it worth while to turn his head and watch the yellow drag go through, as the four handsome roans brought up the rear. 'There will be no fun with Will Morritt,' was the remark. '*He's* sure not to put his wheel against the post.'

His team, too, were equally handy at all paces, going steadily together at a gallop, without flurry or excitement, because accustomed to be driven on occasion at the rate of sixteen or eighteen miles an hour. If space and ground permitted, he took every opportunity of 'springing' them, so that when really required to go fast, in his own words, 'they did not lose their heads.' Again, to quote from himself, 'The one thing he could not bear was to have his horses all over the road.'

This facility with rein and whip, like the well-built, smooth-running coach, the well-bred, smooth-actioned team, like every other

advantage of wealth and position he enjoyed, were always at the service of his friends. How many a young man not yet 'come to his kingdom,' how many a good fellow dispossessed of his sovereignty, and obliged, it may be, to pawn his crown, owes some of the pleasantest hours of his life to Will Morritt's good-nature and consideration. Men do not easily forget such social benefits, such little kindnesses springing from a good heart. The happy drive, the bright sunshine, the cheery luncheon, the sparkling converse—these were delightful in their way; but the host's smiling welcome and cordial good-humour were worth them all.

And now I am bound to pause. This is no place in which to lift the veil that death draws over the domestic life of a dear and valued friend, at least until the first bitterness of bereavement has passed away. This is no place to enlarge on the sterling merits of one whose name is treasured in many an honest heart, from noble lords and polished gentlemen to the thrifty yeoman of the North, the rough, hard-working cottar on the moor. Patience, unselfishness, courage under pain, strong affections, constancy in friendship, usefulness in public and private life, wit, wisdom, and genial benevolence to his kind—all these noble qualities went to the grave with William Morritt. Should we not rather say these were the man himself, and remain imperishable, when the frame that confined them has crumbled into dust?

DOWN AND HEATH.

THE controversy concerning the budding of the oak and ash did not interest us much, except in so far as it related to the grateful shades of that central paddock clump which has given us refuge from storm and sunshine alike on Epsom's festal days. There certainly we found an oasis from the dust and turmoil of the course, and a cooler breeze swept through branches of the beech and thorn, even though the

'Tender ash delayed

To clothe herself when all the trees were green.'

The chequered shadows played restlessly to and fro, and the dry, thirsty beits were swayed hither and thither, as we took our noontide siesta there, dreamily watching the dust-cloud as it gathered faster and thicker with fresh arrivals, and listening to that dull, hoarse roar which told plainly of the celebration of another carnival, and precluded the mighty shout which speaks in thunder-tones of another Derby lost and won. Year by year we throng the same theatre, but with different actors soliciting our applause; we are permitted access to the mysteries of the greenroom, and inspect each *débutant* before the great audience of the nation as his toilet is made and the last rites duly performed by anxious trainer and devoted attendants. If no man is a hero to his own valet, much less are the competitors who circle round that grassy inclosure the wonders their followers

would have them to appear in the eyes of critics who form those cool, solid judgments upon the condition, action, and soundness of each Derby candidate. None have come through that ordeal unscathed, and those who listen to each candid and impartial opinion are fain to retire with their own better judgment confounded and ideas confused by the multitude of counsellors, whose collective wisdom can avail no one in his search after the winner, whatever weight individual opinions may carry with them. Sentiment, superstition, coincidence; how much are these permitted to weigh in the scale against that index of merit which each man can work out for himself from the data of public form to the study of which we are all compelled at last.

For ourselves, we were content, lying there literally *sub tegmine fagi* 'beneath the hawthorn-tree,' to watch the tremulous heat-cloud shimmering upwards, and mark the effects of distortion on the men and horses as they moved confusedly about at the lower side of the inclosure. Intent on solving the walking problem, as suggested by the 'Roll Call,' we watch Belle of Scotland striding up and down in the corner, striving to catch the cadence of her many twinkling feet, but relinquishing our task as hopeless, and leaving it to be settled by Vet. or Eques., or any one you please in this African weather. Joe Dawson walked his chestnut cob in at the Durdans gate, and quite a small levee was attracted to its side, more than one bystander remarking that there was more worth seeing there than in half the Derby horses, whose advent all were anxiously awaiting. Their suspense was partially terminated by a grey sheet moving quietly down towards the clump, and none could mistake the plastered pins that told of a Guineas preparation unfinished and a hopeless Derby ordeal. 'Only Ecossais!' And this before the flyer of his year, the unapproachable wonder of his day, whose tail so many had caught but a sight of, as he spun up the Ascot Hill, and played with his foemen behind the Ditch! His top and quarters will remind us of those of 'The Prince of the T.Y.C. ;' but there was no elasticity in his stride, and men knew and felt that he was going for the forlorn hope. Glenalmond, followed by all the Merry men, and heralded by the Monk, so good to know by the 'floury' patch on his quarters, moved proudly down towards Doncaster corner, and with fiery eye and flying mane, he looked quite the little dandy of the party: but 'hardly cut out for this journey,' was the quiet remark of a North Country trainer, as he passed on his search after Tipster to look over the Russley nag. In the meantime, in that far-off hoarse roar, his name was in the mouths of all, and those who had rallied so often round the yellow banner took up the war-cry, and vowed to 'stand in with 'Merry' once again. Not many turned aside to see the 'passing of 'Arthur ;' and First Lord, the last of the Stockwells, held no toilet levee, notwithstanding wild flying rumours from the Berkshire horse-watchers. Whitehall, with his yellow quarter-sheet and liveried lad, might bear traces of the cunning hand of Jem Perren in his White-wall polish; but the days of Mundig, Cotherstone, Daniel, and

'the West' seem to have vanished for ever, now that poor Isaac Walker no longer pays his annual visit to Malton, and the Streatlam paddocks are filled with matrons, reflecting their ancient glories only in the magic of a name. Nor had Selsea Bill undergone the hoped-for transformation from a plater to a Derby horse by his change of air from Mickleham to the North, and could hardly hold his own in as plebeian a field as ever swept past Sherwoods up that heart-breaking hill towards the furzes. People rather turned away to catch a glimpse of the Johnstone initials on Tipster's quarter-sheet; but the brown Adventurer is only a commoner at the best, and old Tom Dawson would hardly have valued him at the price of the pinch taken from his horn snuff-box, when he followed Pretender about like an heiress five years ago. Times are going hard with the dark blue clan, and the division of labour with Stanton could effect nothing, proudly as King of Tyne strode round under the fence, so good to know by the round barrel and white heels behind. The proud Salopians had sent nothing else from their arsenal of celebrities, and there was no sort of Christmas Carol look about Wadlow as he stripped the big bay. Sister to Rhysworth was in everybody's mouth before the race, but rather stuck in the throats of backers afterwards; and Gilbert's trial with Kaiser and Co. was held to be too 'good goods' even for the persistent followers of the Nunnery stable. Whatever Skirmisher may have been, there is a soft spot in the hearts of his scions, and we want something to swear by like Cremorne, in place of the Rhysworths, Rippondens, and Kaisers, who lay back their ears when the foeman is at their girths. The Duke must get something more like a racehorse than Algebra before his hundred guinea subscription is likely to be full, and it was hardly fair to send such a clothes horse of an advertisement for him into the paddock, when the City and Suburban had shown him up so ruthlessly. His party had palpably given up all hope of the big brown, and there was none of that patter and clatter and preliminary war-dance which tells of some Yardley crack going to the post. Far more attractive metal was Rostrevor, with his drooping Thormanby quarters, steely legs, and sturdy, well-knit frame. Many cast longing, lingering glances at the Caractacus of the race, and thought of glimpses of brilliant form obscured by clouds of temper or misfortune, nor quite forgot the mysterious tactics of the Beckhampton clan, the headaches causing heartaches, and the many occasions in which the 'brethren' had 'put them in the pit.' Round and round the clump, where we had watched Hermit shivering under his shabby habiliments on the snowstorm day, walked the hopes of Heath House, four corner-stones of that grand edifice which was to fall in ruins so quickly, undermined by the iron hand of an outcast from the stable. Atlantic's knee still bore marks of his underground encounter with the monster Fear, nor could there be found much consolation in stilty pasterns and evident want of liberty before. The straight strong back, plain head, and quarters drooping to the tail told his parentage surely enough, nor could we doubt the potent charm of that 'slice of old

'Alice' to carry him through his task, if pluck could do it all. Aquilo followed the chestnut right humbly, but folks shook their heads at the Andred examination, and preferred to be ruled by the Biennial form instead of 'runs up' in the October Meetings. High home trials, even when conducted under Matt Dawson's eye, often make out horses to be rogues in public, while the Siberian half of his pedigree was hardly reassuring to those who pin their faith on something better tried for stoutness than aught from the 'Muscovite ranks.' Leolinus, one of the few honest Caterers we have known, came on third in the string, and if he pleased no one else, took mightily with the hunting men, who always take weight-carrying capabilities into account when reckoning up a racehorse. The big chestnut seemed quite up to carrying Trent, who is a light little horse of the Birdcatcher stamp, albeit the remote cross of the Baron is the only trace of it he can show. As time goes on he will be as wayward as the sensational Melton bay who sires him, and many judged rightly that he would be upsides with the best of them opposite Mr. Justice Clark. Reverberation had a pinched, dried-up look, as if he had not forgotten his Biennial and Two Thousand dressings. Still his party hoped on in spite of the blood, which never gave us a stayer yet, but rather reflected the T. Y. C. speed of Thormanby's old opponent, who has turned out some good second-raters from Sutton Place. Couronne de Fer was voted a vastly improved horse to the mean-looking tucked-up wretch who showed such temper in the Newmarket sale ring when the Mentmore stable was dispersed in the spring. He will never stand as a model of perfection to any painter, with his long, weak-looking neck and rather propy forelegs, but we quite expect to hear of him again before the winter. There was a frightful 'getting out' of the brown, when it was seen that business was meant, and the rose cap of Chaloner, as he sauntered down to meet him near the lower gate, was not reassuring to those who had taken liberties. George Frederick looked quite the Prince as he followed his Leader, with a regular Beadsman polish on his chestnut coat, and the royal scarlet gleaming in his front. Some passed him by as a flatcatcher, and what with pedigree and performances, and bull chest and loaded shoulders, he was the best abused horse in the race. Volturmo has quite the Macaroni forehand, and hardly anything of the Fairwater stamp about him, but as galloper to the chestnut he acquitted himself right well.

The Ladies' Friday saw us once more battling against the heat on the plantation side, and watching Apology, Memoria, and Princess Thérèse as they 'kept themselves to themselves' under the palings—a Northern phalanx, disdaining to mingle with the proud Southern dames or the patrician blood of the Green Isle. The parson's mare had a tight, cut-and-come-again appearance, which belied all idea of 'sympathetic feelings,' and all Yorkshire followed in Johnny's wake, confident that he would soon 'come marching home' in triumph. Speculum seems to get his horses without substance; but Memoria

is a nice mare, though we cannot find to what source she owes the grey tick in her chestnut coat. Princess Thérèse looked outclassed ; but Northern breeders will be surely hunting up Young Birdcatcher now that John Peel has shown he can hold his own with the best of them. Polonaise was a mere pony, but true to Bowes and Whitewall traditions, cast in her lot with the half score, and made up ‘Adventurers three’ in the field. Aventurière looked quite her name in such company, and the Ailesbury colours of I Zingari have had a rough time since the ‘stallion’ had his Epsom revenge on the Doncaster Moor. Lady of the Lake carried many a stray fiver of the believers in a run of luck ; but Custance had his leg up on to the Lewes mare, without a shade of that bright confidence with which he took George Frederick in hand two days before. Devastation was plain, and came from Kingsclere with the character of a slow, staying mare, and Porter had not thought it worth while to bring a new jacket with him. It is a lame and impotent conclusion, after all, to the great blaze of Hawley triumph in former years, and we could wish that one of the cleverest and staunchest supporters of the Turf had not been suffered to see his racing career expire so ingloriously. Newmarket rather stood by Blanche fleur in preference to Miss Toto ; but her light, shelly frame and sadly-deficient couplings, told not of a mile and a half of hard ground in company with the Middleham mare. Lady Patricia was the very spit of her sire, but lighter in colour, and Goater had done well by her since she took refuge with him. All Ireland pressed in her wake to see the Queen of the Curragh ; but we can fancy her better suited by a mile over the Doncaster flat than the gradients of Epsom. Miss Toto had not grown into the grand mare of which we thought she had all the makings when she walked away to Phantom Cottage after the Criterion ; and Tom Jennings’ grave face and the dejected look of the French division spoke clearly enough of bated confidence and hope deferred. We lingered a moment to see her join the ten in the bottom, and by the time we had made our way half up the hill the distant clang told that they were flying towards the furzes, and a minute afterwards we could see the crowd at the Corner closing in, like Red Sea waves after the host of Israel, and hear the defiant Yorkshire shout, which has not rung out so loud and deep since Blink Bonny’s year. And this evening some distant steeple may echo with its pealing refrain, telling of the victory of the ‘parson’s mare’ to many a hamlet within earshot of its merry bells.

*

*

*

*

*

We need the minute and Tacitean pen of the ‘Druid’ to recount all the incidents* of the greatest Cup contest of modern days on the borders of Windsor Forest. The names of those who cantered down to the half-way house of the New Mile were sufficient to rouse from their hiding places every Dryad and woodland genius of the place. The strictest Puritan could not have turned his back upon the six as they paraded in front of the Royal inclosure, and even the representative of Glasgow, the godly Anderson himself, would have

tolerated the hoarse diapason of the Ring for a moment, to watch them sweeping past in all the varied perfections of action—rich argosies of horseflesh, and standing rebukes to ‘Senex’ and his deterioration clique of old women, who will insist upon washing imaginary dirty linen in public.

But we must hark back to the paddock, so different from the Epsom inclosure, and a mixture of ancient and modern contrivances. The laurel-cinctured clump in its centre, and the young trees overshadowing the quaint little out-of-date pump, are things of yesterday, as much as the sturdy oak paling; but the saddling shed, with its swinging partitions and dark corners, rather takes us back to old coaching days and the stable-yard of a country inn. The royal postillions leaning over the yard-gate give a bit of colour to the scene, while all eyes are fixed on the three red, and the blue, black, and white caps moving about in the crowd. Alec Taylor has taken Gang Forward into the farthest stall on the left, and only a few of the faithful are admitted to his toilet, among them the ever jovial face of Mr. Crawford, staunch in upholding the family motto, and the familiar figures of Mr. Payne and Lord Ailesbury. There is a buzz of admiration as the Fyfield pet is led out, and there is an animated group round Chaloner in the corner, as the rather light and leggy chestnut strides away to join in the circling ring. Boiard hardly looks the stayer he is, as he walks with his head high in the air, and not in the sedate business-looking style of the thorough workman. Mossoo is there, dodging his steps, and talking of a bloody field to be avenged on this glorious eighteenth of June, yet building some hope of victory on the ‘naturalized’ Flageolet, whom he reckons only half a French horse in comparison with the Delamarre crack. The Phantom Cottage chestnut looked terribly like business, and though a dipped back and slight plainness about the head and neck detract a little from his quality, there could be found no weak spot in the flat, steely legs, with arms and thighs prodigal of muscle, and bright burnished coat, evidencing his safe progress through the ordeal of a Jennings preparation on adamant ground. Fordham stood gravely by, watching the Russley pair as they wound through the crowd, with the Oaks and St. Leger queen in front of the Derby king. Any one could see at a glance that the bloom we marked so well last September was absent from her coat, that her muscle had faded away, and her old fire abated. Fretful, dry in her skin, and with an awful thorough-pin, it was small mercy to bring her out in such a plight, but the Laird has ever stood staunchly by the public, and the backers of the ‘mare’ were to have a straight and square run for their money as of old. Marie Stuart’s hocks seem her weak point, and her strength lies in those magnificently sloping shoulders, rare depth of girth, and sweeping action. Doncaster looked hard and well, and has grown into a ‘mouldy’ handsome horse, though the old defect of standing back a trifle with his knees is still conspicuous. Last year Robert Peck had some trouble with him, and he was

never thoroughly wound up, but there should be many a Cup in store for him. He seems to run best in Webb's hands, for Cannon or Tommy Osborne have not got at his mouth secret; and we suspect there is a touch of the Caller Ou waywardness about him, though we have seen him finish straight and game enough more than once. So far he has been a 'single speech Hamilton,' like Kingcraft, but he surely will not take so long to wipe out that reproach. His old foeman, Kaiser, looked rather mean in such a field, and 'length' and 'heart' may be described as his chief requirements. A sounder or better-constituted horse never swept over the Heath, but there is a suspicious twinkle about the ear when the pinch comes, and keen observers can predict the very spot where he is fated to crack, when apparently coming along with the race in hand. Mr. Merry seemed deeply interested in the toilets of his pair, and they cleared the course round them far more speedily, if less blandly, than the good-natured superintendent, who impresses upon us the necessity of 'taking our places.'

And now, the royal inspection concluded, their heads are turned towards the post, and past crowded stands and loaded line of carriages they sweep onwards to their fate. A huge human wave surges after them as the flag falls, and the fateful corner is cleared for action. The mare lies last up the straight and past the inclosures, Flageolet trying on his Goodwood tactics, with Boiard keeping well within hail, and a trio of yellow jackets bringing up the rear. In Indian file, at wide intervals, they speed down the hill. Gang Forward does not belie his name, and Maidment sits vengefully still on the corky son of Skirmisher. Still Boiard bides his time, until the old course has been attained, when the files take close order, all save Doncaster, who still keeps plodding on in the 'supernumerary rank,' his rider husbanding for a final effort that marvellous dash of speed which stood him in such good stead at Epsom and Doncaster. Flageolet holds his own round the turn, and Osborne is hard on his mare next to the rails. Then scarlet 'cracks,' and a few strides farther on Kaiser suddenly collapses, and refuses to struggle. At the distance Carver lays Boiard alongside his ancient foeman, and another comes to dispute the issue in Doncaster, who, running straightly and gamely, creeps up inch by inch on the contending pair. But he is not destined, for this year at least, to follow in the steps of Thormanby, Buckstone, and The Chief, nor quite to avenge his last year's defeats by the tricolour. Judge Clark cannot separate them, but Boiard retains his lead, and once more the trophy is destined for the fair land of France. Away, now, ye messages of weal or woe on your silent way to every land, and vociferate, ye children of Gaul, raising the feeble huzza in your intervals of embracing, as the second Gladiateur has been found at last, and the day of your humiliation for ever avenged!

AMPHION.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER V.

THE doctor, having fairly run into his game at Honeycombe Head, and refreshed himself with a hearty pull at the Cockagee cider, clutched his hat the moment he heard the footstep of Mrs. Mumford descending the staircase; while, at the same time, the long-legged, wiry lurcher, that had hitherto sat quietly on his haunches, watching for and catching at the occasional crumbs that fell from the table, suddenly exhibited a restless, terrified look, and, as the door was opened, scuttled out of the room like a thing demented. But, quick as he was, a toe in his ribs sent him howling away, as he brushed by the petticoats of Mrs. Mumford and darted into the open yard.

'To doors, Shepherd!' screamed the virago in his rear. 'Yeu may zo well live in a kennel 't once, as in thes houze, doctor; for, 'du and zay what I will, Mumford won't hearken to me, he's took'd 'up wi' that fulthy great dog zo.'

'He finds him a useful companion, no doubt,' observed the doctor, as he rose from his chair and invited her to occupy the vacant seat.

'Useful, du yeu call un, doctor? He'th a killed every cat us a got. Ef he zeeth one a yard away vrom the houze, 'tis all up wi' 'un. Why, 'twas on'y a week ago he scrattled a fine black Tom 'us had a reared, though I had un altered to kip un home; but 'twasn't a mossel o' good. The hempen toad! I wish he was dead, 'I du.'

Mrs. Mumford, in her eagerness to eject the dog, had not perceived that the room was occupied by more visitors than the doctor, or she might probably have modified the vituperative tone in which she had indulged before the two young gentlemen, who were utter strangers to her. However, the little woman, who, with her fair complexion and finely-cut features, could show, when her temper permitted it, not only a comely but a very pretty face, was sufficiently self-possessed to exhibit the pleasant side of it the moment she saw the boys. No Proteus could have changed the form of his visage or the tone of his tongue with less effort or more effect as she said, with the blandest of smiles, 'Kip your seat, doctor, du 'ye. Us an't a-zeed ee up to Honeycombe ever zo long; and now 'yeu'm come, I hop' yeu'll sit a bit. But where d'ye come for, 'doctor, and where be going ourways?'

'Going no farther, Mrs. Mumford, in this direction. I've already 'been on the tramp all night, and must now get back to Buckbury 'for my day's work as soon as I can.'

'Off all night, and to work by day? Fai', doctor! yeu must be 'tough as bell-wire ef zo be yeu can stand that.'

As, either by inadvertence, or, perhaps more probably, by design, both Mr. Host and the warrener had omitted to introduce the boys

by name to Mrs. Mumford, her curiosity very soon got the better of any scruples she might have felt on the subject, and at once prompted her to question the latter in the crudest fashion on that and other points personal to themselves.

‘An’ what be yeu ca’d, young gen’lemen? Yeu’m both strangers, ‘I zim, in these parts; or leastways I can’t zay I ever zeed ye ‘avore to Honeycombe.’

‘This fellow is called Somers, and my name is Raleigh,’ answered Frank; ‘and though you’ve never perhaps noticed me, I’ve often ‘passed through your barton when hunting with my father’s hounds.’

The moment John Mumford heard the allusion to hounds a look of unutterable dismay passed over his countenance, and expressed ten thousand times better than words could have done the alarm he felt at the bare mention of that word in his wife’s presence; for well he knew that as thunder follows the electric flash, so certain would a storm follow it and, sooner or later, break on his devoted head. For years it had been the starting-point of many an angry broil between them; and her argument that hounds brought foxes into the country instead of killing them, always ended in a serious rupture between the man and his wife. On several occasions Mr. Host had been compelled, sorely against his will, to witness these broils; and being himself an ardent *chasseur* and the best friend to fox-hunting on that side of the moor, had naturally, when appealed to, strengthened the husband’s hands, and had even managed to do so with so much tact that he not only gave no offence, but was regarded with high favour by this veritable vixen.

‘Zo yeu be wan o’ they fox-hunters to Watercombe, be yeu, ‘young gen’leman?’ she said, deliberately. ‘Then I hop’ yeu’ll ‘zay to yeur father that I’ve a lost, first and last this spring, up ‘forty chicken, true black-reds, and all com’d of Squire Fowell’s ‘soart, ten or a dizzen goslings, and zix turkeys; and ef Mumford ‘wid on’y spake out like a man, up zix or zeven lambs zo well. But ‘there, if they voxes was to pick my bones, he widn’t know nor ‘widn’t care nought about it; not he, not a farden cake.’

‘I’ll tell my father, certainly,’ said Frank; ‘and I’ve no doubt ‘when he knows it he will be quite ready to pay for all the damage ‘done.’

This soft answer and prospect of compensation would have turned away the wrath of most people; but Mrs. Mumford’s temper, when recounting her loss by the foxes, was always so bitter and vicious that, if death were the penalty, she must deliver herself; and out the venom would come in a torrent of plain, unpolished Saxon epithets, of which she was a perfect mistress. In these tempers, were it not for the relief her tongue brought her, she must certainly have burst under the pressure.

‘An’ I’ll tak’ the last ha’penny he hath, young man; vor, I’ve a ‘zed it avore and I’ll zay it agen, they voxes be a rale cusse here- ‘about; and ef they b’ant a checked zoon I’ll zend vor Tom Franks ‘to tackle ’em, I will, ef I work for the money to pay un wi’ from

‘dayslight to candle-doubting; and, my life vor’t, he’ll zoon mak’ an end o’ they nasty varmint, or I’ll zee why zo.’

‘Never ’pon Honeycombe!’ said the husband, manfully, feeling he had a strong friend at his elbow; ‘never, ef I know’t h it; and ef I catch Tom Franks’ voot ovver the drexstool o’ my door, begorz! I’ll haive un out to the winder, zee ef I don’t.’

Mr. Host, now snatching up his hat, signified to the boys it was high time for them to be off; and as his ally was about to desert him, John Mumford very discreetly did the same, and leaving the enemy in possession of the field, retreated, under cover of the doctor’s protection, to the more peaceful company of his dog ‘Shepherd’ and the quiet avocation of his out-of-door life.

It was a glorious specimen of a Devonshire combe, that wood and dingle, through which Host and the two boys were travelling on their downward route to the town of Buckbury. On either side of the steep bridle-road (for as yet no wheels had found their way to Honeycombe, the whole of the farm produce being carried by packhorses) the ground was literally carpeted with flowers. Foxglove and the purple heather, broom and the golden furze delighted the eye on every spot accessible to the sun, while under cover of the grand old forest trees ferns of surpassing beauty clung to their boles, and filled with luxuriant foliage every cranny of the granite rocks on the knowles around. Beneath them, like a belt of silver, the mountain brook, swollen by the rain of the night and white with foam, was rushing downward in a succession of cascades, as if eager to escape from the solitude of the glens and see something more of the world in the vale below; while in the far distance stretched a broad expanse of meadows, woods and uplands, from which at intervals peeped out the rich, red, loamy soil that imparts so warm a tone to the landscape of that fertile land. Then, far as the eye might ken, rolled the glittering sea, with here and there a mighty three-decker—the glory of old England and the terror of her foes—dotting its surface and crowded with canvas, but looking no bigger than a boy’s cockle-boat on the distant horizon.

On arriving at the brook which, before they could reach Buckbury, it was necessary they should cross, the doctor’s horse, now stiff and leg-weary from his hard night’s work, could with difficulty be persuaded to enter it; and when by dint of whip and spur he was at length compelled to do so, the poor jaded beast, now up to his girths in the angry flood, must have been fairly swept off his legs but for the weight on his back and the steady, guiding influence of the rider’s hand. However, after a short struggle, they both landed in safety on the right side, while the boys, crossing over the stepping-stones above the ford, managed to do so dryshod and without trouble.

‘By-the-by,’ said the doctor, as he joined his companions, ‘I never told you that the otter-hounds were to meet at Gara-Bridge this morning; though, from the condition of the water, I doubt if they’ll do much good on that river for a day or two.’

'The otter-hounds at Gara-Bridge!' shouted Frank, eagerly; 'then, come what will of it, I'll give another day to the king; it's such a jolly meet and such a pleasant draw; far pleasanter to my taste than those dry Georgics which have cost me more headaches than I care to count; and, moreover, it's a sure find. So come along, Harry; in for a penny in for a pound; we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you know.'

'No, Frank, it would be my ruin,' answered his more prudent companion; 'that would be a wilful act of insubordination which old Twigg would never forgive; besides, I am now so tired by our night's wanderings that I couldn't possibly stand the fog; no, I daren't go; and you had better think twice, old fellow, before you take such a step. What do you say, doctor?'

'Quite right, Somers. At present your only fault is one of misadventure, and therefore excusable; but if, without leave or licence, you miche for a day's hunting, depend upon it, Dr. Twigg's wrath will not be so easily appeased. Then there's the Squire, what would he say to it, eh?'

'Say? why, that we were two bricks and entitled to see a good day's sport after such a night's lodging,' said Frank, confidently; 'and then, when I tell him how we rescued the little vixen out of Tom Frank's clutches and carried her to the earths of Forest Wood, he'll put his hands into his breeches pocket and send us back with a tip of a guinea apiece; that's what my dad will say and do, doctor, to a dead certainty.'

'Then, if he not only permits but encourages you to play the truant, your father is not the disciplinarian I took him to be, that's quite clear,' observed the doctor, drily.

'Oh! ain't he though, at home, in the kennel, and in the field; but he would look upon our absence from school as old Twigg's affair and not his, and would leave him to settle that matter with us in his own way.'

This was quite true; for the Squire, though scrupulously strict and punctilious in the management of his own business, was equally so in avoiding even the suspicion of interference with that of others; and, impressed as he was with a high respect for Dr. Twigg's stern discipline and power as a pedagogue, he would have considered it a direct violation of etiquette towards that gentleman had he taken Frank to task while under his control. So the boy, who well knew his father's peculiarity in this respect, had fair grounds for believing he should meet with no rebuff from him for the act of transgression he was about to perpetrate against the rules of the school.

'Look at that brook, dark as brown stout and rushing like a mill-race,' again observed the doctor, eager to dissuade Frank from his purpose; 'if you find your otter, I'll defy you to hunt him in such a flood; and I can hardly fancy the hounds will be sent to the meet.'

'Oh! yes, they will,' argued the boy; 'old Ben will always show his colours, even if he can't fight; and as to the water, that will

‘probably fine off by mid-day, and the heavy shower that fell at ten last night and flooded this stream may not have touched the Aune Valley at all. No, doctor, hunting for ever, say I; and old Twigg and the Georgics may go to Jericho together.’

The party had now reached the town of Buckbury; and as Frank, in spite of the doctor’s persuasion and Somers’ refusal to accompany him, persisted in his determination to cut the Georgics and go to the meet, the doctor, who had promised Mrs. Hopkins that he would find the boys before the sun rose upon Hey-Tor and had freely sacrificed a night’s rest to this laborious task, took little pains to conceal the disappointment he felt on entering the school-house with Somers alone, while Frank, parting company with them on the very threshold, made the best of his way to the Red Lion.

The click of an old clock, doing duty in a dark mahogany case, which, if converted into a coffin, might easily have enclosed the mortal remains of the biggest man in Buckbury, was the only sound that now broke the almost desert stillness of that country inn. Although it was past seven o’clock not a soul was astir after the night’s wassail except Jonas, the waiter; and he, having opened the front door, had subsided on a bench in the passage and was nodding drowsily, as if half-asleep and half-awake, like a wearied horse on a cabstand.

‘Holloa, Jonas!’ shouted Frank as he entered; ‘wake up, old fellow, and get me some breakfast as fast as you can. The old Regulator will be in before eight and I’m going on by it to the Courtenay Arms, so stir your stumps, do.’

‘Yes, sir, yes,’ answered the man, mechanically. ‘What will you please to take, sir?’

‘Oh! coffee, toast and muffins, and ham and eggs to any amount.’

This lively order appeared to act on the waiter’s nerves like the shock of a galvanic battery, for he jumped upon his legs, stared for a moment fully in Frank’s face, and then ejaculated in a strain of unfeigned delight and astonishment, ‘Why ’tis yeu, Mr. Raleigh, I see ’tis now; and yeu b’ant neither drowned in the Dart nor stogged in the mires, as they told up last night in the bar; pack of fules! they widn’t listen to Tom Franks nor y’t to me. I said yeu’d turn up all right; and here yeu be, sure enough, alive and hearty once more, and I’ve a won my money on yeu, safe as the bank.’

‘Bravo, Jonas! I hope it’s a good round sum; but who was muff enough to lay against our lives in that cool way?’

‘It was old Bill Fursden, the farrier, as I wagered with; he laid me a shilling and a glass of grog there’d be a crowner’s quest on both of yeu afore the week was over. But there, ’twas they in the bar that started the betting; Squire Luscombe (he’d a got eight brandy-bottoms on board and was a crumb top-heavy) jumped up and swore he’d have old “Crackskull” out of the stable and go in search of yeu to the moor; for, he said, there wasn’t a man in

‘ England he loved like your father. Then Mr. Cholwich, Captain Chanter, and young Bolter, all said they would go too ; but the old parson, Barker, sat firm, and called them a set of thickheads, and wagered a leg of mutton and trimmings all round they wouldn’t find ye, alive or dead, before six o’clock the next morning. But they wouldn’t hearken to he, nor wait one minute for the sun to rise and help ’em with his light. Away they goes in a pelting storm up straight for the moor, and where they be now to, I’m sure I can’t tell, and I don’t suppose they know themselves.’

‘ All three parts drunk, of course, Jonas,’ suggested Frank, whose thoughts were for the moment diverted from his breakfast by the waiter’s voluble account of this expedition that had gone in search of him.

‘ Oh, yes, sir ; all but the parson, who always drinks three-water grog and can carry off at least a bucketful at a sitting and dance Peter-o-pee on a straight line afterwards. There isn’t a head or a barrel like his in the parish of Buckbury, nit one.’

‘ Then as he has won his bet he’ll have a chance of filling the latter at the expense of his friends, and will probably enjoy the feast none the less on that account. But get the breakfast, Jonas, or Jack Goodwin’s bugle will be waking us up in no time.’

Not long was the bustling waiter, aided by the cook, whose globose form, cheerful looks, and clean mob-cap spoke volumes in favour of the house, in providing a repast for Frank such as he had not seen since he had left Watercombe. But while he is doing ample justice to the ham and eggs, and hot muffins swimming in butter, let us take first a bird’s-eye view of Harry Somers and the ‘ cold shoulder ’ he met with from Dr. Twigg, and then follow the four gentlemen who, with such Quixotic zeal and so much spirit, rode forth in the darkness of night to that wild moor, hoping not less to discover the lads than to win the wager and have their laugh at old Baker for the rest of his life ; but *Dûs aliter visum*, as we now know to their cost.

Dr. Twigg was a man of very regular habits, early to bed and early to rise, and cultivated his own health with quite as much care and assiduity as he gave to the intellectual growth of his pupils’ minds ; but so far as their religious and moral culture was concerned, that was a work he utterly neglected ; consequently, if the most important corner of the mental garden—that plot on which the happiness or misery of the future life depends—did occasionally bring forth good fruit, it was certainly not attributable either to the seed or to the labour bestowed on it by him.

Dr. Twigg had been up and astir about an hour when the creaking of the heavy hall-door, contiguous to his den, attracted his attention ; and as it was unusual for any but his own guests to enter by that sacred way, he rose at once from his seat to ascertain who they could be to whom he was indebted for so early a visit. Host’s voice, however, as he loitered for a moment in front of Somers encouraging his flagging spirits and assuring him he had nothing to

fear, quickly informed him that one, if not both the truants were at hand; and, as he firmly believed their absence was a wilful one, the scowl that sat on his brow, as Host and his companion entered, needed no words to express the anger he felt at so daring an outrage.

After hastily greeting the former, and bidding him be seated, he turned upon Harry, and, in a tone that almost curdled his blood, demanded an explanation of the unwarrantable absence of which he had been guilty. 'And tell me,' he added with a significant menace, 'tell me nothing but the truth, sir, at your peril.'

The pedagogue had little of that nature in him which so eminently characterised Dr. Arnold in his treatment of the Rugby boys, who, from the credit he was always ready to give to their statements, were literally ashamed to tell him a lie. By this practice of good faith on his part, that good man failed not to create a corresponding feeling on the part of his pupils; and thus they were educated to scorn a lie and value the truth.

'I have always endeavoured to speak the truth, sir, and will do so now,' said Harry, whose hackles rose instantly at the threat and coarse imputation implied by the pedagogue. 'Our absence was the result of an accident alone: in returning over the moor a black thunder-cloud burst over our heads, and so bewildered us by the darkness it suddenly produced, that we lost our way, wandered into the bogs, and there passed the night. Daylight, however, enabled us to reach Honeycombe, and Doctor Host can vouch for the rest.'

'That I can, and for more too,' said the doctor, eager to shield the lad, whose story he believed to the letter. 'I can testify to the extreme regret he felt on account of the annoyance it would cause you, and especially to the pains he took to return to school without loss of time.'

Doctor Twigg was fairly disarmed by this statement, and would probably have offered his hand to Harry, if a further and more painful explanation had not been evoked by the absence of Frank.

'And your companion, sir, why is he not here to answer for himself in this grave matter?' inquired the pedagogue, as again gathered on his brow the old dark frown, which he used as a kind of moral thumb-screw, thinking by it to intimidate the culprit and extract a confession of the truth, which a milder manner might fail to bring out. 'Frank Raleigh, sir, where is he?'

'He's gone to Gara-Bridge, sir, to meet his father's otter-hounds,' replied Harry, without hesitation; 'but will certainly return here before night.'

'No, sir, never to this establishment,' said Doctor Twigg, 'while I live to preside over it. That lad is an outlaw, and so addicted to sporting propensities that his expulsion will be a positive relief to me and a benefit to the school at large.'

In spite of the dignified taciturnity he ordinarily displayed, the head-master appeared for the time to lose all control over his now unruly tongue; and the invectives he poured forth against Frank were loud,

bitter, and cruelly unjust. Nor did Host venture to interpose a word while this storm was raging, although he was lying by with that object in view, and was prepared to pour oil on the troubled waters the moment he saw a chance of doing so with anything like success. Presently, however, the lull came, and then, as a skilful fisherman, who, with a light rod and fine gear, having hooked a big fish in a rough stream, apparently yields to the strain, but, still holding him on, guides him with a light hand and gentle force into a quiet eddy, and at length lands his prize; so the village doctor handled Doctor Twigg with consummate tact, and, after allowing him to kick away and expend his passion, brought him by degrees to a better mind.

‘That is no doubt quite true,’ said the pedagogue, ‘with respect to my own interest in the matter, but it is my duty to maintain the discipline of the school, doctor; and if I do not expel Raleigh for this last act of truantism, I am at least bound to visit it with a severe penalty. The example will be of use to the school, though I fear it will do little to check that inordinate love of field sports which is the besetting sin of the lad.’

‘He might, sir, have worse tendencies,’ replied the doctor, ‘if I am any judge of human nature. The love of hunting and fishing is at least an innocent passion; and if, attracted by such amusements, he is saved from others which include ruin and early death in their train, I am disposed to think that, Greek and Latin apart, he could not well cultivate a better taste.’

‘You speak as you feel, I know, doctor, in favour of field sports; but surely no one could wish to see this young gentleman grow up as ignorant as a peacock, and devoted, like Will Wimble, to but one thought in life. No, indeed. I hope as he gets older his aspirations will rise to something higher and more useful than the mere knowledge of hooking a fish or worrying a fox—pastimes better suited to gamekeepers and kennel-men, to my mind, than to educated gentlemen.’

‘*Suum cuique*,’ thought the doctor, who, seeing how useless it would be to argue this last point with so bigoted a bookworm as Dr. Twigg, maintained, however, that the lad, though addicted to sport, would probably fulfil the duties of a soldier or a country gentleman not a whit the less efficiently on that account; but, on the contrary, all the better for his manly training and knowledge of woodcraft.

‘I know’ he continued, ‘how ardently the boy loves hunting; but, from the race he comes from, men who have been mighty hunters for so many generations, it is bred in his bone, has grown with his growth, and been nurtured and encouraged by all around him; so that the hope of dispelling such a passion would, in my humble opinion, be just as vain as an attempt to change the *Æthiop’s* hue or the skin of the spotted pard.’

The doctor now having to a certain extent smoothed off the asperity of the pedagogue’s wrath and so far paved the way for Frank’s safe return to the school, took his leave, meaning, if he could

accomplish some half-score visits in a circuit of so many miles, to mount a fresh hack and ride to King's Mill, a point on the Aune River far nearer to Buckbury than Gara-Bridge, and generally, in the early season, a sure draw for the Squire's hounds.

The adventures of the four gentlemen, members, as they were called, of the Red Lion Bar, and the disasters they encountered on the moor, must be reserved for the next chapter.

A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA.

'A YARN FROM THE EMBASSY.'

ON the 25th day of December, *I*ve embarked in the port of Genoa on board the steamboat 'Virgilio,' of which Guiseppe Belviso was master, captain, pilot, and loblolly-boy, a good-tempered, cheerful soul, with a capital cook and a strong turn for macaroni à la Napolitani, a constitutional horror of rough weather, and a predisposition to smell danger even in the 'Sweet South.'

When we say 'we,' we mean not only myself, the author of these lines, but the 'party' generally who composed the expedition. The leader was clearly that distinguished military chief and *savant* whose initials, C. R. F., were emblazoned on an amount of baggage rather alarming to behold—patent baths, thermometers, patent writing cases, umbrellas, plaids, waterproof capes, sticks, telescopes, a library of books of reference; in short, everything that can render a traveller's life a burden to himself and his friends. Attached to his staff was one of the greatest authorities on Continental sporting, the Count B——; and two other members of distinguished Italian families advised our chief on matters sporting and archæological, and their appearance in the shooting costume of southern climes was sufficient to warrant our anticipations of a successful *chasse*. The Count was a first-class sportsman, a dead shot—undefatigable in blackthorn and bramble—the first up in the morning, the last in bed at night—who would walk twenty miles to see a woodcock—and who wore the best-built shooting-jacket we have yet seen in any land.

The independent member of the party was the Hon. Captain E——, R.N., than whom a better companion and sportsman never existed. Keen as a hawk, with a prophetic eye to future eventualities (he had the legs of his old pantaloons strapped with leather the moment he saw the blackthorn in Sardinia), and accompanied by Basto—whose legs were something like his master's, less the leather—he was active, untiring, resolute, and daring.

We should be unjust did we fail to notice a gentleman whose artistic talent enabled the troupe to go on their way rejoicing; for he filled the hungry with good things—whenever he could get 'em,—and when he couldn't, he, by his magic art, still continued to keep the wolf from the door and the wind out of our stomachs. This most important

personage was Mons. Pierre, the cook, who looks as though he had been turned out of nature's stewpan before his legs were quite done.

It would be manifestly unfair to forget our swell man—our valet—who has, to do him justice, the happiest knack of muddling away money and getting nothing for it, and the happiest knack of killing time and never being ready—not even for his dinner—of any flunkey we ever met with. To see him stand by and look at other people work is a pretty study: there's an elegant *abandon* in his attitude which seems to say, 'Work, ye beggars, work, and let me 'know when you're done.'

Julius Cæsar was the only man, ancient or modern, who ever described that mass of odds and ends which we Britons denominate baggage by its right and proper definition. That great hero called it *impedimenta*; and the reader may form his own idea of the mass of *impedimenta* belonging to the nine gents who formed the distinguished party whose achievements we attempt to delineate.

If, therefore, you multiply the *impedimenta* of C. R. F. by 8, you will form some idea of the cargo which was shipped on board the good steamship 'Virgilio,' Guiseppe Belviso master, in the port of Genoa La Superba, on the 25th day of December.

But it *was* shipped, and occupied three boats and six boatmen afloat, and when landed required one entire omnibus and three horses to draw and drag it about.

AFLOAT.

Hurrah! we're off. Belviso has finally kissed the underwriters, the shippers of cargo, the owners; and he made a somewhat similar attempt upon the bumboat-man, but he was tripped up by a stoker who was running aft to assist the man at the wheel.

We're off! Fluff-fluff go the paddles—whish, sh, sh, sh goes the steam. The British ensign floats proudly from the fore, braving, or trying to brave, the complimentary clouds of coal smoke forwarded by real Newcastle from the tottering old funnel; but it gives up the job in despair and disgust, and, having done its best, flaps, crestfallen and smutty, against the dingy fore-topgallant-mast.

The deck is covered with the baggage of the party; the initials C. R. F. are very conspicuous. Dogs occupy a prominent space in the foreground. There's a real Irish setter with a gigantic chuckle head that knows everybody but his master, and has already drunk a can of oil and eaten two legs of mutton, intended, the first for the engine-room, the second for our dinner. There's a Scotch pointer, a good deal like an otter-hound, and, doubtless, intended by nature for something of the sort; for we never saw it point at anything but a fox during our whole voyage in Sardinia. There is a Tuscan dog, the prototype of those animals only met with in French engravings of 'Le Chien d'arrêt,' which may be backed to point, hunt, and *chasser* a mouse during a whole season. There is a Scotch terrier, all hair and teeth, the property of our chief, whose duty it is to stand

on its forelegs and elevate its hinder ones against a wall, to the intense jubilation of the little boys, who ran after it and called it 'Diavolo.'

There were passengers on board the 'Virgilio,' seedy, downcast individuals, who looked as though somebody had been riding roughshod over them all their lives, and who turned out to be Sardinians returning to their beloved country. When we spoke inquiringly of their *lovely* island, we remarked that they rather evaded the questions; and when we spoke hypothetically, putting the case as though Sardinia were the real Hesperides, or Golden Isle, overflowing with milk, honey, iron, copper, red deer, moufflon, woodcock, partridge, tunny-fish, coral, stalactites, oysters, and wild goats with golden teeth, we perceived a grim smile curl round the corners of their mouths, while there was a slight elevation of the brow and shoulder, politely expressive of derision.

However, the sea was smooth as glass, the sky was blue as lapis lazuli, the 'Virgilio' was in good trim, the cook excited and in a clean nightcap; and we saw him wash his hands, which gave us appetite.

There were no ladies on board, with the exception of a very wrinkled old 'ooman (who slept on deck), and who was pointed out to me as having been intimately acquainted with Lord Nelson, and whose devotion to that naval hero was shown by her wearing a tarpaulin cocked hat and long pea-jacket, with the crown-and-anchor button. We addressed her upon the subject, and found her far from backward in asserting her intimate personal acquaintance with the hero, and commenced a somewhat lachrymose recital of another 'Nelson's daughter,' which we cut rather short, fearing a second edition of that favourite newspaper subject.

We should do less than justice to the cook of the 'Virgilio' did we hesitate to declare that Captain Belviso's love for macaroni à la Napolitano had rendered that artist less than perfect in his preparation of that favourite dish of the sunny land. His fried chickens also were first-chop, and his chops equalled his fries; so there was no complaint in the culinary department. The gents in the galley worked like galley-slaves, and we had appetites to match.

At noon of the 26th December we ran down the coast of Corsica, passing close to Porto Vecchio. A passenger made a faint attempt to get up a Bonapartist excitement by a reference to the island in sight as the birthplace of the Eagle; but as Bonapartism is slightly at a discount in Italy, the attempt was a signal failure. Shortly we sighted the high land of Sardinia, and soon were running for the Strait of Bonifaccio.

Corsica is to all appearance a barren rock. There *are* fertile spots; but its general appearance is wild, treeless, and sterile. It possesses good roads, regular steam communication, and a most barbarous population, far more savage and vindictive than the Sardinians. In Corsica there are instances of persons who have not been outside their houses for eighteen and twenty years, fearing the vendetta.

LA MADDALENA.

The approach to this famous anchorage (a favourite resort of Nelson in old days) is achieved by threading a passage amongst islands until you arrive at a large land-locked anchorage, into and out of which the heaviest ships can sail with any wind. The town of La Maddalena lies on the south side of the island of that name. It is inhabited by smugglers, and the exception to the rule is to be found in the persons of some erratic British subjects who have dropped down upon this snuggery.

We took a short turn over the island, but as the principal productions, besides the smugglers, are prickly pears and goats, we returned on board to dine, and left during the night for Porto Torres.

That erratic sportsman, Sir H. P——, built himself what he calls a shooting-box on this island. It is about the size of a portmanteau, and there is no shooting within fifty miles of it. It is built near the shore, and looks over the anchorage, like a watch-box keeping guard over the souvenirs of the fleet of the immortal hero.

We ran on during the night, which was considered a great feat of seamanship, and, entering the Strait of Bonifaccio, we arrived at Porto Torres at about noon the 27th December. Porto Torres is about one-fourth the size of the harbour of Shoreham, with the disadvantage of having no more than ten feet of water in it, and a wrecked vessel lying in the best part of the harbour, which the *authorities* have been trying to remove for two years, and are likely to be ten more at the present pace. We were received by the aforesaid authorities—the vicar, the captain of the port, the tide-waiter, and a gentleman in a large cloak and flapped hat, who subsequently did us the honour to take us by the nose and shave us. They were all bearded, and, to do them justice, they had *not* that odious smell of garlic which distinguishes the same class of gentry on the mainland. They were, moreover, excessively polite. The captain showed us some fine Roman ruins, and the vicar showed us a fine old church; and rosoglio was handed to us in his reverence's private room by two very fine children, who he did not hesitate to present as his own manufacture. We complimented him upon their appearance, but expressed a slight doubt as to the creatures being quite orthodox in point of parentage. 'Che volete,' said the candid sinner, 'tis so lonely 'without children.'

We subsequently were engaged in a fierce contest for conveyance by rival 'busses to Sassari—(three hours)—and were eventually thrust into a strange compound of Noah's ark and old hackney coaches, drawn by three horses and enjoying two coachmen, who blew screeching notes on trumpets, and drove full gallop the whole way to Sassari.

Before bidding adieu to Porto Torres it is right to mention that it enjoys a marsh abounding in ducks, snipes, and tertian ague and fever; and to its balmy influence is doubtless due the yellow, flabby, pot-

bellied subjects one sees in the streets of this somewhat lugubrious town.

Sassari is situated on the culminating point of the northern range of hills, which here run east and west. It is healthy, well built, clean, thriving. The most beautiful building stone, like the best Caen or Malta, is to be cut out like cheese only one foot beneath the surface, and the inhabitants are making good use of it. There is a Pisan castle and some city walls built by the same people, temp. A.D. 1300; but otherwise there is nothing striking about it. So the next day we hired another 'bus and drove off to Torralba, a village of one street of dirty cottages, where we 'baited.' The generality of Sardinian dwellings partakes of the Irish cabin and the dungeon of the Middle Ages. There are no windows—a precautionary measure against *ven-detta*—consequently the inhabitants receive light and air through the door. The floor is invariably two or three feet below the level of the road, so that as the floor is made of mud, it is always damp and generally sticky. The fire is made in a square compartment in the middle of the room, and at night the proprietors of these hovels put mats round it, and lie down in full dress to sleep. The inevitable result of this state of things is that dirt is the prominent feature of Sardinia. The houses are dirty; there are no chimneys; everything is smutty; every operation is carried on in the one room, which receives besides all sorts of four-footed beasts, not to speak of the never-failing occupant, the donkey, which grinds corn in a small quern in one corner of the apartment.

Torralba was the first true Sardinian village we entered, and we found it redolent of dogs, dirt, fleas, and filth. Yet the people were abundantly clothed, all armed, all owning horses, and all well fed, and disdaining to accept money for trifling services.

It was at Torralba that we visited the first *nuraghi*. A *nuraghi* is a building of which the architects, the date, and the use are all unknown. These buildings abound in Sardinia; they are all exactly alike—conical, truncated, built of stones rudely shaped, but all shaped alike; all on the same plan; all built on commanding positions, and abounding in those marshy plains where to-day no man can live on account of the deadly malaria.

These queer constructions have puzzled all the archæologists of all times and all countries. They have no analogy with any other buildings in any other country. They bothered the Romans quite as much as did *Pæstum*; and they are quite as likely to bother the moderns as the discovery of the longitude or the squaring the circle.

To us they appear places of strength first, and places of sepulture subsequently. Places of strength, because we remarked that upon going backwards from the doorway up the inclined plane or winding stair, that an enemy could not, in the days of bows and arrows, advance into the covered way without the certainty of being killed. The proprietor of the *nuraghi* would retreat facing his enemy. He would ever be in the dark and invisible; his enemy, on the contrary,

would look black against the light, and be a fine mark. The curve inwards would protect the owner, whose right hand would always be free with the curve to work in, and his body is protected the while by the same curve; then the incline gives great advantage to the defender, and is against the enemy. Finally, it appeared to us that the plan of defence these nuraghis offer is perfect, considering that in those days men fought hand to hand. That these places should afterwards have served for tombs is not surprising. Doubtless more commodious houses were constructed. Men herded in towns, and the nuraghi offered an admirable sepulchre, consecrated by tradition, and mighty 'snug lying' at the same time.

It was from Torralba that distinguished military chieftain, General C. R. F——, set out on horseback, accompanied by a strong armed guard, to 'do' his nuraghi, whilst we took a turn amongst the villagers, and pondered upon the question, Why is it that dirty people always look so happy? We determined at last that they were not happy, but, like all idle and therefore dirty people, merely in a hurry, which gave an appearance of happy animation.

We dug a Spaniard out of an extremely filthy cottage. He was produced because the Sardis thought that all foreigners spoke the same language. 'We are getting amongst an original people,' thought we.

Having given the general officer an hour's start, we put the horses to the 'bus, uncoupled the dogs, loaded the guns, and set off on the road, meaning to take a shot. The Tuscan *chasseur*, with his *chien d'arrêt*, soon fell in with a covey of red-legged partridge, and never missed a shot. He bagged three brace, and we then awaited the return of our military chief, who groped about the nuraghi so long that we lost all chance of getting to Macomer that night; so, about 9 P.M., we pulled up at a *cantoniera*, a sort of refuge constructed when the road was first planned, and composed of three rooms—a centre for kitchen, and a den on each side, into one of which we, six gents, two servants, and four dogs, were ushered, to make the best of two truckle-beds and an unlimited supply of fleas and other vermin. The first thing to be done was to light a fire in the kitchen; but, seeing several ineffectual attempts, we undertook the office, and did it so effectually that we set fire to the chimney and very nearly burnt the house down, there being sundry cartloads of flax stowed away in the roof. Order being restored, the *chasse* was picked, and the artist, with some cabbages and macaroni, made some capital *perdrix aux choux*, and as we had lots of wine, we were rather jovial than otherwise.

At 4 A.M. we boiled the coffee-pot, and soon after started up a tremendous long hill, *en route* for Macomer, where we arrived at dawn of day. The first view was not prepossessing. It was snowing and thawing, and the mud was deep and sticky; there was no inn—no habitation capable of receiving nine gents; so we looked at each other, not blandly, but very blank, till at last some one cried out, 'La Marmora told us to use his name. Let's go to the best house in

‘the village; if we get in, they’ll be clever to get us out.’ (Hear, hear.) Off we went and pulled up at a two-storeyed house—ourselves and the Count’s spokesmen:

‘Whose house is this?’

‘Count P——’s.’

‘Is he at home?’

‘No; he’s gone to Sassari. But you are strangers, so come in and take coffee.’

‘But we are nine!’

‘What does that matter? If you were ninety ’twould be the same, and the Countess would think herself disgraced if you passed by her house, and the Count would be insulted. The Countess will be down directly.’

Upon this invitation from a little dumpy old woman, all smiles and white teeth (all the people have white teeth in Sardinia), we all advanced in a body into a sort of hall. In five minutes we had capital coffee, and were shown upstairs into a suite of very good rooms—capital beds, blazing fire; and in ten minutes there came in the most beautiful woman we think we ever saw in our life. She was dressed in the Sardinian costume, with a sort of gauze veil. She had the most beautiful hair, teeth, eyes, and complexion we ever beheld. Her daughter was with her (one of ten children), and no queen ever received her subjects more graciously or more kindly than this lovely lady. She spoke only Sard—we spoke only Italian, French, English; so our converse was short and sweet, for she made us feel we were at home, and in five minutes we were so effectually.

By the time that we had unpacked the baggage the Count returned from Cagliari and received us most cordially, begged us to stay as long as we liked, and asked us to give him our commands.

‘Is there any shooting?’ asked five people in a breath. (*We did not* put that question. It was evident there was woodcock and partridge, for whilst the party was asleep, at 6 A.M., *we* had perceived both in passing through a forest of oak, blackthorn, and bramble.)

‘Any shooting!’ said the Count; ‘I believe you. What will you please wish to shoot? wild-boar or deer? or woodcock and partridge?’

All shooting in Sardinia is divided into two classes—*caccia grossa*, and *caccia piccola*. The first consists of the large beasts, the second of the winged game and hare. So they ask you which of the two you desire to hunt, and then give their orders accordingly.

The party seemed staggered at being thus suddenly brought face to face with a wild boar, and after a slight hesitation *caccia piccola* was inquired after.

‘Benissimo,’ said the Count. He opened the window, screamed out something in Sard, waited a few moments, and then said, ‘Your guides are ready.’

As *we* had only brought Mr. Purday’s undeniable rifle, we did not make any attempt to accompany the party; but we drank *café au lait* and ate spongecake in silence and content.

Then arose a Babel of confusion who should go with who? what sized shot? should all the dogs go? where were they going? what were they going to do? what sort of a country was it? was a loading-rod a good thing to take? was brandy indispensable? Luncheon! Good God! there was no luncheon! An immediate appeal was made to the Count. He shrugged his shoulders and took snuff, and looked as though the word 'muff' was not altogether unknown to him.

At last the party split into two bodies, the General and the gallant Captain armed, dogged, and guided, and the Count and his companion ditto. We followed the latter party, with the *chien d'arrêt*, through the town, and striking short off to the right when through it, we entered upon a country very like that part of Mar Forest where the head-waters of the Dec are found—granite, granite, granite, nothing but granite! However, there was sward amongst the rocks, and we soon descended into a dell, the sides of which were covered with blackthorn and bramble, and myrtle and dwarf cork-trees, and scrubby oak and arbutus.

Walking along the edge of the thicket the *chien d'arrêt* wagged his tail and looked at his master. 'Here's partridge,' said the master. 'Hey, Carlo.' Carlo rushed at a bush, out fluttered a partridge. Bang!—dead bird—another and another—same fate. There was no doubt about it, the Tuscan in his velvet jacket—the image of an Italian image boy—was a dead shot, and could shoot twice as quick as we could.

We turned along the edge of the brush where it joined a little rippling trout stream; here and there splashes of water. Carlo wagged his tail. 'There's woodcock here,' said the Count; 'Hey, Carlo.' The usual rush, and up got two cocks. Bang! bang! went the Tuscan, and down they went. The man missed nothing. A bird was no sooner up than it was down—killed clean—no broken wings—no looking for wounded birds. And he took them all, far or near; when he fired it was fatal.

The Marquis looked on with a faint smile. He had never even attempted to bring his *fusil* to the half-cock, so we borrowed it and killed a few woodcock; not shooting near so well as the Count though, who with Carlo (who turned out to be an invaluable dog in the blackthorn and bramble, and, in our opinion, would go through a *chevaux de frise* of Italian stilettos) killed eight or nine brace of woodcock, and as many of partridge. The Marquis complained of his gaiters; but he was as gay as a lark upon his own utter want of success, and praised the Tuscan up to the sky, which pleased him immensely.

After three hours of very pretty shooting (and it appeared to me that the whole country abounds with such dells and such shooting), we returned home, and found the military detachment great in the mysteries of a toilet. They had killed one quail between them; and there was a dispute as to whether it had really been hit, or whether the dogs had caught it.

We had a capital dinner, and then came on the discussion—‘What was to be done?’ The whole party, ourself excepted, was for wild-boar shooting at Cuglieri, five hours distant. We didn’t care a rap for pig; we wanted red deer and moufflon. After a warm debate we carried our point by sheer obstinacy. We determined to go to the mountain in the east centre of the island, while the rest of the party went to Cuglieri, on the west coast. We desired to go to Fonni, *viâ* Sedilo, in order to get amongst the hills. We were assailed by a volley of opprobrium. ‘Ingrato,’ said the Count, ‘you shall *not* go. If you go I will go with you, unless you swear to be at Cuglieri on Sunday night.’ This was on Tuesday evening. From the specimen we had had of the Count’s powers as a sportsman we thought it better to accept those conditions, so we swore to be at Cuglieri on Sunday night, and were left in peace.

It is necessary to explain the geographical configuration of this odd bit of Sardinia. From Sassari to Macomer you travel more or less along a sort of plateau, broken occasionally by dips in the strata; but you arrive at last at Macomer, driving along a flat till you enter the town, pass from one end to the other, and find that you have arrived at the end of the plateau, and are 400 feet above an enormous magnificent plain, 18 miles wide and 40 long. Immediately opposite, in the clouds, are the two peaks of Gennargentu, the country of red deer and moufflon, and to arrive at the foot of these peaks was our intent. Was it practicable? We appealed to the Count.

‘Ah!’ said he, taking a tremendous pinch of snuff, ‘you want moufflon. You have only to go to Sedilo, that square-looking rock at the foot of the hill, and there they are.’

Nothing could be easier; the moufflon were in sight. Out came our rifle immediately; and running our eye along the rib, we mentally wandered into the realms of moufflon, and made sad havoc in the flocks of that nondescript.

JINKISSON'S DUELS.

I.

ONE of the merriest of men and drollest of companions was little Jinkisson, a member of the old cricket club in our village. He was a free hitter all round, a good fielder far and near, and would go on to bowl when the captain permitted him, which was not often, for the captain thought him a ‘chattering monkey,’ and he thought the captain a ‘pompous old muff.’ Winning or losing he kept the game alive; and well do I remember when we played the ‘Warpan’-woofs’ before ten thousand natives on the common outside the town, all exhibiting strong local prejudice, how he made the sulky rascals laugh by shouting, as ball after ball he smote away, ‘I’ll warm your ‘Woofantry jackets for you.’ And then, at night, when we held our

social and harmonic meetings, the custom always in pre-locomotive days, he would sing how

‘ King Death was a rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes ran brine,
As he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out the coal-black wine ;’

a weird effusion of the figurative type. At other times he would bid us let

‘ The busy bee contented sweets from every flower to sip,
There’s nought in life gives happiness like wine and woman’s lip,’

a combination of the bacchanalian and love ditty that stirred our hearts to the core.

He rode across country, too, in a spasmodic sort of way, on the veteran performers of our local stable in the happy heedless days, when a tumble was a trifle and a neck was nothing, and the prodigal returned to his father diurnally at breakfast-time. The leisure of Jinkisson’s evenings was occupied in the scientific game of pyramid, and he liked to win for two very common reasons—it gratified his pride, which was great; and improved his finances, which were small. His favourite playmate was a good-tempered gentleman, wont to display his indifference or conceal his excitement by whistling the then popular operatic airs, a gratuitous performance against which Jinkisson always vehemently protested, saying, ‘ I wish you would not whistle, sir; it distracts my attention and puts me off my stroke.’ ‘ I beg your pardon, I’m sure, it was my forgetfulness; I will not do it again,’ was the usual apology. But he invariably and involuntarily broke his promise in the next two minutes by whistling away as blithe as ever. ‘ It is not so much your whistling that I object to; but the fact is, you whistle so confoundedly out of tune that it is quite unbearable,’ said the angry little man, by way of a closer.

No one would have taken Jinkisson for a fire-eater or thought him likely to fight a duel; and probably, had it been his lot to remain in England, he would never have done so, but, as a matter of fact, he fought two. His opinion on that now obsolete ordeal of right and wrong would have varied with his frame of mind and the emotions which swayed him at the time. If offended and in dudgeon, he would have argued that duelling was necessary to check bullies and redress wrongs not righted by the law; had he won at pyramids, or made a good innings, he would have disposed of the matter summarily as a barbaric absurdity only fit for savages and fools.

Jinkisson was a surgeon on the staff of the British Legion which, under the command of General (afterwards Sir) de Lacy Evans, helped to put Queen Christina on the throne of Spain. That legion, composed of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, was principally officered, especially the cavalry, by our Irish cousins—high-spirited fellows,

ever ready to keep honour bright by the application of powder and ball at ten or fifteen paces.

What if 'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away' three hundred years ago! it did not matter to them the toss of a 'thirteener.' Spain was in their eyes the land of chivalry still; they brought with them and transplanted the chivalry of Old Ireland, and it took root and flourished in that genial soil. There they were free to settle their differences after the manner of their ancestors, uncontrolled by dull, phlegmatic England. This, we must remember, was in 1835 or 1836, when examples were not wanting. The Duke of Wellington had been out with Lord Winchelsea, and subsequently Lord Alvanley with Morgan O'Connell, Osbaldeston with Lord George Bentinck, Lord Cardigan with Captain Tuckett, besides similar affairs between less distinguished persons.

Men, we are told, are the sport of circumstances, and Jinkisson was in San Sebastian at the time it was invested by the Carlists. The regiment to which he belonged was, with the other infantry, in the lines; while he, being a staff surgeon, remained with the hospitals in the town; and the cavalry, being useless for trench-work, were in San Sebastian too. They filled the cafés, and were merry. One night Jinkisson and a young Irish cornet indulged in some small practical jokes at each other's expense. Victory coquetted, and would not declare herself; they therefore tried physical force, the *dernier ressort* of nations and individuals. The exhibition, half jest half earnest, was rather ludicrous, and afforded much amusement to the lookers on. Jinkisson's susceptibility did not relish the chaff and laughter that greeted the efforts of the one to put the other on his back. 'Let us leave off, we are only making fools of ourselves,' said he with dignity. 'Speak for yourself, sir, and don't apply that 'epithet to me,' said the other with equal dignity; only more so, for the blood of all the Irish kings was heating in his veins. 'Oh, 'you're a silly fellow,' said Jinkisson, and sat down. The outraged Lancer sat upon a table swinging his legs and endeavoured, by the aid of his thumb and finger, to ascertain whether his moustache, which he had been anxiously expecting, had arrived since morning. Jinkisson walked up the room, and in so doing passed the Lancer as he sat, when the latter's swinging legs caught him in the region of his skirts, and 'wounded honour more than twice as many kicks 'before.' It might be accidental or, as old Matthews used to say, 'it might not.' Stung for the moment, Jinkisson turned round and demanded if that application of the toe was intentional. The answer, that he might take it as he pleased, was ambiguous in one sense only, and not calculated to allay his irritation. He lashed himself into a rage sufficient for the occasion, and loudly proclaimed that he 'would not take an insult from any man that ever lived—'not from Goliath, though Goliath were a Lancer, and the staff of his 'spear was like a weaver's beam.' These mighty words aroused the company, who immediately declared the honour of the Legion to be at stake; two arms of the service, cavalry and infantry, were at

issue ; the ranks would catch the infection ; there would be mutiny ; the thing was serious, and must be seen to. ' Name your frind, ' sir,' said O'Sullivan, whose spurs and brogue denoted him a cavalry officer and an Irishman. ' He kicked me,' said Jinkisson ; ' kicked ' me, by George—you must have seen it. I will not submit to it, ' and that's flat.' ' Then name your frind, sir. You called him a ' fool ; and that a Lancer should be called a fool, and by a doctor, ' too, is carrying things a trifle too far.' ' Name your friend, sir ! ' Name your friend,' was the general cry when another Lancer, Captain O'Brien, came forward, and with a coolness that contrasted with the excitement around, said, ' Gentlemen, this is not the thing ' at all. It is a brawl, and most discreditable to us in this public ' place. Doctor Jinkisson will, I feel assured, readily afford to Mr. ' Burke the satisfaction due to the honour he has wounded.' ' *His* ' honour wounded ! what about mine ? He kicked *me*—have you ' nothing to say about *that* ? ' screamed the irrepressible little doctor, in despair. ' I am bound to admit,' continued O'Brien, ' that, ' looking at the affair from your point of view, you are entitled to ' satisfaction as much as he is.' ' Oh,' said Jinkisson, ' I'll fight ' him—of course I'll fight him ; but I merely remarked that we ' were behaving absurdly, and why there is all this hubbub I cannot ' understand.' ' Jinkisson,' said another, ' you know we all like ' you. You sing a good song, and are a very good fellow ; but you ' are hasty, and the fits of passion you give way to must bring you ' to trouble.' ' Fits of passion be hanged ! ' said the bewildered staff surgeon. ' You are all a set of——' but he was stopped by O'Sullivan just in time. ' If you use offensive expressions to us, sir, you ' must meet the whole of us, one by one.' ' So I will. I'll fight ' the lot,' was the passionate reply ; but the responsibility of the situation flashed across him, and he subsided, saying, in a quieter tone, ' but I have no friend at hand, the only officer of my own ' regiment at present in the town is my colonel, and if I mention the ' matter to him he will place me under arrest.' At this moment, however, Phubbs, the surgeon of the Fusiliers, entered the room. He was Jinkisson's bosom friend ; they had ' walked ' Guy's Hospital together, and here in Spain were brothers in the surgery and in the mess-room. Jinkisson caught his eye, and said, ' Phubbs, my ' dear fellow, I am in the most absurd of all scrapes. I made an ' observation to which exception has been taken, and the conse- ' quence is, I must fight somebody or other ; you must be my ' second.' ' Really,' said Phubbs, taken aback by the suddenness and novelty of the proposal, ' it is a kind of thing I am not at all ' used to. I am a pretty good hand at taking a bullet out of a fellow, ' but helping to put one in is what I never did ; in fact, I am quite a ' stranger to the laws relating to such matters.' ' The simplest ' thing in the world,' said Triplex, of the Rifles. ' It comes to man ' like the measles or his teeth—quite naturally ; it's born in him.'

The irresistible force of circumstances fully compensated for any possible weakness of argument, and Phubbs consented. Captain

O'Sullivan at once volunteered to act for Mr. Burke, and the two seconds forthwith held a grave deliberation with closed doors at an open table in a corner, every one keeping a respectful distance and preserving the most decorous silence in reverence of the solemn proceedings. 'Pen, ink, and paper,' said O'Sullivan in a tone of voice that would have done credit to a headsman calling for his axe in a melodrama. The articles were procured and placed before him by the bearer with a graceful bow, which was suitably acknowledged. For some minutes the only conversation in the room was carried on in whispers, while glances at the all-important pair in the corner were snatched as cautiously as roasted chesnuts from the bars of a fire-grate. They rose from their seats, and amid a breathless silence approached the expectant officers, each of whom took a long pull at his *refresco* by way of preparation. 'Gentlemen,' said O'Sullivan, 'you will be glad to hear that Mr. Phubbs and myself have succeeded in coming to an arrangement that will obviate the necessity for a hostile meeting; for though I trust we shall be always ready to meet our man, it is our duty to avoid it when possible without loss of honour.' (Hear, hear.) 'I am bound to say, gentlemen, that Mr. Phubbs has acted in the most gentlemanly way on the part of his principal, which I am sure that gentleman will be the first to acknowledge.' (Hear, hear.) 'I will now read the terms we have agreed upon, which, to prevent mistakes, have been reduced to writing. "Captain " Dennis O'Sullivan, on behalf of Cornet Maurice Burke of Her " Catholic Majesty's Royal Irish Lancers, and Doctor Phillip " Phubbs, on behalf of William Jinkisson, Esquire, doctor on the " staff, and of her aforesaid Majesty's Royal British Fusiliers, " having considered the matters in difference between them, decide " that Doctor Jinkisson shall retract the terms 'fool' and 'silly " fellow,' and apologize for the same, as not being applicable to " an officer and a gentleman, though he applied them to himself. " Cornet Burke shall at the same time withdraw the kick, if he " intended to administer the same, and apologize for it if unin- " tentional; and we, the above-named friends of the parties, have " already done so on behalf of our principals.—Signed DENNIS " O'SULLIVAN, PHILLIP PHUBBS."'

When the meaning of this momentous document was fully interpreted and comprehended, and it was generally understood that there was to be no fight, the public feeling, long pent up, burst forth in a skirmishing fire of commentary which rapidly increased to a respectable fusillade. 'Very nicely managed, I'm sure,' said one. 'Burke, my boy, I congratulate you.' 'A pretty document.' 'No fighting, eh, doctor?' 'Just as it should be, isn't it?' The tone and tenor of these remarks were not lost upon Jinkisson; he looked at his tormentors as if he would say something, but not knowing what, adopted the wise alternative of saying nothing. He felt that a good round oath would do him good, but refraining for prudential reasons, retired to a corner, took a *puro* from his *petaca*,

lighted it, and began to smoke; but it would not draw. He applied his penknife to the end to assist the draught, and tried again; but no, it would not do; there was a hole in it. Yes, the leaf was broken. He wetted it—to no purpose; it had gone out. He relighted it, bit it, pulled and puffed till it was like an old besom, and, finding it utterly intractable, flung it away with a ‘bah!’ He was in no mood for conversation, and he could not smoke. There was nothing left but ‘quarters;’ so, bidding the company ‘Good night,’ thither went upon his way.

On his arrival he found the colonel of his regiment reading a newspaper. The colonel instinctively turned his head, and on seeing who had entered turned it back again. Jinkisson, who had his misgivings on the terms of the recent settlement, did not fail to notice the colonel’s altered manner. He at once resolved to ascertain if the cause were what his mind suggested, and boldly opened a conversation with ‘Well, colonel, and how are you to-night?’ ‘Don’t speak to me, sir,’ said the colonel gruffly. ‘And why not, sir?’ asked the doctor. ‘Because I do not choose to hold any conversation with a man who has been kicked in a café and apologized for it.’ The unhappy staff surgeon began to explain, but the colonel would hear nothing, and told him roundly that his brother officers would no longer associate with him, and the sooner he left the Legion the better. He had been kicked—kicked—kicked, and must go. Jinkisson replied that he should do nothing of the sort, but finding his superior officer deaf to all remonstrance, meekly retired to his solitary chamber.

The solitude of his retirement was not calculated to improve his spirits. He felt he had been sold, that he had got the worst of the arbitration, and was dubbed a coward. Without divesting himself of a single garment, he threw himself on the bed to ponder on the events of the evening. The cutting cynicism of the expressions he had heard stung him to the quick as one by one they flashed upon him with savage rapidity. Some of the men he had assisted in time of need, and as he thought of their ingratitude he worked himself into a passion and felt more comfortable. At length, resolving to pull Burke’s nose the first thing in the morning, and afterwards to call the other fellows out in alphabetical order, he became cheerful almost to merriment, and was dozing off to sleep, when his door opened, and in walked Triplex of the Rifles, the great authority upon duelling, and seated himself upon the bed. Triplex was an Irishman, and, like the rest of his countrymen, full of good-humour; if he fought it was for the love of the thing, and not from any feeling of animosity, individual or general. The lamp was still burning, and Jinkisson, on seeing his unceremonious visitor, haughtily demanded the reason for the intrusion. ‘You’re in a mess, old man —an infernal mess, an’ it’s a bad job for ye,’ said Triplex, without heeding the doctor’s high and mighty tone. ‘And if I am, sir,’ said the dignified little man, ‘let me tell you, Captain Triplex, that you are one of the last men that should upbraid me; for I look upon

'you and all present as parties to the transaction. I shall consider this visit an insult, and as such welcome it as an opportunity of showing——' 'Oh! bother that,' said Triplex, lighting a *cigar-rillo*. 'I'm not come here to quarrel with you, and I won't do it.' 'You are much to blame, Triplex,' said Jinkisson. 'You are the man to whom we look up for counsel and advice in all affairs of honour; and when you saw that fool Phubbs humbugged as he was, it was your duty to have protested and spared me this humiliation.'

'It was because I understood such matters that I did not interfere; and I am now transgressing the rules of propriety in coming here to give my assistance, besides stopping out of bed; an' ye know I'm invalided,' was the rifleman's reply. 'Your advice is unnecessary. My course is clear and my mind made up. I shall challenge Burke as soon as I have seen my patients. If he refuse me I shall pull his nose,' said the doctor.

'Ah! there you're all wrong,' said Triplex. 'The law is against you. As far as he is concerned the affair is ended. His honour is satisfied just the same as if he had fought. The Lancers would not allow him to go out; they could not do it; it would be barbarous and against all precedent.' 'I suppose it is so,' said Jinkisson. 'Then what am I to do?' 'The law is simple,' said the other, 'and your course is clear. You placed your honour in the keeping of your friend; either he betrayed it or was incompetent to undertake the task. Anyhow, it suffered in his hands; and in either case he is responsible to you. Do you understand?' 'Oh, nonsense! he could not help himself. He was humbugged by O'Sullivan; and that is the man to answer for it. Yes, O'Sullivan's the man. I'll call him out,' said the doctor. 'There, again, you're out of it. O'Sullivan only did his best for his man, and he did it well. You cannot punish a man for his abilities.

It is against nature, the law, common sense, and public policy. You haven't an argument in your favour, and must fight Phubbs,' said the great authority. 'Fight Phubbs! my dearest and oldest friend, my companion at the "Coal-Hole," the "Cider Cellars," and the dissecting-room; my fellow-student at Guy's. The happiest days of my life were spent with him. Never!' said Jinkisson, as in bitterness of heart he tossed his pillow at the tattered picture of a Spanish saint to show his abandonment of hope in this world and the next. 'Oh, Triplex! my dear Triplex! ask me anything but that. Let me fight the Lancers all round—the whole cavalry brigade if you like—but not Phubbs;' and he buried his face in the hole where the pillow had been. 'By my sowl I'm glad nobody sees you but myself, or by the Hill o' Howth they would say you were frightened,' said Triplex, laughing. 'Frightened!' said the indignant doctor, starting up. 'No, Triplex, I am not frightened, but I am emotional—strongly emotional.' 'To blazes with your emotions, an' your feelings, an' your nonsense. It's not because you like or dislike a man that you fight him or let it

‘alone. Love an’ hate have nothing to do with it; quite the reverse. A man does not go out to kill a fellow. He does it to satisfy his own honour. Och, divil forbid malice, an’ favour, too, for that matter. Besides, you need not kill your friend outright, except by accident. Take my advice, and hit him on the funny-bone. It will be a joke for the mess-room, and you’ll be a popular man.’ ‘Well, I suppose you are right,’ said Jinkisson, thoughtfully, and resigning himself to his fate. ‘Yes, you are right. Of course you are. Will you be my second?’ ‘Certainly. I came on purpose; and, indeed, I would not intrust so delicate an affair, to other hands for the crown of Spain, if I could borrow money on it,’ said the accomplished Triplex. ‘And, believe me, Jinkisson, I’ll manage it first-rate. There’ll be no hitch, I warrant you. Phubbs can’t refuse; therefore be happy. Pull off your clothes and get to bed. Faith, I’ll not stir till I see you begin.’ Jinkisson, enlightened by these lucid arguments and cheered by his friend’s good-nature, did as he was bid. ‘Now,’ said Triplex, ‘*buenos noches, camarada*, and to-morrow I venture to say you’ll not go about the barracks twirling your tail like a tiger in a trap, and distorting your features like a Quaker at a horse-race; but you’ll look as easy and dignified as the Lord Chancellor of Ireland over a tumbler of whisky punch.’ And with these words the friendly fire-eater took his leave, singing, as he went downstairs, ‘Oh, there’s nothing half so sweet in life as love’s young dream’ to a hornpipe tune. Jinkisson got into bed, fell asleep, and dreamt he fought a duel with Julian the Apostate, who kept a chemist’s shop in the Haymarket; that thrice he bent his good Toledo blade double against the fourth button of the count’s jerkin; and on Triplex ordering the regimental tailor to remove the buttons the count ran away, invested all his money in Spanish bonds, became insolvent, and travelled in the wine trade.

T. H. G.

(*To be continued.*)

CRICKET.

THE weather during the past month has been favourable on the whole to cricket, and the number of important events that have been decided is so large as to preclude us from giving them more than a cursory notice. The Universities especially have been hard at work, getting through a lengthy series of trial matches in anticipation of the great contest which, as we write, is on the eve of settlement. It unfortunately happens that though the Oxford and Cambridge match will be over by the time these lines are in print, the circumstance of its being fixed for the last days of June prevents us from taking any notice of it in the present number. Nor, for the

same reason, would it be of any use to endeavour to estimate the merits of the rival elevens, or to venture on a prophecy which will have been either fulfilled or falsified before it can be read. Even a sketch of what the Universities have been doing during the past month must, under the circumstances, possess comparatively little interest on the 1st of July; yet it would be scarcely possible to omit all notice of so integral a part of the cricket history of the month of June. We will go back, therefore, to the match at Oxford between the University and the M.C.C. and G. The Club played a sufficiently strong team, including Mr. W. G. Grace, but as he arrived just at the end of the first innings, and only put together 'a score' in the second, he did not damage the University much. It was noticeable that Mr. Buckland did not get a single wicket during the match, Mr. Kelsey, a fast but uncertain bowler doing most of the work, and being backed up by Mr. Lang and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom came on wonderfully later in the month. The Oxford batting, against the bowling of Morley, Randon, and Alfred Shaw, was moderate, and nothing more. Mr. Wallroth and Mr. Law, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Game, made fair contributions; but, on the whole, the University batting created no very favourable impression. Their fielding, however, was acknowledged to be brilliant, and throughout the month has shown no signs of falling off. We next find Oxford opposed to eleven Gentlemen of England and beating them easily; but England was but poorly represented in the bowling department, for besides Mr. Buchanan there were only Mr. Butler—who could not bowl a bit, his analysis in the second innings being 2 overs for 18 runs—Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Fryer. Mr. Buchanan of course got his fair share of wickets, as he always does, but at a considerable expense; and the University Eleven, if they could bat at all, were bound to score freely off the rest of the bowling opposed to them. This they did, Mr. Buckland and Mr. Ridley in both innings, and Lord Harris and Mr. Jones in one out of two, being conspicuous contributors. As a test of real batting ability, however, on the part of the University, this match goes for very little. There was some tough batting on the part of the Gentlemen of England to be got rid of, and this part of their work the University bowlers certainly did with considerable efficiency, Mr. Lang, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. Jones being the performers. Mr. Buckland was again ineffective, and, though straight, he is considered by those who have played against him this season remarkably easy. For bowling of that class, Mr. Ridley's is second to none at the present day, and he fields his own bowling remarkably well. To get rid of a team including Mr. Ottaway, Mr. Hadow, Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Townshend, Mr. Thornton,—not that this gentleman is worth anything this year against really good bowling, only he is dangerous because bowlers are often afraid of him,—Mr. Fryer, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Wilkinson, for a little over a hundred runs, was quite a feather in the cap of the University. There may have been luck perhaps to help them; for instance, so

accurate and experienced a player as Mr. A. J. Wilkinson rarely commits the blunder of getting his leg before wicket; but on the whole the University had good reason to be satisfied with their bowlers. Still more decisive was the victory of Oxford against Middlesex at Prince's ground, though here again the state of the ground was fatal to every chance of large scores. Yet the bowling must have been really good which disposed of the powerful Middlesex Eleven for 61 and 47, and Mr. Lang and Mr. Jones accomplished this feat almost by themselves, Mr. Ridley only coming to their assistance for 7 overs in the second innings. The efficiency of the bowling was increased also by the magnificent fielding of the University Eleven, which has rarely been surpassed. In batting the energies of the Oxford men were not called on very severely, yet when the first three wickets fell without a run being scored it seemed impossible to say what might happen. However, Lord Harris and Mr. Ridley got together, and with the assistance of Mr. Wallroth got enough runs to beat Middlesex in a single innings. This performance made naturally a considerable impression, which would have been greater but for the state of the ground; and it is curious that Prince's is fast losing its reputation as a ground for batting, while Lord's—once the bowler's ground *par excellence*—is becoming every year more and more favourable to the batsman. Lastly, Oxford appeared at Lord's the week before the great match to have another tussle with the M.C.C. and G.; but the Club won easily by seven wickets. The weather on the second day was altogether unfavourable; but the match was virtually over on the first; and, 'considering the composition' of the Club eleven, the result was by no means to the advantage of Oxford. The batting of the dark blues, against the bowling of A. Shaw, Morley, Randon, and Mr. Francis, was anything but strong. In bowling, Mr. Lang, Mr. Ridley, and Mr. Kelcey succeeded best; Mr. Jones did not come off. The University fielding was good, though their most brilliant fieldsman, Mr. Game, was absent. We were glad to see Mr. Wallroth play up to his real form, and also that he has improved in the art of judging a run.

We may now turn to the doings of the sister University. Very much the same eleven of Gentlemen of England played against Cambridge as against Oxford, the most important difference being that the Gentlemen had Mr. Francis and Mr. Rutter to assist Mr. Buchanan in the bowling department. Nevertheless the University made a fine first innings, and having batting strength all through the eleven, some of their batting was bound to come off. The two fast bowlers, Mr. Sims and Mr. Tillard, especially distinguished themselves, as also did Mr. Macan. In the second innings, however, they could do little or nothing with Mr. Buchanan; and, though they only wanted 75 to win, the services of the eleventh man had to be enlisted before the winning run could be obtained. In regard to the University bowling, their three crack fast bowlers, Messrs. Sims, Tillard, and Powys, were all tried and with a fair share of success,

while Mr. Jeffery's slows were found serviceable in the second innings. The general impression, despite the closeness of the finish, was decidedly favourable to Cambridge, there seeming to be such a powerful reserve on the side of the Light Blues, both in batting and bowling. The drawn match with Surrey was not so satisfactory, for the tall scoring of the Surrey men—Jupp, 66 and 69, Pooley, 20 (not out) and 97, Mr. Weeding, 20 and 82, and R. Humphrey, 32 and 52—pointed to a want of destructiveness in the University bowling, while extras (18 and 31) told a tale as to laxity of the University fielding. However, the Cambridge men scored, when they went in, almost from first to last, Mr. Patterson (86) being the highest contributor, and would most likely have won the match had there been sufficient time. The fielding of Surrey was very good; and we may note, in passing, that Surrey is quite looking up this season, and only wants one or two really good fast bowlers to enable her to recover the position she so long maintained. In the return match, at the Oval, the University was compelled to submit to defeat. The Cambridge batting quite broke down, though Mr. Tabor, who goes in first, set a fine example to his followers with 59 and 42, and Mr. Longman backed him up with 39; and though the University bowlers succeeded in getting rid of Jupp and R. Humphrey for comparatively few runs, Surrey had got some amateur talent which was equal to the emergency, and Mr. Lucas (29 and 21), Mr. Chandler (13 and 33), Mr. Strachan (25), and Mr. Kingsford (20), were largely instrumental in bringing about the success of their county. And certainly the Committee deserve reward for their assiduity in finding out and giving a trial to new or rising talent. Again, also, did the Surrey fielding shine in comparison with that of the University, there being only 5 extras on the one side against 19 on the other. Whatever unfavourable views as to the merits of Cambridge might have been formed by the rather questionable display of the University at the Oval, they were quite dispelled at Lord's, when the return match of the M.C.C. and G. came to be played. It is true that the Club had got together a very ordinary batting eleven, and if they could have secured Mr. Grace against the University instead of playing him a few days before against an unknown county like Herefordshire, it would have been much better. However, there were three good professional bowlers, A. Shaw, Rylott, and Morley, to try the batting strength of the University, and the score obtained against them (167) could only have been the result of a solid amount of batting ability. Mr. Tabor, Mr. Longman, and Mr. Macan all played in superior form, and Mr. Tillard, as usual, got his runs with great rapidity. The three fast bowlers of Cambridge made fearful havoc among the wickets of their opponents; and Mr. Sims—who is quite as fast as Mr. Powys—smashed bats and stumps with impartiality. Mr. Jeffery's services were hardly required, for, except by Mr. Thornton in the second innings, no stand was made on behalf of the Club. We may remark that out of the 63 runs made by the Club in their first innings, 13 were due to extras.

Before leaving the Universities, we may allude to a match, about which there had been a good deal of talk, between the Universities and the Gentlemen of England. It was more important in name, however, than in reality; for, when the day came, it was found that the Universities were but poorly represented, while the two Graces, Mr. Hornby, and Mr. Appleby made a rather overpowering 'commencement' of an eleven on the other side. The match, as might have been expected, turned out a one-sided and not very interesting affair; and though Mr. W. G. Grace was got rid of for only a dozen, the Gentlemen had no difficulty in winning in a single innings. Such a match, to be really effective, should be played after the Oxford and Cambridge match, when most of the crack University players of the day would be happy to lend their assistance.

We may now take a brief survey of the general cricket of the month. And, first, as regards the Marylebone Club matches, and others played at Lord's, under the auspices of the premier Cricket Club. The North of England sent up a good eleven to do battle against the M.C.C. and G., though Daft was absent and Pinder not sufficiently recovered to play. Only two new men were introduced: namely, W. Clark and Reynolds, if, indeed, the latter is not the professional whose name is familiar in Lancashire. Mr. W. G. Grace played for the Club, and was assisted by a fair amount of amateur talent, of which Mr. Bird and Mr. Penn may be taken as representatives, and by A. Shaw, Clayton, Biddulph, and Morley, representing the professional resources of the Club. A good deal, it will thus be seen, depended, as far as batting was concerned, on Mr. Grace; and as he scored under his average in both innings (43 and 12), the defeat of his side was no matter of astonishment. Mr. Hornby—who has never batted more finely than this season—was a tower of strength to the North; and, though suffering severely from a disabled hand, they could not get him out in the second innings. Lockwood and Osocroft also did well; and the Northern bowling—Emmett, J. C. Shaw, and Hill, the latter quite the champion fast bowler of the year—was as effective as ever. The North won fairly on their merits by 45 runs, as they would do over and over again, unless Mr. W. G. Grace came to the rescue of the other side with one of his colossal innings. A curious match was played about this time between the M.C.C. and G. and Uppingham School, now becoming famous as a nursery of cricket. The Club took down Hearne and Farrands, two bowlers not to be despised by boys—yet the two Uppingham lads who went first to the wickets scored 136 and 163 respectively, and the third was mercifully run out, or he would, probably, have added his customary contribution of a hundred to the total. Then the fourth got 73; and though a reaction naturally followed, the total amounted to 427, which the Club and Ground were unable to get near in their two innings, more especially as more than one fled in horror after fielding out for the best part of 500 runs, and then being bowled out with little ceremony afterwards. We are told that the ground at Uppingham is the easiest in England, and that you have

nothing to do but play forward at everything, and then run hard. We are also told that the Uppingham cracks will not sustain their reputation when they come to be tried on different sorts of wickets ; but, as regards one of Uppingham's greatest ornaments, our readers will have found out for themselves what he can do at Lord's before these lines meet their eyes. For ourselves, while fully recognising that constant practice on a perfectly true and easy wicket is not the best preparation for a cricketer, we must confess that we have a great regard for a lad like D. Q. Steel, who goes in, innings after innings, and has a habit of not coming out till he has made his hundred. For a reverse to this picture of the match between M.C.C. and G. and Uppingham, let us refer our readers for a moment to a match which took place a little earlier in the season between Clifton College and Knole Park. Clifton College has a high reputation for cricket, and Knole Park is but a village club, though unfortunately for the Cliftonites, the Graces belong to it. Accordingly, Clifton College had to be content with 46 runs, while Knole Park accumulated the large total of 298. However, Clifton town fared even worse than Clifton College, for in a match between the former and Thornbury the two Graces made 380 runs between them. So far as the College is concerned, the fact is that boys lose their heads when opposed to players of such tremendous prowess, and are utterly unable to display such powers as they may really possess. We now come to a match that used to be one of the most attractive of the year, between M.C.C. and G. and the county of Nottingham. It has been, however, too plain this season that Nottingham is falling from its high position, and is sadly in want of new men ; and on this occasion the celebrated county had to sustain a mortifying defeat from an eleven containing only one first-class batsman—Mr. Hornby. Daft, indeed (28 and 31), did what he could for his side, but he was ill backed up, and M.C.C. and G. won by six wickets, Mr. Hornby (72 and 27), not out, being the principal contributor. A new county was trotted out a week or two later, Herefordshire ; but it was cruel to play Mr. W. G. Grace against an unknown eleven. The result may be easily imagined. Mr. Grace beat the county of Herefordshire off his own bat, as also did Mr. Crooke, a powerful but not very accurate batsman, who has been scoring freely during this season. Young and struggling counties will hardly be tempted up to Lord's if they are to be overwhelmed by an excess of superior strength. An equal failure was another new match between M.C.C. and G. and the West of England, for though Gloucestershire was represented in the side of the West, the Graces were all absent. The Club won, and Rylott and Randon bowled well ; but the match was not worth going to see, and hardly any one went to see it.

Of a very different calibre was the contest between North and South, at Prince's. The sides were well chosen, for though Daft was absent from the Northern division, the introduction of Mr. Thornton and Mr. Fryer into the Southern team was ample compensation

for his loss. It was a bowlers' match all through. The light was bad, the wickets were not easy, and the bowling of Hill and A. Shaw on one side, and Lillywhite on the other, could not easily have been surpassed. There was little heavy run-getting, Lockwood's two innings and Jupp's second innings alone excepted. The match was fought out to the last with unflinching determination, and the North won by three runs only. Mr. W. G. Grace (29 and 37) and Mr. I. D. Walker both played in rare form. Though he got comparatively few runs, we do not think we ever saw Mr. Grace play better, as far as his defence was concerned. Offensively, he was not so effective as usual; but the bowling of A. Shaw and Hill on that wicket was such that no human being could make much off it. Jupp's second innings (52) was a masterpiece of scientific play, and Lockwood (58 and 67) batted with great brilliancy. The South wanted a good fast bowler badly; for good bowlers as Lillywhite and Southerton are, a few determined batsmen will be sure to make runs off them. Take it altogether, however, the match was a fine specimen of all-round cricket, not too long to be wearisome, and ended in a finish which is not likely to be paralleled this season. Gloucestershire sustained a most unlooked-for defeat from Surrey, but we have always said that Gloucestershire could only hope to go on winning as long as Mr. W. G. Grace or his brother went on scoring hundreds. In this match the great man was quite out of form, and though Mr. G. F. Grace played a good 44 (not out) in his first innings, he was less successful in the second. For Surrey, Jupp and three useful amateurs, Messrs. Hoare, Chandler, and Kingsford, played well, and gained for their county a well-earned victory by six wickets. Gloucestershire, however, took ample revenge a few days later on unfortunate Sussex, Mr. W. G. Grace coming out in his true colours and punishing Lillywhite, Fillery, and Co. to the tune of 179, while the rest of the team backed him up with a round 200 amongst them. Sussex did very well in the first innings, Fillery (87) being head man, and a pleasant row of double figures attesting the general form of the eleven. Still Sussex had to follow on, and when Sussex has to follow on, Sussex generally falls to pieces. Fillery and Charlwood, the backbone of the eleven, made no sign at their second attempt, and but for the brothers Phillips the score-sheet would have presented a despicable appearance. The bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace was very successful, and yet the more one sees of his bowling the more one wonders how he gets wickets with it. Nottingham, also, had to succumb to Yorkshire in one innings, a result that was hardly anticipated, although it was obvious from the beginning of the season that Yorkshire was the stronger of the two this year. Lockwood, who has been playing finely all the season, and Emmett got most of the runs for Yorkshire; and Hill and Emmett bowled unchanged through both innings of Nottingham. Curiously, Alfred Shaw could not get a single wicket for Nottingham, nor could McIntyre, which is less curious. Morley, however, bowled well. Flushed with this

victory over so redoubtable an adversary, Yorkshire went at Surrey with a will, and effectually checked that county in her career of victory. Hill and Emmett were again irresistible, and the former, both in pace and precision, is a worthy successor to Freeman in his best day. Only R. Humphrey, Swann, and Palmer could make any stand against the Yorkshire bowling, while the Surrey deliveries were freely knocked about by Lockwood, A. Greenwood (77 and 38), Emmett, Rowbotham, and W. Smith. The last-named is, we believe, a new player for his county, and made a most successful *début*. In the end Yorkshire won by about 200 runs; and the colours of the great county, now so strong in batting, as well as bowling, will not easily be lowered this season.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

Most of the Thames yachtsmen are now hard at work, and during the present season the principal Thames clubs have enjoyed some fair sport. Owing to an alteration in the arrangements, the Channel match of the Royal London preceded their opening cruise, and the affair—from Dover to Southend—secured a capital entry, though, from a lack of wind and the fact of the race being finished in the dark, the destination of the prizes was somewhat different from what it otherwise might have been. Mr. Turner's schooner *Cetonia* being the only vessel of her rig engaged, she was certain of a prize, and but for going aground just below Southend Pier would have taken the chief one. The cutters were *Kriemhilda* (Count Batthyany), *Norman* (Major Ewing), *Myosotis* (Mr. McMaster), and the Commodore, Mr. Broadwood's *Arethusa*; yawls, *Florinda* (Mr. Jessop), *Gertrude* (Mr. Langtry), and *Surf* (Mr. Frank Lambert). Punctually at 8 o'clock they started with a light W.N.W. wind, and *Florinda* led the way, though the breeze was so paltry that from time to time the other vessels, as they brought up a puff with them, got on good terms with her. Rounding the Goodwin Light, *Florinda* was again ahead, *Arethusa*, *Norman*, and *Kriemhilda*, all close together, coming next. The wind now veered southerly, but towards the close of the match came northerly again, and the solitary schooner had made her way to the front, though, as we have already said, she came to grief close home, and the other leader also getting aground, the Commodore's cutter got in first with the *Kriemhilda* almost on the top of her, *Surf* and *Norman* following some ten minutes later. The Commodore accordingly took the first prize, *Surf* (as the first yawl in) the second, and *Cetonia* the third. The cutter and yawl match from Erith to the Nore and back to Gravesend had an entry of eight, but the *Surf* not starting, the competitors consisted of *Kriemhilda*, *Arethusa*, *Norman*, *Myosotis*, *Bloodhound* (the Marquis of Ailsa's new boat), and *Britannia* (Captain Hartwell); *Florinda* being the only yawl engaged. The match was favoured with a nice N.E. breeze, and before long *Florinda* cut out the work, going through Lower Hope; however, she carried away her topsail, and *Britannia* came up, but off Southend the big yawl again led the way, *Britannia* and *Arethusa* next. This order was maintained round the Nore, where *Norman* and *Bloodhound*, close together, were fourth and fifth. On the return journey *Arethusa* took second place, passing the Chapman, but at the top of Sea Reach *Kriemhilda* went ahead of her, and no further change occurred,

though *Britannia* and *Norman*, the two thirty-nine tonners, took the prizes, with something to spare.

The Royal Thames lost no time in getting their new Commodore, the Prince of Wales, to take active part in their affairs, and he accompanied the opening match on board Lord Alfred Paget's steam yacht *Cecile*. The Club steamer was of course crowded, and the loyal lungs of its company seemed never to be tired of cheering. The match was announced as round the Mouse, but as the wind fell light, the Club steamer anchored two miles below the Nore, an abbreviation which many similar affairs have suffered from. *Arethusa*, *Kriemhilda*, *Bloodhound*, *Vanguard* (Mr. Miller), *Myosotis*, *Norman*, and *Eveleen* (Mr. Fox) were entered, and Commodore Broadwood's vessel was again to the fore, *Kriemhilda*, *Vanguard*, and *Bloodhound* being her immediate attendants. *Arethusa* and *Vanguard* took the principal prizes, and the Marquis of Ailsa gained the first prize in the smaller class. Though the wind was too fitful for a perfect yachting day, and the sky was more than once threatening, the match afforded a pleasant day's outing; and the presence of the heir to the throne afforded intense gratification to thousands of his future subjects.

With a laudable desire to make acknowledgment of the courteous reception invariably accorded to English yacht owners at Havre, Mr. Ashbury and some other leading English yachtsmen have subscribed towards a fifty-guinea cup, to be sailed for by French vessels at Havre Regatta, the date of which, by-the-way, it is hoped will be altered to avoid its clashing with other important fixtures.

We are glad to observe that the sailing barge match, which is this year fixed for the 9th instant, bids fair to be as successful as the best of its predecessors. Mr. Dodds, the founder of the affair, again gives handsome prizes, and the principal prize, presented by the underwriters of Lloyds', will be forthcoming as usual. With so many influential names as we see connected with the management, there is little doubt of a good day's entertainment being secured.

Owing to the demands which Henley Regatta makes upon our space, we are obliged to postpone any further yachting notes until next month.

Among professional oarsmen there appears to be quite a newborn vitality, almost reminding us of the busy times of ten years ago. Mr. Blakey, a well-known supporter of Tyneside aquatics, makes the mouths of ambitious oarsmen water by a challenge to the world, offering to match two men with either double sculls or oars. His couple are, no doubt, Sadler the champion and young Winship; and as Bagnall and James Taylor offered to row any Tyne pair, we should think something ought to come of this. On the Thames a match between Spencer of Chelsea and Lamb of Gateshead for 100*l.*, created a good deal of interest, the Northerner having come up with a considerable reputation, which he barely maintained in the race itself, as Spencer led from the commencement and had his man settled before Hammersmith. Among minor affairs, Hampton beat Thompson for a small stake with consummate ease; and, going lower down the river, Watkins of Gravesend and Avent of Greenwich, had a race from Cliff Creek to Northfleet in old-fashioned boats, the Gravesend man, though a novice, laying the curious odds of 27*l.* to 25*l.* Sufficient local interest was taken in the affair to fill two steamers, and Avent, who has performed creditably on previous occasions, was favourite at slight odds, but though he got the start, his opponent went right away and won as he liked, doing the half-dozen miles under 34 minutes. Though we mention the time, it is no criterion of the performance, judged from a Putney standard, as the tide down below runs immensely faster than above bridge.

A match on the Ouse, at York, for a mile, between Hill and Farrar, for 100*l.*, produced a capital race, the former winning, though his opponent had the advantage in weight and strength, and the talent carefully laid odds on the wrong one.

Mr. Lord, to whose efforts the improved arrangements of the University match, and other important races, is mainly due, received a handsome testimonial, consisting of a gold chronometer and chain, from the inhabitants of Barnes and Mortlake. A gift of plate to Mrs. Lord was also included in the presentation, which, had it been more generally known, would, no doubt, have assumed larger proportions; for among the rowing community there are many who would have been glad to take part in so well-merited a tribute of respect and goodwill.

The Feathers Tavern at Wandsworth, where so many of the bygone generation of amateur and professional oarsmen practised and trained under the careful supervision of old Harry Salter, is to be disposed of; and we hope that his successor, whoever he may be, will show himself the right man in the right place. Although the so-called 'hard' is somewhat muddy and not at low-tide a heavenly place for getting in or out of an outrigger, the house used by the Messrs. Playford, Casamajor, and by *the* Bob Chambers, Kelley, Harry Clasper, Ned Winship, the Taylors, Bruce, and a host of bygone heroes, deserves to flourish in its old age, if only for old association's sake.

Although the weather during the week preceding Henley Regatta was far from promising, the little town gradually filled with the usual concourse of rowing men and aquatic talent, and the unwonted strength of the entries attracted an immense crowd of the general public, who, having paid from a sovereign upwards for the use of a boat for the day, we presume considered themselves entitled to get their money's-worth by drifting into everybody's way. On the Monday and Tuesday immediately preceding the racing, a strong wind down the reach tested the powers of the crews to the utmost, and it was reasonably considered bad time would be the order of the day, though during the earlier part of the practice the Londoners were reported to have made the fastest time ever known, and Jesus were supposed to be within a very few seconds of them. The rain threatened, but did not come down, and with the wind in a wet quarter, there was every prospect of that too common occurrence, a wet Henley. Fortunately, however, there was but little rain during the rowing, and with the exception of a severe storm before the commencement of proceedings, which wetted the competitors in the first race, and another during the interval devoted to lunch, the day was fine though threatening. The Committee had carried out at least one admirable innovation in drawing the heats for the first day's rowing two days beforehand, and, *mirabile dictu*, cards were printed and distributed the day before the regatta, instead of, as on some previous occasions, being unattainable until the sport was fairly begun. Habitues, however, were too much astonished at this marvellous display of zeal to become purchasers prematurely, and cardsellers, though plentiful enough, seemed to drive but a poor trade until the day itself. On the first day, the rowing began punctually at noon, with the first heat of the Grand Challenge, for which London (last year's winners), Kingston, and the Dublin University Boat Club, were drawn. London were the most fancied for this spin, and with the evergreen Gulston in his old place of stroke-oar, backed up by tried material in Le Blanc-Smith Long and the Rouths, and some rare new blood in young Playford and others, they were indeed a most formidable lot. Kingston, with that fine oarsman, A. Trower, at 6, and Hibbert 7, were a strong lot, but somewhat rough, and

apparently short of practice. For strength the Dublin men looked equal to any, and under young Biffen's care they had been knocked into very good form, but they prudently reserved themselves for the Ladies' Plate. London had Berks, which is usually considered the best station, Kingston next; but owing to the wind being dead down the reach, the station was of no advantage at first, though in close races Poplar Point again decided more than one event in favour of the Berks side. At the start, London appeared to have a little the best of it, and though going steadily, they were so perfectly together that they drew away from the first, and after the farmhouse had the race easily in hand, paddling in winners by a clear length. Kingston stuck to their work manfully, but fell to pieces towards the finish, from want of practice together. The second heat, between Eton, First Trinity (Cambridge), and Brasenose (Oxford), was a hollow win for the boys. Oxford were first off, but off Remenham the boys had a clear lead, and the other two rowed a ding-dong race to the Point, where Brasenose, coming over too sharply from the bushes, fouled Trinity, who were here pressing Eton pretty hard. Brasenose stopped, and Eton, profiting by their opponent's mischance, won by a length clear. Trinity claimed to row in the final, but the appeal was very properly not allowed by the umpire, though subsequent running in the Ladies' Plate proved it to be hard lines for Trinity. The third heat lay between the Thames Club and Jesus (Cambridge). The former having last year won the second eights with ease, had resolved this time to go in for the big race, but their enterprise was unfortunately but poorly requited, one of their best men, Vyse, having to retire at the last moment, a *contretemps* which involved more than one change in the position of the men, and materially affected their chance. The Jesus men were much admired, the crew being very well together, and going in their practice better than any of the others, excepting perhaps London. Jesus from the bushes got well away and led to the Point, where they steered badly coming across, and the Putney men, getting the bend, won a tremendous race by a quarter of a length. The Thames Cup for eights had four entries. In the first heat, the Thames Club (second crew) on the Berks side met the West London Club, who had only made their appearance the previous day, but, judging from their doings last year, were reckoned very dangerous. The Wandsworth men, sheltered by the bushes, ran right away, rowing an awfully fast stroke, and at Fawley Court boat-house were a length clear. They now came across very injudiciously, and bored Thames, but being unable to take their water, had to go back again, and losing ground by these eccentricities, Thames overlapped them at the Point, where West London were out of their water, and a slight foul occurred, after which Thames got away and won by a length. In the second heat, Ino, on the Berks side, and London (second crew), were considered likely to make a good race. Ino were by no means a taking lot, being very badly together, and the Londoners, who showed fair form, were far more attractive; but supporters of the former reckoned that their superior strength would pull them through. In this they proved to be mistaken, as the Putney men went straight away, and won easily. The Stewards' Cup brought out some of the finest fours ever seen at Henley. In the first heat, London were to meet Kingston, and as the former, whatever their success may have been in the eight, have for several years almost monopolised this race, and now put in a crew consisting of three previous winners in Gulston, Long, and Smith, and a most efficient fourth in young Playford, they were naturally much fancied, though the Kingston men, who had the Berks station, were no mean antagonists. London hugged the bushes so close as to

foul them more than once, but had the race in hand throughout. The second heat, between the Thames Club and the Irishmen, was expected to produce a very close struggle, as both lots were very powerful, though the Putney men, as in their first eight, laboured under great disadvantage from the recent change in their crew. The Thames from the Berks station steered a capital course, but could not shake off the Paddies, who came out of their course and bored the Putney men a good deal. At the horse-barrier Thames had half a length clear, and won with something in hand, Dublin overlapping the Thames men on the towpath side, and finishing by running into the new landing-stage by the winning-post. The Goblets were by common consent looked as a moral for Long and Gulston, as Trower, who, with Knollys for bowman, bowled them over last year, was considered to be less efficiently mated this year; Mair, though a clever waterman, lacking power to keep his man going. In the first heat, Chillingworth and Herbert on the Berks side, Gulston in the centre, and Ayton and Wallace, from the Tyne, on the Bucks side, composed the entry; and all but Gulston and partner had the advantage of being fresh, while the favourites had two races in them. Chillingworth jumped off with the lead, but in a few strokes fouled the bank; the others meanwhile had a good race to Fawley Court, where Gulston, without apparent effort, drew away and won easily, Newcastle next. In the second heat, Trower had a mere paddle, keeping an excellent course and winning anyhow. For the Diamond Sculls, Dicker, who astonished us all last year, was an immense favourite, 6 and 7 to 4 being laid on him some days before the regatta. On paper it appeared, however, perhaps, the most open of all the events, as Fawcus from Newcastle, who won three years ago, was again at work and going well; and Conant, a very promising youngster from the Kingston Club, had many admirers. The indefatigable Chillingworth, who had entered, reserved himself for the pairs; but what with A. T. Michell, winner of the University Sculls at Oxford last month; Brooks from Wandsworth; Moxon from Cambridge; Pentland, a very finished sculler from Dublin, there was more than an average field. In the first heat, Conant on the Berks side, met Dicker, and Chillingworth having retired, the heat was reduced to a match. Dicker won with ease, Conant catching a crab just at the start. In the second heat, with Michell, Brooks, and Moxon, the latter won, after Brooks, who fouled Michell badly quite at the start, had been disqualified and the other two re-started; and the third was a mere paddle for Fawcus. In the Wyfold entries, we were glad to find the Chester Club, who in bygone years showed some great form on the Henley waters. They, with the West London and London crews, formed the first heat, and the abolition of coxswains made the steering, especially in the West London and London boats, somewhat erratic. Chester won as they liked. In the second heat, the Newcastle Amateur Club, the Molesey and Thames Clubs would have made a good race had they kept straight. As it was, Thames wandered a good deal, while Newcastle won pretty easily from Molesey.

On the second day, the wind blew worse than ever, making the Bucks side an inestimable advantage, so much so that in more than one instance no opinion of the merits of the men could be formed from the result of the race. The card commenced with the Grand; London, Thames, and Eton appearing in the order named, and stations counting as usual from the Berks or towpath side. Eton jumped away with the lead, and at Remenham were three-parts clear; London, with an awful wind against them, going steadily along, and both leaving Thames rapidly. Eton kept on gaining past Phyllis Court, and on getting into the straight had half a length advantage; London now

put it on, and Gulston's men coming with a magnificent rush, landed themselves winners by two-thirds of a length. The boys were greatly cheered, as indeed they richly deserved for so gallant a struggle with such formidable antagonists. For the Ladies' Plate the Dublin were strong favourites, and with the Bucks station they looked all over winners. First Trinity, however, stuck to it up the middle and held them fairly to the bend, where they had the best of the turn and won a great race by half a length. For the Diamonds, Fawcus, Moxon, and Dicker were the trio, and had it been a smooth day the race would have been interesting. As it was, Dicker, under shelter of the bushes, came right away, poor little Fawcus struggling gallantly through the rough water. For the Wyfold, Chester were much admired, but Newcastle with the station landed a very close race by half a length, both teams being 'all out' at the finish, though had the Cistercians not run aground, the result would have been different. In the Stewards' final, London, with the station, had of course an easy win from Slater's lot, who struggled gamely, but were completely out-paced. The Thames Cup was a surprise, as London were in such rare form, and in this case had the coveted Bucks station, so that they were decided favourites; but after a very close race the Thames men landed by something under a length. For the Visitors' Cup, Brasenose, in the centre, made a hard fight with the Dublin men, but the latter, well sheltered, rowed them down half-way, and thus secured one prize for Ireland. The pairs concluded the regatta, and Long and Gulston, who were favoured by the station, won very easily at the finish, though Trower, in the rough water, held them gamely to Fawley Court, after which the Londoners got right away, and crossed over to the tow-path near the horse-barrier.

Thus concluded a most successful regatta. The London Rowing Club were in great form, carrying off three out of the four principal open prizes of the meeting. In the final heats, the most genuine victories were those of London for the Grand, and Thames for the Thames Cup, as in these cases only had the winners the bad station to contend against.

OUR VAN.

THE INVOICE.—A Midsummer Medley.—Derby Day Doings.—Ascot Amusements.

SURELY if ever there was 'a muse of fire' wanted to treat of matters in this sub-lunary world the Derby demands a special one. 'The very heaven of invention' has long ere this been reached by scribes of every degree in treating of the glories of the day, and there is nothing now but damnable iteration in the passing years. It is not perhaps 'invention' of a very high order, though 'the high faluting' style is often attempted, if seldom reached. The multitude, the hill, the pink bonnets, and the pink champagne, the roquetry and the revelry, the drunkenness and the *demi-monde* we have had *ad nauseam*. How long ago was the story first told? When did the 'special' first dawn on Epsom Downs? We trust our brethren of the pen will not think we are decrying their efforts to instruct and amuse us when they give these often graphic sketches of life and manners on Derby eves and Derby days with which the daily press is flooded. They write and write well, according to the light that is in them, but we would rather run a tilt with the proprietors or editors of those journals who have of late years created a Derby literature of such exceeding foolishness, and who, not content with raking up the foul places,

exposing the hideous blots, and uncovering the sores, so to speak, that disfigure our great racing festival, have tried to give it a comic or a pathetic side, as the case may be, entirely foreign to the truth. We have had the virtuous costermonger, the exemplary old man with his donkey, and charming little girl; the improper old woman, who is always drunk, and this year we have culminated in an insane baker! Why, for heaven's sake, is it necessary to write all this stuff? Do the people who read it believe in it one whit more than the people who write it? It is bad enough to have to tell a thrice-told tale about what actually occurs on the road, the rail, and the course, of the people who make fools or brutes of themselves, as the case may be—of the scene of riot and debauchery that embraces Epsom and the Downs as in a cloud, and that extends even into Hyde Park Corner. Why do the directors of the daily press think it necessary to inflict all such additional wrath upon us? Why, too, do they put square men into round holes, and *vice versa*? Why do they take one who would be at home, say on the cliffs of Scarborough, or in the valleys of the Engadine, at a Ryde regatta, or a *fête* at Trouville, and set him down in the middle of the paddock or in the weighing-room stand? Why did we have such an announcement as was made on the morning following the Derby in a journal of very high standing—celebrated for its early information and for the expense it goes to to procure it, for its clever articles and brilliant staff of writers—to the effect that, speaking of a certain race, 'the crowd hovered round 'the entrance to the trainers' inclosure to see the winning jockey come back to 'have himself and his horse weighed?' that extraordinary intelligence being repeated a little farther on when it was said that George Frederick excited no enthusiasm when 'he was brought back to be weighed.' The italics are, of course, our own, but the editor of the journal in question is responsible for them. We have an idea that this must be the same 'special' who for the same journal last winter was sent down to Melton Mowbray to do a meet of the Quorn, and startled his hunting readers, especially those at Melton, by informing them that 'the succulent dainties for which Melton was famous,' namely, its pork-pies, were very popular as luncheons in the hunting-field. The picture of Lord Wilton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Carington, Captain Sterling, or Mr. Behrens producing a slice of pork-pie and a clasp-knife at a meet was amusing in the extreme. Is the principle of selection entirely disregarded by the conductors of some newspapers? Would the editor of the one in question have sent his 'horseiest' contributor to the Franco-German war to give us some of those stirring and graphic accounts of battle and siege which appeared in its columns? Why should he not be as careful in selecting its Epsom correspondent?

'But any fool can write on racing,' says a critic. Alas! alas! perhaps he can. Let us remember the beam in our own eye before we spy the mote in our brother's. We will try and steer clear of the virtuous costermonger and the mad baker, and we promise not to have George Frederick weighed; but we shall probably commit some absurdity in our account of the Derby. And what shall we say to our readers for our vicarious tip last month, and its distressing failure? We should think the priestess of the shrine we then alluded to would close her utterances now. Poor Feu d'Amour and his unlucky pill!—there was really something comical about that fatal error of the Newmarket Vet. There is very little real fun or humour about the Derby, our readers may depend; it is much too serious an affair; but the substitution of a bolus for a tonic to a Derby favourite a week or so before the race we confess had a comic side to it. We have all sympathised with M. Lefevre and Tom Jennings on the many disappointments they have had with their stable his year, the failure of Ecossais, the defeat of Miss Toto, and the unlucky

bolus to Feu d'Amour among them; but still we could hardly forbear a smile even when we heard just after the last sheets of the 'Van' had gone to press of our tip's discomfiture. It probably had no effect on the issue of the Derby, and George Frederick would have won if Feu d'Amour had come fit and well to the post. Truly a 'sensational' Derby. Every week something happened, nearly each day had its rumour; and when Atlantic hit his knee we were prepared for anything. If Couronne de Fer had snapped a foreleg clean in a gallop, and Leolinus exhibited symptoms of equine madness, we should not have been surprised. But, fortunately, Atlantic's knee was the last 'sensation.'

What moments those are when, the canters taken, the horses disappear for some few minutes from our sight to come into view again, marching in Indian file through that pretty valley leading to the starting-post. The scene has been often described, but custom does not stale it; and to-day the sun lights up the valley, and the silks and satins gleam and flash in its rays, and we say 'how 'pretty,' as we have said scores of times before. There is an element of novelty about it on this occasion, too, for nothing misbehaves itself; there is no Tambour Major or similar brute who will not go near his horses. Nobody seems to want to get off before the others, and the jockeys are as well-behaved as the animals they ride. Mr. McGeorge has sent them on their way to many a good start; but he never did better than to-day, when before some of us were aware that they were at the post, he let fall his flag to about the best we ever saw. Brief time for those anxious palpitations which seize upon us while we are waiting for that great shout of 'off' that literally makes the welkin ring. Those moments—they have been half-hours before now—are trying, but this year we are spared. The flag falls, and now the doubts and uncertainties of a twelvemonth are to be settled in a few seconds, and our likings and dislikings, our loves and prejudices, will be confirmed or scattered. Volturmo has been started to make running for George Frederick, and he does it as well as he is able; but the pace does not look much as they sweep up the hill, the colours of Tipster, King of Tyne, Ecossais, Atlantic, Aquilo, Rostrevor, and Couronne de Fer well up. George Frederick did not appear to have got off well, and Glenalmond looked out of it from the first. So well did Ecossais appear going at the top of the hill, that his few friends gave an exultant shout, which died away when the descent began. Then the dicky forelegs told, and then did George Frederick, who had been gradually getting to the front, begin to show in the race, and at about a quarter of a mile from home, Volturmo's task accomplished, he took up the running, and the race was over. Atlantic and Couronne de Fer had taken ground behind him, and the latter made a game challenge opposite the Stand, but Mr. Cartwright's had got them all settled, and though Custance must have had to ride him at one part of the race, very probably from his being a slow beginner, he never moved on him now. Custance came on in the same track in which he had ridden Thormanby, Lord Lyon, and Dundee—the same track on which Harry Grimshaw brought Gladiateur on that day when our insular pride in horseflesh received such a severe shock, and George Frederick won quite as easily as the great Frenchman. Atlantic was only a neck behind Couronne de Fer, and the Heath House lot might have been covered by a pocket-handkerchief—a great triumph for Matthew Dawson, who always said there was very little difference between them. Where Atlantic might have been but for that unlucky blow, it boots not now to conjecture. He ran a wonderfully game horse, and his position showed that, if all had been well with him, he must have been very much nearer the winner. Whether he could have beaten George Frederick time will show. The multitude cheered, the gentlemen looked on with gravity, the bookmakers with what resignation they could

muster, for George Frederick was a bad horse for the ring, the public having been on him from the time he first appeared at York, and stuck to him to the last. His good looks got him their support, and they had faith, moreover, in Tom Oliver's dying words that his horse would win the Derby. Poor old Tom! it would have been a proud moment for him if he could have led George Frederick back to the weighing stand, and Tom would have been as much cheered as his horse. Custance rode him admirably; but perhaps that remark is needless. It was his third Derby, in addition to once riding the second, and every one was glad to see 'Cus' a winner again. That George Frederick should win the Derby on the birthday of another George Frederick, the second son of the Heir Apparent was, of course, a coincidence, and we believe the Prince of Wales profited thereby. Captain Machell was a better judge than many of us when he offered 8,000 guineas for the winner; and Mr. Cartwright was a better judge still when he refused the tempting offer. We are unaware what are Mr. Cartwright's winnings, but it is fair to suppose that, if George Frederick had been in the gallant captain's stable, that gentleman would have given the ring 'snuff' of even a more pungent description than they have now received.

When we saw Apology win the One Thousand, we made up our minds she would win the Oaks, perhaps a mental effort of no great difficulty. We continued that belief despite some ominous rumours of the mare being amiss which were in circulation at Epsom, and which frightened many of her backers from their propriety to such an extent that laying off was the order of the day. She had been off, there was no doubt; but then mares have won the Oaks in that condition, and she was such a good one, not so taking to the eye, perhaps, as Miss Toto, not such a good-looking mare as the Irish filly, Lady Patricia, whose appearance in the paddock cost many men much money, but a wear-and-tear style of animal, compact, powerful, and muscular, with nothing you could find fault with, even if you did not admire. Lady Patricia turned all heads, however, in the paddock, and men hurried to the ring after seeing her, eager to take 6 to 1, or even a point less about her. A wonderfully fine-topped filly no doubt, and a wonderful look of her sire, Lord Clifden, about her, but she is not a stayer. If the Derby was easily described, the Oaks was easier still. Again did Mr. McGeorge signalise himself by his start; and when Apology at the mile-post assumed the lead, that race was over too. Fordham did what he could on Miss Toto, and so did Goater on Lady Patricia, but a hollower win than Apology's was never seen. She literally cantered in, and M. Lefevre and Tom Jennings could scarcely believe their eyes. Some excuse was sought to be made for Miss Toto, on the ground of her having been 'interfered with.' We are always very chary in giving much heed or credence to these statements. We remember last year that distinguished horse Hochstaphler was said to have nearly 'come on his 'head' round Tattenham Corner. If they had mentioned that he had sat down at the start, it would have been as germane to the matter. All we can say respecting the Oaks is, that in a field of eleven runners such a jockey as Fordham ought not to have been 'interfered with;' but granted that he was, it had no effect on the result. If Miss Toto had taken a clear lead, she would still have been beaten by Apology, for the simple reason that the former can't stay. M. Lefevre's star is not certainly in the ascendant. But there must for such a good sportsman be a good time coming, and the long lane of ill-luck will, we hope, take a turn at last.

Such a brilliant meeting as Epsom gave us might have been expected to pass away without one of those dreadful 'objections' which we naturally expect at

West Drayton or Streatham. But, alas! in nearly the last race on Friday the question of ownership arose with regard to Thunder, the winner of the Epsom Cup; and as one of the sporting journals has made public the circumstances connected therewith, we must have our little say on the subject. We well know that we shall have the assent of all connected with the Turf, when we assert that there is no one to whom the '*win, tie, or wrangle*' business could be more distasteful than to the owner of Chingachgook, who never contemplated an objection to Thunder until influenced by the freely-offered opinion of the highest authority on the Turf. Under these circumstances, and in justice both to himself and the backers of his horse, he had no choice but to enter the objection recorded, which, however, was readily withdrawn on the statement of the nominator of Thunder, that he was *bonâ fide* entitled to enter that horse in his own name. As the reputed ownership of Thunder was already a matter of some notoriety, we cannot but feel glad that this statement of Mr. Dawson should have enlightened the world for once and for ever on the subject, and we only now refer to the matter in justice to Mr. Wallis.

That is a tremendous week—the one between Epsom and Ascot—for downright hard work on fashion's mill. From morn to dewy eve, and a good deal beyond, we are hard at it. A great gathering at Hurlingham on the 13th to open the new polo-ground, which is not equal, by-the-way, to that of the Polo Club at Lillie Bridge, where Royalty comes to assist, and society descends upon the pleasant place in crowds. Ladies made frantic efforts to get tickets, and those who did not succeed were rather dangerous to approach. An afternoon marred by threatening clouds, which at the very fullest time—just as Blanche and Beatrice were thinking how nice strawberries and cream would be at a little table on the lawn with Eustace or Reginald; just as frisky matrons had intimated to their attendant captains that tea would be acceptable—poured down their utmost, and interfered sadly with many a well-planned flirtation and many a solitary and unsuspected 'spoon.' Hurlingham is good at these things, and offers many charming little spots where you can be alone in a crowd, a seeming difficulty, but one that has to be, and often is, overcome in London life. We are not quite sure, after all, that the rain was such a marplot as we at first thought. Chaperons were very fidgetty, and couples were exceedingly difficult to find, turning up at last in the most innocent way, and in a remarkably dry state, as if they had found shelter somewhere. They had, curiously enough too, 'been looking for us everywhere,' which of all charming fibs told by pretty lips is about the most charming. No, we think the rain only wetted the chaperons. Then there were days of polo at Lillie Bridge, where society again assembled to see one or two capital matches, and of which the one between the 9th Lancers and the Club was about the best. Right hospitably entertained afterwards was the 9th by their opponents, and very jolly was the dinner in the pavilion. Then skating on the rink at Prince's, much affected by ladies who require exercise this severe weather, also masculine support, the wheel skate being an erratic instrument, and no more to be relied on than the ways and tempers of its wearers. And very curious is it how the skates take the ladies and where they take them, but it is satisfactory to know that stalwart arms are always ready to support the weak and tottering, and the chaperons look on and are not uneasy. There are many worse places to spend an afternoon at than Lillie Bridge or Prince's. And there are dinners at the Crystal Palace, but the mantle of past caterers has not descended on Mr. Sawyer, and the prices have gone up while the dinners have come down. And there are breakfasts at Fulham, and lazy layings on lawns within sound of the ripple of the tide, while one listens to the yet more

pleasing ripple of women's voices and their laughter soft and low. And there are dinners at Richmond, where, if one went for the sake of eating and drinking alone, sad would be our portion; but there are other joys than at Richmond, thank heaven! than those of the *mènu* and the wine *carte*. And we feel we could write an article on both *mènu* and *carte*, but will forbear, merely mildly asking the question, why it is we eat at Richmond but don't dine?

But the week is got through somehow with more or less addition to our happiness, our dyspepsia, perhaps our debts. Ascot is upon us, that landmark of the London season which told us this year, among other things, that the half of our busy work was done, and that the season was gliding by without summer. Sad was Ascot eve. The forest trees in the Great Park and the woods around sighed a mournful song, the burden of which, to an imagination distempered by a long course of east wind, spoke of rheumatism, colds, red noses, red eyes, dust, and everything disagreeable. One pervading hue of grey hung over the landscape, covering the beautiful bits around Windsor, Virginia Water, Sunninghill, &c., as with a garment, over which the eye soared and could find no relief. Still it was Ascot, and every one mustered to the festival—that is, every one who was provided with houses, sets, and billets, within a five-mile circle of the course. Never had there been such a demand on the resources of the neighbourhood, but the neighbourhood was equal to the occasion, particularly in the matter of charges, which were in some instances quite astounding. To pay the rent of your house within a few pounds by letting it for the Ascot week, to send your wife and children to Clapham Junction or some similar rural retreat, and yourself get a billet within a couple of miles of the course, is a highly meritorious action, successfully accomplished by a good many people this year. The little cottages in and about Ascot put on the steam to a fabulous amount, and thirty guineas were demanded, in some instances cheerfully given, for a sitting-room and three bedrooms. It was a day of good things for a class, a member of which, in writing to us to know if we should require apartments, described herself as 'a retired widow;' but we are sorry to say that that meritorious lady and the Windsor flymen suffered deeply, at least the latter did. For some reason or another but few people went to Windsor this year, and consequently conveyances heretofore at premium were now at discount. The Windsor flymen were such a nice set of fellows, never charged you more than they could help, and were so civil, too, that we felt for them. We hear that on the Cup Day they offered to go to Ascot and back for a sovereign, so one can see how the poor fellows must have suffered. We fancy some of the 'retired widows' had the pull this time, and a strong one too, but really one is glad to get anywhere for Ascot, and so we submitted ourselves to the nets spread for us with resignation. It was a very successful week. Beginning under a slight depression, for which partly the weather and partly the hard ground must be held responsible, Tuesday was undoubtedly, for Ascot, a quiet day, the sport barely up to Ascot mark, and not commanding the usual interest. The great race, The Prince of Wales's Stakes, owing to Leolinus taking the Maiden allowance, was looked upon as good as over. Curiously enough Atlantic started favourite at 7 to 4, and whether it was the stable really fancied him, or that the public prefer a winner before anything, we cannot say, but so it was. Leolinus, however, made nearly all his own running, and beat Atlantic by a couple of lengths very handsomely. We cannot say, in the face of Apology, that Leolinus (Anglice Lewellyn) will win the Leger; but if anything happens to the mare, we do not see what is to beat him. The Ascot Stakes was an instance of one of those mistakes the

cleverest stables make ; for Coventry, an outsider of Lord Lonsdale's, dropped from out of the clouds on to the favourite, Fève, when the latter appeared to be winning easily. Any price might have been had against the winner, about whom, we presume, Captain Machell had but a poor opinion, and yet he won the Welter Handicap at Newmarket Second Spring in a canter, giving Broomieknowe 13 lbs., not that Sir J. Astley's mare is anything but moderate, we admit.

There were two races that excited quite a commotion, though from different causes—the Gold Vase and the Queen's Stand Plate. In the former, Montargis, ridden by 'the Fordham of France,' suffered a head defeat from Organist, which would hardly have happened if our George had been on the Frenchman. Carratt certainly lost his head from some cause or another, and ceased to ride when one effort would have landed him. And yet he rides well enough in France, while over here his performances have not commanded admiration. Making every allowance for a strange course, nervousness, &c., we are reluctantly compelled to believe that the French Fordham is only that across the Channel, because he rides the best horses, is emphatically a lucky jockey in fact—a reputation easily acquired when you ride horses that can't well lose. We have seen jockeys in this country who have earned their laurels on no higher grounds. The other event, the sensation of the afternoon, was the defeat of Prince Charlie by his old antagonist, Blenheim, in the Queen's Stand Plate, and, as it turned out, a needless defeat ; for on Thursday, over the same course, he defeated Andred and Montargis with great ease. Clearly the Prince of the T.Y.C. could not have been himself on the Tuesday ; and so convinced was his trainer that his defeat by Blenheim was all wrong, that he offered to match him for a thousand against M. Lefevre's horse, but that latter gentleman, content with letting well alone, declined the wager. There was much ink shed over Prince Charlie's defeat, and we confess we did not like it ourselves, and were inclined to blame Mr. Jones and Joseph Dawson for the result. We cannot yet say of Prince Charlie, that 'superfluous lags the veteran on the stage ;' but we have no doubt that his infirmity does not get better as he gets older, and it ought to be matter of consideration with his owner whether he will run the risk of another defeat. It is no exaggeration to declare that Prince Charlie is a sort of public property of which we are all proud, and that to see the greatest wonder of modern times beaten is a matter of deep regret, not only to racing men pure and simple, but to the outside public, who only know him by reputation. He has done enough and more than enough for his fame, and the Ascot T.Y.C. would have been not unfitting ground for his last appearance. We feel sure the great chestnut knew that he was beaten that day at Ascot, and that it was pain and grief to him. He did not come back to the weighing inclosure with his usual carriage, and he seemed glad to leave it. We have not the slightest doubt but that he knows Judge Clark by this time as well as we do ourselves, and was aware that judgment had been given against him on this occasion. Danebury has succeeded to Woodyeats in the preparation of a Hunt Cup favourite, and instead of lengthened consultations with our William, honest John is the arbiter of fate. Mr. Fox was the horse destined to be another Judge and Valuer, and the certainty was quite as certain as either of those good things. The Lowlander people said ditto about their horse, who looked, in the paddock, the king of the company, and proved himself to be as good as he looked, for he squandered his field in the most extraordinary way. He had won, we verily believe, as soon as Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag, and so speedily settled his brother favourite, Mr. Fox, that nothing was seen of the latter, and

the same may be said of Minister, who was much fancied by several very knowing people, but not, we think, either by M. Lefevre or Tom Jennings ; indeed, Blenheim beat him a long way, and ran very well under his weight. There is really not much to say of the others, for when Lowlander was seen to have got such a lead but few persevered, and except that Oxford Mixture was beaten by a head by Flower of Dorset for her accustomed place, and that Blantyre was always in the front rank behind Lowlander, we may dismiss the Hunt Cup. And what a wonderful horse is Lowlander. Bought for a song by Captain Sterling, last Ascot, beaten by platers a week or two afterwards, running second to a horse of the calibre of the Swan, at the Western Meeting at Ayr, and then, in the spring, coming out as a hurdle-jumper, and such a brilliant one that predictions were freely uttered about his proving a steeple-chaser capable of winning a Liverpool. He may do that now, but the most far-seeing prophet never ventured to say that he would carry off the Hunt Cup in the commonest of canters, nor that he would the next day win a T.Y.C. race and beat such a horse as Thorn, nor that the day after that he would, over a mile and a quarter, and giving the same Thorn 3 lbs., beat him in the commonest of canters. The fact is, that we do not yet know Lowlander's distance. Captain Sterling was under the impression that six furlongs, or perhaps a mile, was about his best ; but here he was, at a mile and a quarter, winning nearly as easily as he did in the Hunt Cup. It is not given to every horse to win three races in three days over different courses, and be as much at home on one as on another. The future of Lowlander will be, we venture to think, a puzzle to Admiral Rous. How will he handicap him ? He cannot probably put him out of the Goodwood Stakes, supposing he is entered, and he *may* win the Liverpool next year. But the ordeal of handicapping is a frightful one for a good horse, and we fear that even Lowlander may not come through it with credit.

And if there had been any shortcomings, real or imaginary, on the Tuesday, the Cup Day made up for all. There were one hundred and twenty coaches all of a row opposite the Royal and Grand Stands ; there were duchesses by the dozen and countesses by the score in the Royal inclosure ; pretty women were as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and exquisite toilettes enhanced, but did not excel, the beauty of their wearers. The many roads to Ascot were alive with people ; the iron one did not cease from travelling until far into the afternoon, and then, after a brief rest, commenced again ; the luncheons, as far as we could make out, had no cessation at all. The Royal inclosure never looked more brilliant ; and as our Princess and the Imperial Bride gazed down on the gay throng from the balcony of the Royal Stand, they, so well accustomed to all lovely things, must have been struck by the display. The purple and fine linen of Vanity Fair had worthy wearers, and where all, or nearly all, were conspicuous for good taste, the effect was very charming. If here and there the eye lighted on one who had clothed herself, not wisely but too well, and had sought to put back the shadows on the dial of Ahaz some few degrees (or years), why she was but a foil to her sisters. If here and there, too, a face reminded us that wealth, and apparently wealth alone, will assail and win the strongest positions, and that the cloth of frieze rubs against the cloth of gold, when the former is duly weighted, why we know that this is a great and free country, and that society welcomes the greatness of money above all earthly things. The noble Master of the Buckhounds was omnipresent, seeing to the comfort of those who might in some sort be considered his guests, and exercising a judicious, but at the same time liberal, supervision over the inclosure. It is a disagreeable thing to have to say nay, but if Lord Hard-

wicke had to say it, he would know how to refuse, perhaps more graciously than others could grant.

And the Cup field was not altogether unworthy of such a distinguished presence. True, Cremorne was not there to measure his strength with some of his old opponents and some fresh ones, and our three-year-olds, our Derby and Oaks winners, were unrepresented. But Boiard was no unworthy successor to Henry and Mortimer, and Marie Stuart, if she had been the mare she was on the Leger Day, might have been another Brigantine. Boiard was the favourite, and despite a prejudice against him, on account of the bad figure he had previously cut in this country, he looked so well, and was such an undoubted stayer, that 2 to 1 was freely taken at the last. Flageolet, with Fordham up, would be a thorn in Boiard's side, it was thought; but of the others, people were rather shy. When Marie Stuart was seen with a thorough-pin on her hind leg, the hopes of the fielders were transferred to Gang Forward, who, as far as looks went, was the most improved horse in the race. That Mr. Crawford was fond of him was proved by his taking 7,000 to 1000 about an hour before the race; and Kaiser was remarkably fit and much fancied. In the race Fordham took such a clear lead rounding the top turn, and made the pace so hot, that it looked as if the cutting-down game would be successful; but coming into the straight, Kaiser, Boiard, and Doncaster went up to him, Mr. Savile's horse was the first to give way, and nearing the Stand, Boiard headed Flageolet, and, despite Fordham's efforts and the horse's game response, won easily by three-parts of a length, amidst loud cheering. So, for the fourth time within the last seven or eight years, has the Ascot Cup gone to our neighbours; and though we shall never, in all probability, see such a win as Gladiateur's, yet Boiard's victory was a very clever one; the cheers for him were hearty and sportsmanlike, and they cannot well grudge us the Grand Prix now. Everybody pressed round M. Delamarre to congratulate him, and some pretty things were said by Royal lips. Tom Jennings was the only person we encountered who was not quite satisfied. He had wanted to run Drummond to make a pace for Flageolet, instead of which the latter had to make his own; and Tom was of opinion that if Drummond had been there, Flageolet would have beaten Boiard for speed at the finish. We are not so sure about it ourselves; but who can be sure about anything in racing? We saw Prince Charlie badly beaten on Tuesday, and we saw his old white face coming up the hill to-day in the old fashion, looking as composed as if he was taking an exercise canter, and leaving Montargis and Andred almost standing still. 'God bless him!' audibly exclaimed an enthusiastic Prince Charlie man near us; and we felt almost inclined to echo the prayer, for we really felt unhappy when he was beaten on the first day. We suppose it is asking Mr. Jones and Joseph Dawson too much when we beg them not to run another risk of defeat. The pitcher may go once too often to the well. There was no second Ecossais for us in the New Stakes; but there was something as good, and we hope even better. It was a treat to see the way in which Galopin, with his 9 lbs. penalty, collared that terrible hill and won; and glad we are that fine sportsman, Prince Batthyany has got such a horse—one that we hope will stay, too, though he has Vex for his brother. May he win the Derby with him! Another treat, the final one, fitly reserved for the last day, was King Lud's defeat of Boiard in the Alexandra Plate—a very great race indeed, worthy of Ascot renown, and a triumph for those who had always believed in Lord Lonsdale's horse doing a great thing even before he won the Cesarewitch. Specially kept for this race (nothing would tempt Lord Lonsdale to enter him for the Cup),

his victory over Boiard justified his owner's judgment in a conspicuous degree. It was no good thing, for the French horse had won the preceding day in gallant style, and his party, and indeed the talent too, were wonderfully sanguine that he would leave King Lud when they came into the straight. But Custance boldly took the King to the front at the entrance of the Old Course, and made the pace so hot that, though Boiard came up, and in the straight it looked, for a brief space, about even betting, the latter never got on terms, and King Lud fairly raced him down. A grand stayer, indeed, and another and a very big laurel-leaf in the crown of King Tom. The late Baron Rothschild would have rejoiced over that race nearly as much as Lord Lonsdale; and let us take heart, and remember, when we talk about—as many of us do—Blair Athol never getting a stayer, that the same thing was once said of King Tom. Courage! we shall see something from the great chestnut's loins yet that will astonish the world.

We had a pleasant day at Cobham Paddocks on the Saturday after Ascot, looked at the sires, and admired nearly everything we saw. A good sale, but still it might have been better, and some of the prices realised were ridiculously small. Still the average was very good, and the company did not complain. We were glad to see that such good judges as Captain Machell and Mr. Chaplin appreciated the Gladiateurs; and the former took the high-priced one of the sale, the colt by Blair Athol—Circe, for 1200 guineas, a price that two or three years back, Mr. Tattersall would have put one in at. We liked the Alcestes colt by the same sire the best; and Mr. Merry got him cheap for 105 guineas. The yearlings looked remarkably well, not overloaded with flesh either, and reflected the highest credit on Mr. Bell, whom everybody was sorry not to see; but he was confined to his room, we regret to say, by illness. The anxieties and cares of a great stud had temporarily overtaxed his strength; but we are glad to hear he is about again.

There was a numerous meet at Totnes on Tuesday, June 23rd, with Mr. Trelawny's otter-hounds, all the country seeming anxious to do honour to this most popular of Masters, and to testify their respect at his retirement from the post of M.F.H., which he has so long and worthily filled. There is a good deal belonging to a name; and one like that of Trelawny, so historically associated with the West Country, when attached also to one of the most popular of institutions of England, cannot fail, and is certain to have a telling effect.

'And have they fixed the where and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Then twenty thousand Cornish men

Will know the reason why.'

The Bishop did not die; and his namesake at Totnes, without the appendage of lawn sleeves, pontificated rightworthily. In general, scarcity of game is the one drawback to otter-hunting in this part of the world; but on the present occasion four were found. Two were left, from the impossibility to get at them from want of time, in their impenetrable holts; and two afforded good chases, with a kill in the mill-leat above Staverton Bridge. It was a very enjoyable day; many of the fair sex graced the scene; and one lady followed the hounds on foot throughout the day. Otter-hunting is assuming a more authentic position than formerly, and the accredited packs are regularly advertised.

The Dog Show, under the management of the Kennel Club, was held at the Crystal Palace on the 9th of June and three following days, when an enormous number of all sorts and conditions of dogs was exhibited, there being

nearly 1250 altogether. In order to show that they were desirous of pleasing the public, the Committee this year appointed several new judges; and although some of them were good, there is no denying the fact that the decisions of the others were not at all well received. We wish it were possible to eliminate from the judges of these shows the dog-dealing element; for now-a-days it is apparently quite the thing for members of the legislature, men of fortune, clergymen, and laymen of good position to turn dog-breeders and dealers, and from these it is that the judges of the dog shows of the period are chosen. We understand that the committee were not in accord as to the appointment of some of the judges; and this can hardly be wondered at when the fact of one having had a dog disqualified for having, at a previous show, been provided with a lead-lined collar to make it weigh the requisite weight to compete in a heavy class, was known. The judging in most of the sporting classes was good, there not being much fault to be found with the apportionment of the prizes for the setters. The Champion Prize for English setter dogs fell to Mr. Laverack's Old Blue Dash, one of the mainstays of the Laverack blood; and he certainly is a grand-looking dog, notwithstanding the fact that he is now upwards of thirteen years old, and the sire—if we may believe all the pedigrees that are published—of half the Laverack setters in the kingdom. The prize for the Champion Class of bitches was rightly awarded to Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn's very handsome bitch, Flame. The Open Class of English setters was a good one, nearly half the competitors being Laveracks; and the same may be said of the bitches. In the former Mr. F. R. Hemming's Rock was first, and in the latter Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn's Leda. The black-and-tans were below the average, although Major Allison's Lorn and Mr. Rowland Wood's Duchess were first in the two Champion Classes. Mr. Neville's Grouse and Major Allison's Duchess, the winners in the open classes, were not up to the Palace standard of excellence, though Mr. Gowland's Ben was apparently entirely overlooked by the judges. The Irish setters were a very good class, and, though they are somewhat deficient in nose, seem to be very popular. Dr. Stone's Dash, who is, although only three years old, looking prematurely aged—perhaps from stud services—was first; but the second dog, Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn's Knowing is now a better dog. Mr. Jephson's very handsome Lilly II. was the prize in the bitch class, beating Mr. Llewellyn's Carrie, who, though not so pretty is a better-shaped one. The greyhounds were a fairly good class, especially the bitches. Lauderdale, the winner of many prizes, belonging to Mr. Sharples, was placed first, and he also took the Silver Cup for the winners of Stakes. Mr. Salter's Amethyst, of Waterloo Cup notoriety, a very compact and handsome fawn, was placed second to Bit of Fun, likewise the property of Mr. Sharples, and by many good judges she was preferred to her victress. Magenta, another Waterloo candidate, took a commendation. The spaniels were numerous, and there were some good specimens in several classes. We were surprised to see Mr. Bullock's George and Mr. Salter's Chance unnoticed in the Sussex Class, as these two animals have for several seasons held the pride of place in this variety. Both were fresh and well, and we think there was some caprice exhibited in the awards.

The pointer judging was absurd, and it would be impossible to find out any set of principles on which the decisions were arrived at. Mr. S. Price's Bang beat Mr. Francis' Chang in the Champion Class, but he certainly is not so good a dog. Mr. Whitehouse's Flute, the only competitor, took the prize for Champion bitches; and in the Heavy Open Class Mr. Hemming's Appleby, a dog inferior to Mr. Wippell's Wag, took the first prize, whilst Messrs. Waddington and Taylor's Stella had no qualities to entitle her to be preferred to

Mr. Salter's Mab, a magnificent bitch, exhibited in wonderful condition. It would be useless to go through the whole class of pointers, which comprised some excellent dogs, as in most cases the best ones were unnoticed, and prizes were given to animals with a great deal of foxhound blood in them. The mastiffs were a most excellent lot, and there was a hard fight for the Cup given for the best mastiff of all at the Show. Mr. Octavius Green's Monarch, however, the grandest mastiff in the country, beat Mr. De Fivas's Granby unequivocally, and has set at rest, for one year at least, the much-debated question of which was the better dog of the two. The St. Bernard's were a splendid collection, and Mr. Macdona, who judged, had difficulty enough in giving his awards. The gem of the whole lot, perhaps, was Mr. Joyce's Queen Bertha, a splendid young bitch, whose progeny will make a name for themselves. The rest of the classes were up to the average, but one of the most numerous was that for pugs, there being no less than 47 of these popular little creatures exhibited. The parade of the pets at the close of the day's judging was a very interesting scene to the ladies, if we may judge from the very large number who waited to see it. After a very long time spent in scanning the merits of the competitors, the first prize was awarded to Mr. Barter's Tiny, a nice little dog, whose body was well made. He had, however, not the black line down his back—so requisite for pugs—nor were his eyes as full and globular as they ought to have been. The second prize was awarded to Mr. Mayhew's Cloudy; but after, we believe, some vigorous protestations, in which the rosette given to denote the prize a dog had won played a part, his dog was given an equal first prize. There was to have been an exhibition of foxhounds, but M. F. H's, owing to the prevalence of madness, declined running the risk of exhibiting their packs. Harriers, however, showed up in good force, and a nice, decent-looking pack belonging to Messrs. Lewis and Chesshyre of Hertingfordbury beat four others. Mr. Dundas Everett took the prize for the best harrier dog with Rasselas, and Messrs. Saxby and Beard that for bitches with Levity, the prize for the best-bred bitch falling to Mr. Everett's Restless. On the whole, the Show was most popular, and an enormous number of the public visited the Exhibition. No cases of madness were reported, neither was, as far as we could learn, any one bitten. Several gentlemen, in fear of being bitten, provided themselves with small bottles of nitric acid, but they were, fortunately, spared the necessity of using them.

With a fanfare of trumpets and clashing of cymbals the Great Metropolitan Horse Bazaar!—we beg our dear friend, Mr. Sidney's, pardon! Horse Show we should have said—was opened to the generous patrons of the Agricultural Hall on the Saturday after the 'Derby.' Although this annual equine exhibition may now be regarded as one of the recognised institutions of the period, it is much to be doubted whether the ostensible and avowed object, so far as it bears on improving the breed of horses, is really secured. Certain it is, however, the attendance this year has shown beyond all precedent that the popularity of the gathering with the general public continues unabated. As on previous occasions, the patronage of royalty was not wanting to give *éclat* to the proceedings, the master of the ceremonies, 'the Infant Samuel,' taking advantage of the opportunity to witch the crowd with a display of noble horsemanship. But, to give honour where honour is due, the directors of the company seem willing and anxious to promote a good feeling on all sides, while the utmost care is taken to insure good billets for the many valuable animals intrusted to them. Owing, perhaps, to the striking out of the thoroughbred stallion class (as suggested by us in 'Baily' last July), the number of entries this year

shows a falling off from the three previous seasons; but owners of thoroughbreds wisely decline to run the risk of sending high-class stock to stand for a week in a noisy and heated atmosphere, however excellent the arrangements may be in other respects. To make up, however, for the absence of racing sires, the hunter classes were well represented, and a new feature was introduced in the addition of prizes for polo ponies. For hunters up to weight, nothing pleased us so much as Palmerston—a prize-taker all over, and as good as he looks, no doubt. Next to him, in our estimation, came Chief Constable, who took third place, the property of Mr. Harvey Bailey. He is a dark chestnut, 16·1, and one of the good old-fashioned sort. That he is thought something of elsewhere is shown by his taking second prize last year at Alexandra Park and Harrogate. In another of the hunter classes was a bright, well-bred bay, The Banker, whose action and manners were all that could be desired. Mr. Harvey Bailey was again to the front in this class with Newsmonger, as also in two others. For the rest, we must be content with saying that the extra classes made a very creditable appearance, both their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh being exhibitors; the handsome brown cob of the former gaining universal commendation, while the costly Arabian of the Duke won his laurels, as he deserved to do. Finishing up with the riding, nothing could be worse or more loutish on the part of the men, and it would really seem as if the jumping ought to be confined to those who could produce a certificate from an M.F.H. If the male sex were below par, the way in which some of the fair *artistes*, and they were in great force all the week, took part in the proceedings made ample amends, excellent as, we must admit, most of them were. The flower of the flock was a Miss Wilson, we believe, who hails from Yorkshire, where her prowess across country is already known to fame. We doff our hats to the fair *equestriennes*, and may they increase and multiply.

It may be as well to mention, by the way, for the benefit of those it may concern, that a carefully-executed portrait of the Prince of the T.Y.C., the gallant Prince Charlie, has been added to the Baily Gallery of Stars of the Turf. The admirers of this equine celebrity, and their name must be legion, will find their pet has been done full justice to by the accomplished limner Harry Hall.

A few anecdotes have come to hand at which perhaps our readers may smile.

The Mayor of B—, down in the cheery West, was on his nag, starting for a day's coursing, rather well got up. Farmer Hodge stopped him as he was emerging from his portentous front gate, to ask the law about some poaching 'fray. Looking at his new 'Peals,' and pulling a face both long and learned, the newly-dignified functionary responded, with voice stentorian and due magisterial effect, 'I really cannot answer such a difficult question as that *'unless I've got my robes on.'* The suggestion of returning was politely declined, and his worship proceeded, on that occasion *only*, without the proverbial law's delays.

Readers of the 'Van' will no doubt recollect that there were two little boys who, in answer to their mother's Sunday inquiry, 'What God had given 'them—something they could not do without,' replied, innocently enough, '*Foxes.*' These veritable infants seem to have matured their susceptibilities somewhat in the same direction; for a fortnight ago one asked the other, 'Which of his toys he should best like to take to heaven?' '*My horse,*' was the reply; and he was speedily produced from the cupboard—an upright wooden stump, however, appearing in lieu of the former well-furnished

dock. 'Ah!' said the younger hopeful, 'they'd never let you ride him in 'heaven with a *tail like that*.' It is evident that these boys haven't yet seen Frank Beers on his justly-celebrated timber-jumper.

A well-known 'Varsity oar stayed a week after the boat-race with the vicar of a small country town, for a change to the sea, and, wanting to keep alive his much-neglected classics, begged the loan of a Xenophon. Replied his reverence, 'I sent mine to my nephew; but you'll be sure to meet with one 'at our bookseller, Mr. C——'s. He is a very intelligent man, and librarian 'too.' Alas! however, what was his answer? 'Xenophon, sir? No, sir, 'I'm sorry that I haven't got that; but' (after a conference with his wife) 'we have *bézique*, if that will do.' And yet Forster and the Tories don't hit it about the Education Act!

The following hails from South Devon:—A lady, good in the saddle, owns two undeniable Skye terriers. The wife of our correspondent happening to call early on Friday, was shown into the *kitchen*. 'What am I doing here? 'Why this is baking day. Constance and I wash "Huz" and "Buz," and 'dry the dear things in the oven, it saves such a deal of trouble, and' (suiting the action to the word) 'tests the heat capitally; besides, you can't 'think, "Crimps their coats"—oh, so beautifully!' Where is that exceedingly zealous man, Colam, who wanted to stop pigeon-shooting and hunting—what can have become of his society? Turned into a limited affair, we suppose.

The old 'Van' driver nearly had his lunch spoilt on George Frederick's feast of St. Derby; for one of those irrepressible niggers accosted him with, 'I'll trouble you for a donation, Major,' upsetting the lobster salad with his unearthly banjo. To the V. D.'s crusty response, 'I'm not a major,' came the smart rejoinder, 'P'raps you're like me, a "*left tenant*," for I had to turn 'out of my lodgings pretty quick yesterday.' Really such fellows ought to be excommunicated.

In the organ of the new iron church erected within the grounds of Woodcote House, Windlesham, near Bagshot, two robins this year built their nest in the most noisy and airy spot they could have selected, between the first and second upright pipes. Their progeny of five were reared successfully, though in an exposed position and subject to the intrusive gaze of fifty schoolboys. The Rev. C. B. Fendall or his coadjutor, Mr. C. S. Jerram, willingly permit any natural historians who may be interested to inspect this *locus in quo*, as we have done.

During the last general election, a Northamptonshire friend of ours, who had married an heiress seventeen years his senior, of a certain, or rather an uncertain, temperament, was urged by letter from his late guardian not to vote for anybody having ritualistic tendencies, for he had actually seen the vicar they had presented preach in six different garments during the previous twelve months. Stinging under such advice, the ex-guardian shortly received from his offended nephew the following pithy stanza:—

'I do not even know, or care,
Whether the clergy ought to wear
In church a black or white dress.
I have a grievance of my own—
A wife who *preaches* in her *gown*,
And *lectures* in her *night-dress*.'

We noticed, a few weeks ago, the death of a man once well known at Market Harboro' and thereabouts, and in town, too, for that matter—Captain F. Rhodes, generally called 'The Stag.' We have been unable to

trace the *unde derivatur* of the name, and should be glad if some Harboro' man who was 'going' ten or twelve years ago would tell us. However, Captain Rhodes was a very good fellow in his way, and very amusing—a great ally of the late Lord Hopetown and 'Cherry' Angell, and particularly remarkable for the possession of an amount of brass which, if he could have transmuted into sterling coin, would have made him rich indeed. He was a hunting man of a sort—great at gateways and very good in a lane—free with his tongue, and sometimes meeting his match, as when he made an observation not strictly polite to Jem Mason, whose retort will long be remembered by those who heard it. 'The Stag' came to grief, poor fellow! and, we believe, was scorer, with a very small salary, at Huntingdon before he died. Many are the stories current of 'The Stag' and his 'cheek,' some suitable, others not, for these pages. He was one of those men, however, who was nobody's enemy but his own, and we wish we could have told of a more prosperous ending to his career.

June is too busy a month for theatres, and our visits have been rare. We only know that 'Brighton,' at the Court, made us laugh, and that we were inclined to shed tears over 'Mont Blanc' at the Haymarket, also over a dreadful burlesque on 'Guy Mannering,' at the Vaudeville, both now happily withdrawn. 'Giroflé-Girofla' is sparkling, certainly, and has clever interpretation and bright costumes; but still it is difficult to account for the sensation it has made. The hopes held out of our seeing some of the recent comedies of modern life at the Princess's have not been realised. 'The king is dead; but long live the king.' Lord Sydney has retired on his well-earned laurels, and transmits to Lord Hertford the rules and traditions of his office intact and inviolate. It is gratifying to know that while we are denied the pleasure of some of the masterpieces of the modern French stage, the skirts of the ballet girls at the St. James's Theatre have been lengthened. This ought to mitigate our disappointment. How proud as Englishmen we ought to feel of the high office of a Lord Chamberlain, and what pride the possessor of that office ought to feel in himself. Ill-natured people, it is true, call it 'the home of incompetency, and its unsociable associate meddlesomeness;' but Lord Hertford can point to the petticoats of the rather remarkable collection of young women that the manager of the St. James's Theatre has got together, and feel that he has at least in his yet brief official career followed those traditions of which his predecessor was such a zealous observer. The literature of the stage, the wit, the pathos, the biting sarcasm of the dramatist shooting vice and folly as it flies, all this is as nothing; but its petticoats, my lords and gentlemen—its petticoats—let us keep our hold on *them*. Truly a high office for a high official, and yet perhaps one more suited for him than that of emasculating the products of a genius beyond his conception, and of a humour in which he has no share.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 174.

AUGUST, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. COOPER.

CONTENTS.

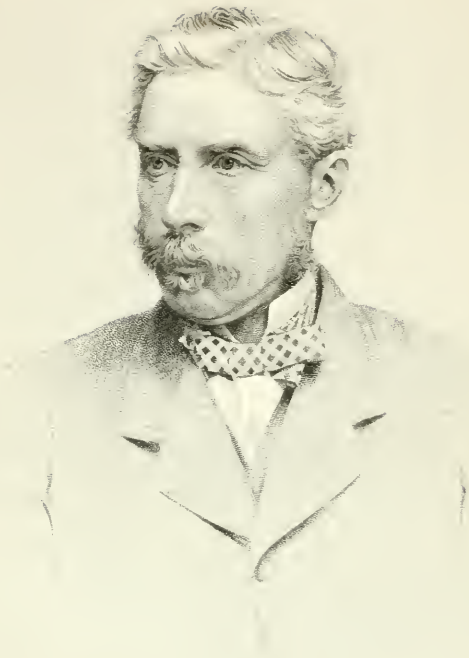
SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
MR. W. H. COOPER	311
BETTING IN HIGH AND LOW PLACES.	313
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER VI.	319
JINKISSON'S DUELS.—II.	330
THE OLD FORESTER'S STORY	337
OTTER-HUNTING, AND THE HOUNDS OF THE HON. GEOFFREY HILL	341
CRICKET	428
YACHTING AND ROWING	353.
'OUR VAN'	358

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR AUGUST, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Lincoln and Leeds Athletic Club Races, &c.
2	S	NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
3	M	Croydon and Ripon Races. Bath Regatta. Base Ball at Lord's.
4	TU	Brighton Races. Yorkshire Agricultural Show at Sheffield.
5	W	Brighton Cup (2 miles).
6	TH	Brighton Club and Redcar Races. Hound Show at York.
7	F	Lewes and Wenlock Races. Base Ball at Prince's.
8	S	Edinburgh Races. Base Ball at Richmond.
9	S	TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
10	M	Base Ball at the Crystal Palace.
11	TU	Egham and Wolverhampton Races.
12	W	Egham Races. Grouse Shooting begins.
13	TH	Windsor, Isle of Man, Radcliffe, and Paisley Races.
14	F	Windsor, Isle of Man, and Radcliffe Races.
15	S	Base Ball at Sheffield.
16	S	ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Ostend Races.
17	M	Streatham and Ostend Races.
18	TU	Stockton and Oxford Races. Birmingham Horse Show.
19	W	Stockton and Ipswich Races. Windsor and Eton Regatta.
20	TH	Stockton and Alexandra Park Races.
21	F	Croydon Races.
22	S	Irvine and Baldoyle Races.
23	S	TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Dieppe Races.
24	M	Base Ball at Dublin.
25	TU	York and Plymouth Races. Worcestershire Agricultural Show.
26	W	Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles) and Dover Races.
27	TH	Reading Races.
28	F	Scarborough Races.
29	S	Baden-Baden Races.
30	S	THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
31	M	Baden-Baden Races.



W. H. H. H.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. H. COOPER.

A BROILING day everywhere, but especially broiling in Piccadilly. The shady side about 4 P.M. would be the one preferred, we should have thought; and yet there is a gathering on the hot flags round Hatchett's, and on the steps are some well-known London faces suggestive of hound and horn, the tapering crop, and the double thong. The Master of the Bramham Moor, who has just come from a Tattersall sale, is talking to Colonel Stracey Clitherow; while Major Byng button-holds Mr. Charles Hale, and Colonel Armytage is sharply criticising a C.C. drag drawn up on the opposite side of the way, and has a good deal to say about it to Mr. Holland; Mr. Anstruther Thomson joining in with an occasional remark that shows he is as much at home in putting horses together as hounds into covert. Major Pryce Watkins is remonstrating with some Hansom cabbies who *will* loiter about Hatchett's, and strongly urging them to make tracks. 'The coach is coming round, and 'Billy will be into them, by ——!' he says to Captain Bastard, who has just sauntered up from Boodle's. Mr. A. G. Scott is imparting some information respecting the Uxbridge road to Bob Chapman, who means to drive his coach down to Cheltenham the next day; and Major Furnivall, 'off duty' on this particular afternoon, is showing the rules and regulations of the new 'Road Club,' now with a local habitation, we are glad to hear, in Park Place and Arlington Street. And presently comes up his Grace of Beaufort leaning on Lord Arthur's arm, and there are general greetings among the little group, now increased by some dozen London loungers pure and simple; and there are glances down Piccadilly, and some one says that 'Billy is late.' But as the words are spoken, 'the music 'in three feet of tin' is heard in Dover Street, and then the primrose-coloured coach with red wheels, with the browns, Dear Me and The Drake, at wheel, and a skewbald and chestnut before the bars, draws up at Hatchett's (sparing, we are happy to say, the refractory Hansoms), and the well-known face and form of one of the finest amateur coachmen that this country can show on the box, with his wife by his side. The Afternoon Dorking is about to start on its daily journey.

Mr. William Henry Cooper, the eldest son of the late Mr. W. H. Cooper of Pain's Hill, Surrey, was born in the year 1818, and in 1836, after the usual course of school education, became a member of Brazenose College, Oxford. We are not sure that he was a very studious son of his Alma Mater, and the country, the race-ground at Bullingdon, Chapel House and Sturdys Castle, the Henley and the Woodstock roads, knew him better than the lecture-room, or maybe, the college chapel. Early entered to hounds with the Surrey when a boy, the taste for hunting and coaching thrived on Oxfordshire soil. Ned Wheeler and Joe Tollitt (names that old Oxonians will well remember) saw the young Brazenose commoner often in their yards, many were the hunters that were sent on to distant meets of the Heythrop from the one, many were the leaders that waited outside Magdalen turnpike for the quiet-looking dog-cart slipping down Holywell Street, as if seeking to avoid observation, from the other. Those were the days of Squire Drake and Jem Hills—the latter, if we mistake not, but recently come from whipping-in to Will Long at Badminton. Mr. Cooper soon made his mark among the hard-riding undergraduates of those days; and the young fellows in Brazenose and Trinity, the two hunting colleges *par excellence*, did go then above a little. But his University career was not destined to be a long one, for in 1837 he received his commission in the 8th Hussars, joining the head-quarters of the regiment at Norwich. He was soon popular among his brother officers, and had ample time for further developing his coaching tastes, of which the Bury St. Edmunds road was the scene. His 'leaves' in the hunting season he passed sometimes in Surrey, sometimes in Gloucestershire; but it was not until '51 or '52 that Mr. Cooper commenced regularly to hunt in the latter county. He became a constant visitor at Colonel Miles's—better known as Peter Miles—and at Lord Suffolk's at Charlton Park; while between the present owner of Badminton and himself a friendship, bred and fostered by a community of tastes and pursuits, soon sprung up; and both with the Duke's hounds and the V.W.H. the face of Mr. Cooper was a standing dish in the county. Without being a thrusting rider Mr. Cooper was always with the hounds, and rode with both nerve and judgment. He possessed fine hands, and they stood him in good stead in another place—the coach-box. Many a good horse had he, too, in those days, and Eagle, The Dutchman, Oakstick, and Highflyer will be remembered by more than one hunting man going at that period.

Mr. Cooper quitted the service in 1842, and from that time his name has been identified with most of those sports that find favour in Englishmen's eyes. He has raced a little, and does still, but more for the love of the sport than for lucre's sake; and when at Ascot the other day his Gloire de Dijon filly cantered in for the Wokingham, as an old friend of his pathetically remarked, 'Billy' was driving his —— old coach, and hadn't a sixpence on!' Yes, the 'old coach' so apostrophised is one of the first loves to which

he is constant still, and the so-called coaching revival owes much to him. Two years ago, associated with Colonel Stracey Clitherow and the late Mr. Chandos Pole, Mr. Cooper undertook the Brighton coach, and how it was horsed and how it was driven is too well known to need mention here. Last year the Afternoon Dorking, or 'Cooper's Coach,' as it soon got to be called, was put on the road, and it is not too much to add that one more perfectly appointed, or in all respects better done, does not leave Piccadilly. We do not say this without good authority; and when we mention Mr. Lane Fox's name, as good a judge of a coachman as he is of a hound, we feel we do not speak without book. No man is so fond of putting horses together—the awkwarder the team the better—than Mr. Cooper. Though not a strong man to look at on the box, horses never pull when he is there, and however disagreeable with other people, they never seem to disturb him.

Mr. Cooper, who is married to a daughter of Mr. William Hale of Acomb, Yorkshire, a lady in every respect 'an help-meet' for him, is highly esteemed and thoroughly liked by all who call him friend. Reserved in manner, and singularly modest in the estimate he forms of himself, we know we should only pain him by eulogy, though that eulogy would be but the simple truth. We will remember, too, that

'Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know;'

and the many readers of 'Baily' will not need to be reminded of those of William Henry Cooper.

BETTING IN HIGH AND LOW PLACES.

WE have not been favoured with the exact 'name and style' of the Association formed for Turf purification in general, and the abolition of suburban race meetings in particular. When its aims and objects were announced, as we believe they were some time in the spring of the year, the whole affair was treated as a remarkably good joke, and the society deemed to be about on a par with that for converting the Jews or washing blackamoors white. A Conservative government was in power, and those making their living by Turf pursuits drew securer breath, and considered themselves to have obtained a perpetual renewal of the lease of their livelihood. Racing men were no longer to be worried and harassed in their trade, and congratulated themselves upon the arrival of a millennium of non-interference with the 'sport of a great and free people.' Blundering legislation and plundering propensities were to be heard of no more now that Mr. Bruce had retired to the calm seclusion of the Upper House; now that the great Lambeth philanthropist had found no place in the new Parliament; now that the voice of Morley was silent. It has ever been

that, while we indulge in fancied security, neglecting our outposts and withdrawing our sentries, the enemy pounces upon us from an unexpected quarter, and marches right into our capitol without resistance. There were not even a few cackling geese to give us warning, and our watch-dogs had been lulled into sleep under the Tory banner floating over our stronghold. If there was not actual treason in the camp, at least our boasted allies failed us, and not even from the Celtic ranks could we recruit a champion ready to do battle in the cause of right, whether that right was urged by him as Home Ruler or Defender of the Turf. Even the outside world was said to have grown apathetic and careless concerning the future of the commission agents, and no attempt was made to save them from going by the board, a prey to the whale, from whose maw they knew there would be no escape. To follow up the Jonah simile a little farther, prophets and tipsters had not reckoned upon the withering influence of the sun of public opinion against the gourd arbours in which they had fancied themselves so strong, and reckoned strangely without their host in their boast that they had become necessities, and therefore could not be abolished. Least of all did the Glasgow constituents of Anderson expect such hard measure to be dealt out to them by one they had helped to place in power—that Trojan horse they had brought in with such rejoicing, and set up as an idol in the godly city.

No sooner, however, had the fate of the commission agencies been sealed than from another quarter was perceived the approach of a sterner and more implacable foe to the destinies of the Turf. If Anderson, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, had ‘wreathed ‘his sword in the myrtle bough,’ and brought up his forces like Dunsinane Wood to the attack, there was no disguise or concealment about the Thorntonian tactics. That ‘Broxbourne bigot,’ as the penny dreadfuls of sporting literature love to term him, led no forlorn hope up to the walls to be decimated and repulsed, but commenced his attack, if not against the Malakoff of the situation, at any rate against a not unimportant redoubt. We pause here for a moment to state that neither Mr. Thornton nor Mr. Haxell are known to us except by name, and we have no idea as to the constitution or action of the society which they profess to represent. We are merely desirous of placing on record a transaction so intimately concerning that section of the public into whose hands this magazine may be expected to come, and of reserving our judgment until the whole case has met with calm and cool consideration. We shall do no good by commencing to abuse the plaintiff’s attorney, a course which, we perceive with regret, has been pursued in certain quarters, while matters are as yet *sub judice*, and the ‘far-off doubtful issue’ still undecided.

Much obloquy has been showered upon Mr. Thornton and his allies for not having marched straight up to storm the citadel itself, and to have bearded the magnates of the Jockey Club in their own den. It has been urged that Mr. Warner and the suburban

entrepreneurs of racing were but poor game to fly at—Ishmaelites with every man's hand against them, and foemen unworthy of their opponents' steel. If this be so, it is certainly not the fault of the sporting press, who have done all in their power, with some few notable exceptions, to strengthen the hands of the metropolitan clerks of courses, and have not relaxed in their efforts to 'bonnet for' the mushroom meetings in suburban districts. Their arguments, specious and plausible enough in themselves, have been urged on behalf of the respectability of lessees, the orderly character of proceedings, and the delectation of the million. We, who have constantly raised our voice against what we have from the first considered intolerable nuisances, have not met the supporters of suburban meetings on their own ground by denying the good intentions of promoters as private individuals, the general good conduct of affairs, and the pleasure of the sovereign people. We have gone against them on the score of public expediency, as derogatory to the high character which should attach to the sport of kings, and of not even remote utility in improving the breed of horses. We still assert, that mainly by their means racing has been brought into disrepute, and that they have been the cause of associating with it the very classes we are most anxious should have no concern or dealing with it, as well in the interests of peace and respectability as public morals. The public don't always know what is best for them, and if we are not to regulate and control the tastes of its lower grades, we had better stand aloof altogether, and return to the old days of licence, when fairs and merrymakings in populous places held sovereign sway, and disorder and intemperance were the inevitable results of so-called popular 'rights.'

We crave pardon for this digression, which we considered it necessary for us to make, in order to show that our objections in the case of suburban sport has not been to *men* but to *measures*, and if the Jockey Club were to take Kingsbury or Hendon under their wing, it would not alter our opinion as to the undesirability of collecting the scum and refuse of the metropolis at frequent periods during the year, thus making it worth the while of the predatory section of mankind to go the circuit, with every prospect of profit, in organised gangs. At most places excepting Newmarket, where the business of the Turf may be said to be transacted, and which contains no more than a country population, one or two meetings a year are deemed sufficient; and our large manufacturing cities, to their credit be it said, have not followed the example of the metropolis in suffering their suburbs to be converted into bear gardens and the hell hounds of society let periodically loose among peacefully-disposed citizens.

Given, however, the decision of the Queen's Bench in that leading case concerning betting at Dewsbury, we cannot see how the Edgware bench of magistrates could possibly have arrived at any other conclusion than to fine Mr. Warner in a mitigated amount; and in not appealing to a higher court the individual who had been

convicted of permitting betting in his 'place' at Kingsbury showed his sense of the abstract justice of the decision. In fact there was no defence at all, and the proceedings assumed almost a friendly aspect, not usually prevailing when a summons is in the case. There was a good deal of grumbling about the *corpus vile* selected for experimenting upon, and some indignant talk about betting in high and low 'places,' and, of course, the time-honoured grievance of 'one law for the rich, another for the poor,' was once more exhumed and exhibited, until a different complexion was put upon matters by the proceedings taken against Mr. Chaplin as one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

With the fear of 'contempt' before our eyes, and with the utmost respect for the majesty of the law as administered by the magisterial bench, we cannot for the life of us distinguish between the tweedledum of the justices of Edgware and the tweedledee of their brethren at Newmarket. And yet at the one place Mr. Warner is fined 10*l.*, and at the other the summons is dismissed. In both cases appeals to superior courts are granted, but the aggrieved lessee of Kingsbury does not avail himself of the permission, while the Newmarket prosecutors hesitate to follow up their proceedings, with a view to ascertain the exact state of the law. The only infinitesimal difference we can perceive is, that whereas at Kingsbury the lists were absolute fixtures to certain localities over which their owners presided, at head-quarters bookmakers in the smaller line of business found it more convenient not to pitch their roving tents in any particular place, but to follow the public about as often as any change took place in the venue of a race. The distinction, however, seems to us so microscopic that we only throw out the suggestion by way of trying the ground, and clearing it, if possible, for further argument. With that very awkward 'Dewsbury case,' in their front it is difficult to conceive how the Edgware magistrates could have held Mr. Warner harmless; but Colonel Fryer and his colleague seem to have taken a totally different view of the question, and this in the face of the very strong arguments urged by the counsel for the prosecution, who seemed to have the race well in hand all the way, and to pass the post an easy winner. We don't know whether astonishment or gratification was uppermost in the minds of the racing world when the other number went up, and they found a faint hope of ultimate triumph in the decision. How soon the case can be argued before whatever court it is determined to take it, we cannot say; but we trust every effort may be made to expedite matters, and the usual 'delay at the post' may be dispensed with, now that it is evident that both sides wish only for a fair race.

In the meantime proprietors and trustees are setting their houses in order, and the recent ukase of the Duke of Richmond against the exhibition of lists on his property is almost as ominous a sign as the Jockey Club manifesto prohibiting ready-money betting on the sacred Heath. There has been much tall talk respecting the inten-

tions of the late Newmarket prosecution of following up their summons of Mr. Chaplin by further proceedings against the noble owner of Goodwood Park. Great as undoubtedly is the temptation to 'pull' a live duke and Cabinet Minister in office, we trust that the 'Suburban Meeting Defence Committee,' or whatever they style themselves, may be dissuaded from such a course, as likely to turn public attention once more upon themselves.

It is just as well that all this should take place at a time when betting is in a transition state, in order that it may not be necessary to stir up again into mud the waters after they have once subsided. By the time these lines meet the eyes of our readers hastening on their summer excursions, the doom of the commission agents will have been sealed so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, and their advertisements prohibited from the familiar places where we have been used to look for them. Across the 'streak of silver sea' they may still carry on their trade; but whether with the same success as before remains to be seen. Consequently no better opportunity could be desired of ascertaining how far Her Majesty's lieges may advance in the practice of betting without treading on the skirts of public propriety. In the 'dead season,' now rapidly approaching, there will be found many to have their say on the subject, and in the absence of another comet and dearth of cock-and-bull stories of the Dog-and-Dwarf type we are likely to be provided with much newspaper argument in connection with the great betting question. And we look forward to many a passage of arms between the rival factions, and for some real good to result from a thorough ventilation of the subject.

§ If it be deemed desirable, in addition to an authoritative exposition of the present Act in relation to betting, to amend the law, which we sincerely trust may be in contemplation, then let the new statutes be so framed as to settle the difficulty once for all, so that recourse may not be frequently had to vexatious proceedings in order to interpret what should be plain and clear to the most ordinary understanding. And out of the evil which surrounds the exposure of practices, which many besides the 'unco guid' disapprove and condemn, we shall at any rate draw this good result, that people will know what they are doing, and have no excuse for exceeding the bounds within which it is necessary to confine speculation. As we have asserted before and still maintain, betting is a necessary evil, which we cannot hope to disestablish any more than drunkenness or immorality. Let us look it in the face, acknowledge its necessity, and attempt its control. Half the evil will be cured by the latter process, and our neighbours across the Channel have long set us an example worthy of imitation in the regulation of a popular vice which need not be more specially named. Nowhere are its votaries less conspicuous or obtrusive than in the gay capital of France, while in moral England, which professes to form her morals by so high a standard, the evil stalks abroad in all its garish hideousness. Besides, if betting were legalised under certain conditions, the many who now

indulge in it for mere bravado's sake, would soon tire of following a legitimate pursuit, and we should be left with the people who care only to bet in conjunction with the excitement generated by racing itself. To the vain and weak-minded there is always a sort of charm attaching to any practice which is merely tolerated, if not absolutely illegal; more especially when the fashion has been set by the higher circles of society, who can presumably afford to lose their money.

A settlement of the *vexata questio* definitely before the highest tribunal in the land, and over which the eminent jurist who passed the measure presides, would be a boon indeed to the sporting world, which can claim to be legislated for on a similar footing to interests in commercial circles. Anomalies have long been borne and suffered which would disgrace any system, and it is high time for authority to step in and take racing matters in hand. While reformers are about it, they might improve the occasion by sundry other useful changes, without disturbing to any great extent time-honoured customs, or unduly interfering with the liberty of the subject. The Turf has many enemies of that order which has raised up Sir Wilfred Lawson in the House of Commons to lead a crusade against the liquor traffic, and to make people sober by Act of Parliament. It is hopeless arguing with such fanaticism, which invariably defeats its own purpose by the sheer extravagance of the measures proposed for altering the conditions of human nature. Mr. Thornton and his associates probably regard betting in the same light as abolitionists regard the liquor traffic, and would seem to think scotching the snake as good as killing it. And a question naturally arises to our mind, whether it is not better for both betting and drinking to be indulged in openly, instead of having resort to home indulgence, over which no wholesome supervision can be exercised. It is downright insanity to think of repressing either habit, but common sense tells us that, putting aside the sentiment of open dealing and fair play, it is easier to control a public act than to attack in the dark a private practice. Spies and informers are both hateful to our national ideas of freedom of action, and no one can contemplate with patience the consequences likely to ensue from a system of laying traps for the unwary, which would seem to be the only course open for the detection of offenders.

We have continually advocated, in these pages and elsewhere, the adoption of some machinery by which the whole system of betting might be brought under suitable jurisdiction, and by means of which licensed betters might be heard of as well as licensed hawkers or licensed victuallers. We do not dare to name a Board of Control for such an object, for fear of bringing down thunder on our devoted head, but we contend that the plan is practicable, and would be found productive of the most beneficial results. Respectable and respected bookmakers would have nothing to fear, and a larger *clientèle* to every 'safe' man would be the result of such a scheme; while there would ensue most desirable confusion among those of the welshing fraternity, who trade on well-known names and good repu-

tations, and infest meeting after meeting like a predatory band of wolves. These are the folk which are mainly instrumental in bringing racing into bad repute, and on them the maudlin sensationalist depends to furnish materials for his diatribes against the Turf. As a mere matter of sentiment ready-money betting might be abolished; but it seems rather a case of hair-splitting to define the actual difference as regards public morality between making stakes previously to the decision of the race and the inevitable subsequent square-up at Tattersall's or elsewhere. At present the whole matter stands much in need of regulation; and it appears to us, if our readers will excuse a somewhat irreverent simile, like the English Church, which has had to choose between the dagger of the Anti-Ritualistic Bill or the bowl of disestablishment. Before Baily's green leaves appear again we hope that the happy consummation may have been arrived at of an interpretation of the law which shall set men's minds at rest until Parliament again takes the matter in hand, and that the interests of the Turf may not be prejudiced by any action taken on behalf of betting, from which they are, and always must be, inseparable.

AMPHION.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN less than a minute after the departure of Mrs. Hopkins and the doctor from the Red Lion door, Jonas, whose faith in Tom Frank's sagacity and knowledge of the moor was unlimited, rushed into the bar, and at once proclaiming the loss and supposed fate of the missing boys, expressed his profound regret that he had never been able to mount a horse in his life, or he wouldn't have allowed the doctor to go, as he had gone, alone in search of them. 'But there,' he said, emphatically, 'the heart of un is as big as a bullock's, and 'there isn't another man in Buckbury—no, nor it twenty miles 'round—as would face the night, and the storm, and the moor, and 'the pixies, like he; never a one.'

'Hold your bawl, do ye, Jonas,' said Squire Luscombe, indignant at the reflection cast on himself and the company by this odious comparison. 'I'm no more afraid of the moor and the pixies than 'the doctor is; and, what's more, there isn't a man at this table-board but would do the same as he, if there was a call for it.'

'And ain't there a call for it now,' replied Jonas, nothing daunted by the rebuff of the Squire, 'when tew young lads are, like enough, 'at this very minute gasping for dear life up in they mires, and one 'o' em the only son o' Squire Raleigh to Watercombe?'

'What, Frank Raleigh fast in the mires! the son of my old 'Eton chum, and the best lad of his age I ever clapped eyes on?' exclaimed Luscombe, jumping on his legs in great excitement.

‘Ring the ostler’s bell, do ye now, Jonas, and order out old Crackskull, quick as ever he can put on his bridle: if the boy is above ground, I’ll find him before six o’clock to-morrow morning, or my name’s not Dick Luscombe.’

Never could the chord of sympathy have been struck with better effect on the heart-strings of a set of bacchanals; for, stirred by the waiter’s appeal and Luscombe’s spirited resolve, one and all, with the exception of Parson Barker, shouted for their horses simultaneously, and declared that they too would accompany him, and do their utmost to find the boys.

‘If you’ll take my advice, said the parson,’ adding a lump of sugar to his three-water grog, ‘you’ll bide where you be till daylight, when you may have some chance of seeing where you go and what you are in search of. You must be all mazed, I think, to start now.’

‘You stick to your text, parson,’ said Luscombe, impatiently; ‘and if you have any advice to give, we’ll all come to hear it next Sunday; but mind, fifteen minutes without a check—not a second more.’

‘Aye; and if Solomon himself preached to you, his words would make no more impression on your perverse hearts than Moses made on that of Pharaoh,’ replied the parson, who, when roused, was wont to speak his mind with quite as much freedom on a weekday as on a Sunday.

A roar of laughter followed this sally; for, say what he would, the old bachelor parson was such good company that no one cared to quarrel with him. At the same time he was an eloquent and powerful preacher, insomuch that the witty Lady Saltringham once said of him, ‘When I listen to Mr. Barker in the pulpit, I never wish to see him leave it; but when I see him out of it, I never wish to hear him again in it.’

Reasonable as was his argument, the parson, as he expected, might have addressed it to the flying clouds with about the same hope of staying the course of the one as the other. He continued, however, to banter them in merciless fashion, saying that if the pixies didn’t catch them the bogs would; that he feared they would find more water than corn in the ‘Black Stables;’ that, in fact, they were going on a fool’s errand, and were more likely to lose themselves than find the boys.

This last observation put them fairly on their metal, and a wager was at once offered, amounting to ‘a leg of mutton and trimmings for a dozen,’ that they, one or the other of the four, would produce the boys, dead or alive, before six o’clock the next morning; and as the parson, when he gave an opinion, was always ready to back it with his money, the right hand of each was grasped in turn, and the bet accepted with the usual formality.

The news of this wager, conveyed by Jonas to the taproom, kindled of course like a wild flame among the denizens of that lower department, and the first clatter of Crackskull’s hoofs in the stable-yard brought out a swarm of them, headed by Tom Franks,

ostensibly to lend the ostler a hand in holding the horses and helping the gentlemen to mount them, but in reality to express their several opinions in behalf of or against the success of the expedition.

Squire Luscombe, who lived in top boots, and, whether sober or intoxicated, was more at home on the outside of a horse than on any other conveyance, was quickly in the saddle, but it took a world of trouble to start the others. Bolter had been hoisted by Tom Franks and another to the top of Cholwich's horse, which, when informed of the mistake by the rightful owner, he for some time refused to quit. At length, by dint of persuasion and the help of two or three strong fellows, he was again dismounted and then lifted into his own saddle. Captain Chanter, however, had a colt to deal with—a vicious brute by Merrylegs, Tucker's celebrated Devonshire packhorse; and after rearing on end, plunging and kicking like a cow every time Chanter attempted to get his foot into the stirrup, the ostler produced a twitch, and under its quieting influence the rider secured his seat.

All this time rain was falling in torrents, while a solitary dim horn lantern shed but a feeble ray of light on the stable-yard; so, as the hubbub and confusion were great, it was little short of a miracle no damage was done by that wild colt in the midst of a crowd of men excited by drink and heedless of danger.

'Are you all up, and are you ready?' shouted Luscombe, again and again to the tardy squad he was about to lead; for it was so dark he could not even see the head of his own horse, much less the movements of his friends, from the heels of whose horses he took care to keep at a most respectful distance.

The town clock struck twelve, and the anniversary of the glorious 1st of June came to a close just as the knight-errants, led by Luscombe, issued gingerly forth from the broad gates of the Red Lion yard and set their horses' heads direct for the moor. Like most Devonshire lanes leading towards that desolate region, the high-banked road by which they passed and which, following the course of an angry brook, crossed and recrossed it several times ere it reached the moor-gate at the head of the coombe, was about as rugged a route as a traveller might expect to find in the mountains of Calabria. Still the fence on either side, bosky as the glen was, had this great advantage—it kept the party together up to the edge of the moor, a point which, in the half-muddled state of their brains and the darkness of the night, not one of them would probably have gained but for that circumstance.

As the heavy forest gate, through which they had now entered, swung back against its granite post with a loud bang, and they found themselves face to face with the open moor, but with no longer a bank-fence serving them, as the waters served the Israelites of old, and enabling them, with 'a wall on their right hand and on their 'left,' to pass on together to the wilderness beyond, Luscombe became suddenly conscious of the danger to which they were about to be exposed if, in that Cimmerian darkness, they ventured to ride a

yard farther over the pathless moor; so he halted his horse and invited the opinion of his companions as to the course they should now pursue.

‘I am beginning to think,’ said he, as the fumes of the brandy were passing off, ‘that the parson was half right in advising us to wait for daylight, though I’d rather ride old Crackskull into a bog than let him know it; but here we are, and what’s to be done next?’

‘Go ahead,’ exclaimed Bolter, who, living on the moor, professed to be as familiar with it as with his own pocket, ‘Go ahead, Dick; there’s never a bog within four miles of King’s Gate; and if we are to find the boys and win the bet, we shall never do it by halting here.’

‘But it’s dark as a dungeon,’ remonstrated Luscombe; ‘I can’t see my hand before me; and how on earth are we to find the boys if we can’t see them? In one hour there will be a glimmer of light to aid our search, and if we wait for it we could then separate and draw all the likeliest bogs between Aune Head and Raven-Tor.’

‘We can separate at once,’ persisted Bolter, who obstinately refused to believe there could be any danger in traversing, light or no light, that part of the moor so far away from the ‘Black Stables.’ ‘There are two distinct paths just a head of us, one leading to the Abbots’-way, and one to Peter’s Cross. If you and Chanter take this, Cholwich and I will take the other; so make your choice, *utrum horum magis accipe.*’

His manner was so confident that, whatever misgivings Luscombe and the others might have entertained, the adoption of this plan was at once determined on, and the two parties, advancing as they best could over the granite high road, which, if followed for seven or eight miles, would have brought them to Hexary Bridge, separated at the point of divergence indicated by Bolter. But the paths taken were mere sheep-tracks, and from the absence of the triturated granite, which, by its particles of quartz, mica, and felspar, beautifully crystallized, causes the cart-roads of the moor to sparkle as it were with diamonds, Luscombe and his companion were very soon in difficulty.

From the danger of being too near the heels of the vicious colt ridden by the latter, it was arranged by Luscombe that while he endeavoured to make out the path upon Crackskull, whose sagacity and cleverness on the moor were rarely at fault, Chanter should keep at some little distance on his right, and that each should let the other know where he was by an occasional shout. In five minutes, however, the distance between them had considerably widened, and, the ground becoming frightfully uneven, not only were all traces of the path lost, but Luscombe’s judgment and power as a horseman severely taxed to keep Crackskull on his legs at all; for no sooner had the good old horse scrambled out of one hole than he slithered into another, deep almost as a sawpit, till at length, dropping to the bottom of one deeper than the rest, Luscombe was compelled to

alight, hoping, as he held on by the end of the bridle, to pull him out of his difficulty. But in doing this, the darkness of the night was so intense (for a summer night is even darker than one in winter) that, failing to stand clear of his horse as he bounded from the pit, he received a frightful blow on the chest, which knocked his wind out and felled him like a tree to the broken ground.

He had, however, just sense enough left to retain Crackskull by the bridle, though for the life of him he could not speak to the horse, among whose legs he was lying, helpless as a log of wood. While in this painful position a loud cry for help fell on his ear. It was from Chanter, who, after sundry ins and outs among the pits, had parted company from the colt, and was yelling to Luscombe to come and catch him without delay; but he yelled in vain.

‘That was the longest hour of my life,’ said Luscombe afterwards, as he described his misery in the bar of the Red Lion, ‘waiting for the wished-for morrow, and expecting every moment to be kicked into mincemeat by the fiery old horse. But I libelled him by such a thought, for he stood over me gentle as a lamb, and apparently afraid to move lest he should do me further injury; no old nurse could have treated me with more consideration or more patience.’

When daylight began to dawn, and Luscombe had so far recovered that he was able to rise from his perilous position and again take his seat in the saddle, his first impulse was to look around and shout for Chanter; but the only response he gained was the cry of a plover, scared from her nest by the dread sound of the human voice. Nor could a vestige either of him or his horse be seen anywhere in the wild and desolate landscape that lay under his view. What had become of them? and how could they have vanished so completely out of sight in so brief a time? were questions Luscombe put to himself, but was utterly unable to answer.

For a mile or more around him the ground had been broken up by tin-miners, ages ago, into a succession of mounds and pits, of unequal height and depth, the latter being capacious enough to conceal an elephant in each, and numerous enough to swallow up all the elephants in the hunting establishment of Jung Bahadoor. The whole aspect of the ground, in fact, presented rather the surface of a wild sea, when the wind has suddenly chopped round and knocked up the waves into pyramids and hollow troughs, rather than the ordinary sedate appearance of old mother earth.

A more desolate spot is not to be found on all Dartmoor; yet, though a barren and dreary desert now, it once teemed with a busy population, and sent its mineral treasures to the uttermost parts of the earth, albeit the records of its history are obscure even as the mists of the moor in winter. If one of the original disturbers of this ground could only be summoned from his long sleep, what a tale might be told of the mining ventures and long-past commerce connected with the ancient world! The very implements of bronze with which Solomon built his temple might have been manufactured from the tin raised from these very pits; for it is certain the merchants

of Tyre traded largely with the miners of Devon and Cornwall. Mr. R. J. King, in his charming little book on the Forest of Dartmoor, conjectures 'that the bronze statues, vases, and daggers which 'have been found among the Nineveh ruins, at Thebes, and in many 'other parts of Egypt, may have been partly formed from the tin of 'Dartmoor; and the swords of the legionaries who landed with 'Cæsar on the Kentish coast, or with Vespasian in the west, were 'in all probability alloyed with the tin of those very heaths and moors 'which they helped to conquer.'

Many a man, neither superstitious nor over-imaginative, would have felt the power of that desolate and silent scene, and hastened to quit it without delay; but Squire Luscombe, well acquainted with the moor, and in the company of old Crackskull, had no sense either of awe or loneliness, and continued to search and shout for Chanter till he was all but exhausted. He had come to the conclusion that, in all probability, the same kind of accident had befallen his friend that had happened to himself, and that he must now be lying disabled, and perhaps senseless, at the bottom of one of the thousand pits he saw everywhere around him. The vicious colt, too, he thought, must be in a like predicament, pounded and imprisoned in a pit, escape from which was beyond his power; and when he remembered how ready the animal was with his heels, he ejaculated a fervent prayer that Chanter—his boon companion and friend—might not have fallen into the same hole with that savage brute: if he had, his fate could scarcely be doubtful.

Heavily perplexed by these thoughts, Luscombe, again dismounting and leading old Crackskull carefully by the rein, proceeded to examine the pits one by one for at least an hour, but so far without success. Not one-tenth of the ground, however, had as yet been drawn, and as a general similarity pervaded the character of the mounds, which consisted of broken moor-stones, overgrown with moss and stunted heather, and exhibited no distinctive mark by which one could be recognised from another, Luscombe, observing for the second time the skeleton of a sheep lying bleached by the winds at the bottom of a pit, became suddenly aware that he was travelling over ground he had already examined, and that, owing to the unique aspect of this vast, tumbled-up, sterile tract, his task bid fair to be a fruitless one.

Bewildered thoroughly by this discovery, and still feeling the ill-effects of the blow on his chest, he had almost made up his mind to abandon the search for Chanter altogether, and endeavour to regain the footpath leading to Peter's Cross, whence he could take a good bird's-eye view of the bogs in that district, and perhaps recover the boys. But while he was hesitating which way to turn—for the whole place was a labyrinth of pits—a man suddenly appeared on the sky-line of the opposite hill, and as he was evidently shaping his course for the boggy ground above, Luscombe pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and, tying it to the crop of his whip, endeavoured to attract the attention of the stranger and bring him to his aid.]

In a few seconds the signal was answered, the man waving his hat in return; and, breaking into a quick trot, he appeared to be quite as anxious to give the meeting as the other was to invite it.

'Have yeu zeed aught of tew lads,' shouted the man, as he approached, and who was no other than the gardener despatched by Mrs. Cornish in search of the boys; 'they'm a lost on the moor, zo 'mistiss thinks, and her's fairly mazed about wan o' em, ca'd Raleigh 'to Watercombe?'

'Nothing whatever, I'm sorry to say,' said Luscombe; 'but I've 'not yet examined the great mires, into which it is feared the boys 'may have strayed.'

'Then, us'll go together, your honour,' said the man, recognising Luscombe, and interrupting the tale of his recent disaster, which the latter was about to unfold: 'us'll go together, and if they'm no 'bigger than pea-sticks us must zee 'em up in they mires.'

'I've a job in hand on this ground that requires my instant 'attention,' replied the Squire; 'I've missed Captain Chanter some- 'where among the pits, and I much fear some serious accident has 'occurred to him.'

'What soart o' clothes hod he got on? was he dressed in a kind 'o' yellowish jacket wi' white breeches and kiddy-bats?' inquired the gardener.

'Yes, exactly so; in a nankin coat and white cord breeches with 'long gaiters on.'

'Then he's miles away avore this; vor I zeed un an hour agone, 'running like a mazed man arter a hoss up Whitaborough way; 'and the faster he rinned, the farder away kipt' the hoss wi' th' 'bridle of un a lereping under his voot and he a flinking his long 'tail, as thof he wid a zaid, "Kip yeur distance, measter; I'm free ' "now, and you baint going to catch me again wi' an empty corn- ' "skip, I'll war'n ee." 'Then, didn't the gen'leman hollar, and 'cuss, and sink; it fairly scared me to hear un.'

'But why didn't you help him to catch the horse?' inquired Luscombe, sharply; 'you might have done him a good service and 'earned your half-crown at the same time.'

'Well, I was on my mistiss' arrant; and as vor helping the 'gen'leman, it wid tak' forty sich fellars as me to catch that 'gallivagging toad o' a hoss on thikky moor.'

The man was quite right; the horse, joining a drove of ponies running wild on the moor, and only known to the owners by a brand on the quarters or a half-ha'penny mark cut out of the edge of the ear, was not recovered for more than a week, and then it took half a dozen farmers and their men a whole day before they could force the lot into Bellivor pound, and capture the runaway. Nor did Chanter, dreading the derision of his friends, make his appearance in the bar of the Red Lion for a month afterwards; and at length, when he did so, to the day of his death no one but Parson Barker dared to broach the subject in his presence without being prepared for the storm that was sure to follow.

From the accurate description of Chanter and his horse given by the gardener, Luscombe could no longer doubt that at least his friend was safe and uninjured; so at once accepting the proffered company of the man, he led the way direct for the bogs. Far and wide did the two prosecute their search over the desolate uplands stretching away from Aune Head to Peter's Bound Stone—the great solitary boulder that marks the boundaries of land pertaining to three extensive proprietors on the southern side of the moor; but, though the atmosphere was clear and the dark sodden plain distinctly visible on every side, no trace of the lads nor of any human being met their eye; all was silence and solitude for miles around.

Marvellously quick and sagacious as old Crackskull had so often proved himself to be over the moor, he had a will of his own at times, and neither whip nor spur would induce him to advance a foot on what his instinct told him was rotten ground. To the very edge of the bogs, however, and through many a piece of deep, sludgy soil he carried his fifteen stone (for Luscombe in his boots and saddle was all that) with strong muscular action and rare safety; while, for smoothness of stride over sound ground, his pace might be likened to the rolling of a ball on a bowling-green.

'Tis no geud, I zee 't isn't, zeeking vor 'em here; and the hoss 'know'th it too;' said the gardener, observing Crackskull come to a dead standstill on the brink of a bog; 'us may zo well retraits, I 'zim, your honour; I han't a tasted a mossel o' meat since zupper last night, and my cupboard's a calling out vor a bit o' zummut 'now.'

Neither had Luscombe eaten anything for a far longer time; but from the large amount of stimulants he was in the habit of taking over night, his appetite, even under the influence of the brisk moor air, rarely troubled him before mid-day. So, although not pinched like the labourer for want of his regular meal, the complaint reminded him that Crackskull's allowance had probably been a scanty one since he had quitted his own stable. Seeing, too, how futile had been the search, and that, as he looked at his watch, the wager, so far as he was concerned, had been already won by the parson, he turned his horse, and giving the gardener a half-crown on parting company, rode directly for his home.

Let us now follow the footsteps of Bolter and Cholwich, and record not only the fruitless result of their night's ride, but the serious consequences that ensued from it for many a long day to both of those gentlemen. On parting with their companions at King's Gate, they had scarcely advanced a hundred yards along the road leading, as Bolter pretended, towards the Abbots'-way, when, suddenly halting his horse, he burst out into a wild fit of laughter, exclaiming as he did so, 'If that cursed colt don't come to grief in 'those pits, he's a better nag than I take him to be; and old 'Crackskull too, that marvel over the moor, that star of the west 'that never went wrong, I shouldn't wonder if he won't want a 'fifth leg before he gets clear of that ground.'

Cholwich, had he comprehended the full meaning of his companion's mirth, would probably have expressed no little amount of indignation at this mischievous practical joke of which Bolter had been guilty; but his veins, like those of old Silenus, being still inflated by yesterday's wassail-bowl, it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to keep his seat in the saddle, owing to the sleepy stupor into which he had fallen. He had quite sense enough left, however, to perceive that Bolter was indulging in a laugh at his or somebody's expense; and without rousing himself sufficiently to inquire what it might be, he stammered out in response, 'He who laughs at his own joke has at least one fool for a listener; so *'pergite Pierides, go it ye cripples!'* and he joined him in a loud, meaningless cachinnation.

'Come, come, old fellow,' said Bolter, who, brimful of chaff himself, was not always so ready to bear it from others, 'if you can't say something new when you throw your tongue, at least don't mutilate me with such a blunt old saw as that.'

A prolonged hiccup from Cholwich, however, was the only reply; and now, as he had again relapsed into a dozy, half stupefied state of mind and body, sitting his horse like a sack of potatoes, and guided by the instinct of the animal more than by any will of his own, Bolter deemed it the safer plan to fall back at once on the main road and to ride for the small wayside inn at Denner Bridge Pound rather than encounter the rough moor with so helpless a companion. 'If,' thought he, 'his horse should perchance make a false step, down comes the rider to a dead certainty, and then who's to put him up again with never a lifting-stock, big as a stable-bucket, within miles of us? No, no, I'll not run the risk; not I, if I know it—and as for the boys, they may shift for themselves, so far as I am concerned; their recovery after all, is no business of mine.'

Influenced by this argument and the knowledge that a grand cock-fight would take place at Denner Bridge that very day, he retraced his steps forthwith to the broad granite road, Cholwich's horse following the other, as a mule carrying a bag of charcoal follows its leader, unguided by man's hand. And well for him was it that the beast he bestrode was warranted steady under any amount of beer, or the rider must have come to grief long before they reached the primitive inn to which they were bound. However, about seven o'clock, and just at the time that Frank Raleigh was ordering his breakfast at the Red Lion Inn at Buckbury, Bolter with his comatose companion halted in front of the modest hostelry at Denner Bridge Pound, not a little fatigued by the slow and wearisome ride, the wassail-bowl, and the want of sleep.

'Yeu 'm in capical time, gen'lemen,' observed the landlord, a noted cock-fighter, called Will Cator; 'Squire Spitchwick and Sir Thomas ban't come y't; but their cocks be come, and zo be the tew zettters; the Squire's agoing to fight hisn in silver spurs, but I zim there's nort like cold steel arter all; zo, I reckon, Sir Thomas'

‘duck-wings will ha’ the best o’t, ef they on’y be ved and vitty like ‘t’others; they’m in rare fettle, Squire’s be, sure enow.’

‘When do they begin, Will?’ inquired Bolter, dismounting from his horse, and proceeding, with the aid of two or three men who now emerged from the building, to assist Cholwich to do the same.

‘At ten, your honour; an’ if they silver spurs be any geud, us ‘shall zee some rare battles thes forenoon. But do’ee, plaize, walk ‘in, gen’lemen, and ha’ zummut to mak’ use o’; ‘tis dry work ‘travelling.’

‘Dry enough,’ cried Cholwich, waking up at the expectation of something to drink. ‘My throat is as dry as a brick-kiln; bring in ‘a gallon of your best ale.’

This strong order was no sooner given than executed by the ready host; and as the two men appointed to spur and set the cocks—that is, to place the combatants bill to bill on the sod—were invited to partake of it freely, it took an incredibly short space of time, with that help, to finish the gallon. Then another and another were subsequently drawn, till, long before the expected company had arrived, the two setters became hopelessly intoxicated, and consequently incapacitated for their cockpit work. Cholwich, who had himself swallowed sixteen mugs in succession, till the liquor fairly gurgled in his throat, was carried out speechless, and laid like a corpse on the heathery ground at the back of the inn; while Bolter, who had indulged far less copiously, stole up the rude staircase and threw himself on the landlord’s bed, the only one the house could afford.

A few minutes before ten o’clock a large party of gentlemen on horseback, headed by Squire Spitchwick and Sir Thomas Torr, trotted briskly up to the ‘rendezvous;’ and as the latter, instantly dismounting and handing the horses to their respective grooms, caught sight of the two setters in a state of hopeless intoxication, the volley of oaths they rapped out were hot and strong enough to sink a line-of-battle ship.

‘And who the — treated them to all that liquor?’ inquired Spitchwick, livid with rage.

‘Squire Bolter, your honour, was wan,’ responded the landlord, ‘and Mr. Cholwich the other. They wid have the beer, fai’, thof ‘I zed to ‘em, “Do ee let it bide awhile, gen’lemen, till yeu’ve a ‘zeed a bit o’ sport;” but they widn’t hearken to me—nit they.’

‘Then we have to thank those gentlemen for a gross act of interference with our servants,’ said Sir Thomas, with a disappointed but dignified air. ‘The wagers must of course either be drawn or ‘stand over, if the meeting be postponed to a future day; without ‘Will Rubbie to heel them my gallant duck-wings would fight at a disadvantage; for, out of Westminster, there’s no man in England ‘understands the right curve and can spur a cock like him.’

The mathematical precision required in the adjustment of the spurs was a secret only known to a few; and so many were the points in favour of a cock heeled scientifically, that no expense nor

trouble was spared to secure the services of efficient men for that operation. So, as Mr. Spitchwick had equal faith in his setter, a Cornishman called Worth, who had trained and spurred his black-reds for upwards of twenty years, and won a hundred mains between Exeter and Penzance, he readily assented to the adjournment of the meeting, but with loud imprecations avowed his intention of paying off the real culprits in their own coin, and crying quits with them there and then.

‘Have you any paint on the premises?’ he inquired of the landlord, who had conducted him to the spot where Cholwich was lying in deep sleep on the heathery ground.

‘No, zur, nit a hap’perth; but farmer Hamlyn to Huccaby kip’th ‘a bit o’ red paint most times, to tich up his carts wi’. He’d spare ‘ee zum and welcome; I know he wid.’

To the farmhouse, then, a messenger was at once despatched, to request the loan of the paint-pot on behalf of Mr. Spitchwick; and the distance being short between it and Denner Bridge Pound, the man quickly returned, bringing with him a rude earthenware jar, half filled with the coarse red pigment commonly used for cart-wheels.

‘That’s the right stuff, Jack; couldn’t be better,’ said Spitchwick, exulting in the retribution he was about to inflict on the sleeping pair who had marred his sport; ‘not, perhaps, the roseate ‘tint suitable for a beauty’s cheek, but exactly the colour for that of ‘a beast. Now, then, Jack, you take the brush and lay it on thick, ‘and, come what will of it, I’ll bear you harmless in the matter.’

Thus guaranteed, the man set to work vigorously, and in about two minutes accomplished the job to the gratification of Spitchwick and the uproarious merriment of all who accompanied him; Cholwich being converted, both in hands and face, into the similitude of a Red Indian decorated with war-paint, but looking far more ludicrous than savage in his new colour.

‘There, now,’ said the operator, waving his brush with a triumphant air, ‘I’ll wager a pint o’ zider when he looks in the glass ‘he won’t know hisself; neithermore will his own wife be able to ‘tell un, I reckon.’

He then proceeded to paint Bolter’s face in like fashion; but just as he was giving the last touch to his nose a portion of the paint entered the nostrils, and causing a suffocating sensation, Bolter opened both eyes, and on discovering the nature of the joke he was undergoing, sprang from the bed like a lion on its prey, and with a tremendous blow felled the operator senseless to the floor. Spitchwick, too, whom Bolter caught in a broad grin, superintending the process, would certainly have shared the same fate if he had not, more like a monkey than a game-cock, descended the staircase with wondrous celerity, and so, for the moment, escaped the chastisement he so richly deserved.

But the day of reckoning soon followed. Bolter sent a kinsman, a fiery colonel of the same name, to demand a hostile meeting; and three days afterwards, on that very ground near Denner Bridge

Pound, Bolter, with the first shot, managed to pink his adversary in the calf of the leg; while Spitchwick at the same time sent a ball through the other's wrist, inflicting a wound that maimed him for life.

On hearing the practical joke that led to this encounter proposed, Sir Thomas Torr and his duck-wings had instantly taken flight; and whether the dignified old courtier, who had not long been a resident in the county, had arrived at the conclusion that the company he met with at cock-fights, although including gentlemen of the first rank, both in Devon and Cornwall, was more than questionable—in fact, was degraded by the brutal associations connected with such meetings—or whether, because the law for the suppression of cock-fighting, heretofore a dead letter, was now being enforced with some show of activity by a few of the more scrupulous of the country justices, many of whom, if truth be told, were its chief supporters, Sir Thomas renounced cock-fighting from that hour, and the ‘long main’ between the black-reds and the duck-wings, although vast sums depended upon it, remains an undecided event down to this very day.

JINKISSON'S DUELS.

II.

THE next day found Jinkisson busy in his usual occupations of operating, dressing, and physicking; now watching the progress of an old case, now bringing his talents to bear upon a new. But in spite of himself, recollections and forebodings forced themselves upon him, and seemed to jump at him like demons when he least expected. He had just begun to persuade himself that, on an explanation from his friend Phubbs, the affair would blow over, when evening brought the doughty Triplex. ‘Well Jinkisson, mee boy,’ said the great authority, ‘Phubbs is a brick, an’ it’s all right.’ ‘I’m glad of it; very glad indeed; but I knew his good sense would lead him to a right conclusion,’ replied the doctor, much relieved. ‘You’re right there,’ replied Triplex, quickly; ‘he had spoken to O’Flaherty, and referred me to him without any botheration at all.’ ‘O-o-h! referred you to O’Flaherty, did he?’ interrupted Jinkisson. ‘Faith, he did that same,’ the other continued; ‘O’Flaherty and I settled the whole thing in quick sticks; so you’ll try conclusions on the beach at eight o’clock to-morrow morning. O’Flaherty’s pistols—saw handles; beautiful tools: he made rather a favour of lending them, I can tell you; they were his father’s, it seems, and great favourites, and had never been out of the family or missed their man.’ ‘I am deeply indebted to him, I am sure,’ said the doctor, grimly. ‘You must keep up their reputation,’ said Triplex, not heeding the tone of the remark. ‘Oh, never fear; so that they

'go off, they'll satisfy me,' sighed Jinkisson. 'Why, what the 'deuce d'ye mean?' demanded Triplex, sharply; 'shan't you shoot 'him?' 'Shoot him? Good heavens! Triplex, I ask you as a man 'of feeling, could you take the life of an old friend under such circumstances?' asked Jinkisson. 'Jinkisson! by th' immortal Moses 'I'll leave you to your fate, an' let you be scouted out of Spain, if 'you talk like that! Phubbs was more of a man; it's mighty 'little conscience he had—he was ready enough,' said the rifleman. 'Was he though? Triplex, old man,' said the doctor, 'it was not 'fear that made me hesitate; it was friendship; and since he discards 'that holy sentiment, I cast it to the winds.'

'Of the Bay of Biscay, O!' said Triplex; 'they'll be handy for 'your purpose, for it blows a gale.' He discoursed eloquently on the beauty and perfection of the arrangements, and promising to call for his man in good time next morning, took his leave.

If the previous night had been to Jinkisson a night of miseries, this was one of horrors. Alone and left a prey to his own thoughts, he began to realise the possibility of shooting his friend; and when it occurred to him that he might avoid such a calamity by firing in the air, he bethought himself that his friend might shoot him, which would be equally disagreeable. He reviewed their relative positions. Phubbs had done him no wilful wrong; *ergo*, he had no right to lift his hand against him—doing so was an outrage which Phubbs had a right to resent and punish. What did all the plausible arguments of Triplex amount to but flimsy network, which a resolute man would break to shreds? And yet, when he reflected on the bitter alternative, he felt they were fetters of iron. He raved and fretted at his miserable thralldom, tossing and turning in his bed the long night through, till Triplex summoned him to action. Breakfast, so welcome to men of sound body and mind, was to Jinkisson a nauseous abomination; and, after bolting some coffee by an effort, he started for the beach in company with his friend.

There they found Phubbs, and his friend O'Flaherty with his box of tools, and a surgeon with his case of instruments. The sight of these neat specimens of cabinet-maker's work renewed those indications of uneasiness which the walk and the companionship of Triplex had quieted for a time. He eyed them anxiously. There was the Bay of Biscay pitching, tossing, rolling, and tumbling according to custom, and a stiff sea-breeze. The morning was dull and chilly, for Nature's face put on no smile, as if conscious that Jinkisson would not return the compliment. To enliven and relieve the monotony of the scene, however, there lay a picquet of Irish Lancers, their horses tethered under shelter of some trees. These men in cloak and foraging cap, sprawling on the sand-hills, weary of the night's watching and inaction, were not slow to perceive the coming fun. Immediately taking front seats, they pulled their cloaks round them, lighted their dhudeens, and waited for the exhibition.

'Be dad, it's the docthor's goin' to fight!' 'It's right ye are, 'Mike, by Jabuz; I niver see a docthor fight afore, barrin' Barney

'Thady o' Ballyknockscullin, as bate the blacksmith, an' he was 'only a 'prentice.' 'Sure an' it's the divil' that 'give me the over-dosht o' castor oil, bad luck to him!' 'He's taking his walks, anyhow,' said one, as Jinkisson was walking to and fro. 'Sure the gentleman's cowl'd,' said another, apologetically.

Triplex loaded the pistols; O'Flaherty was to give the word. The combatants took their places and their weapons. 'Now, gentlemen,' said O'Flaherty, 'the words will be "One"—"two"—"three."' At the word "three," I drop my handkerchief; you will then fire, and be cautious not to fire till the handkerchief leaves my hand.' Jinkisson had not made up his mind whether he should fire at the ocean or the picquet, when the words were given and the handkerchief fell. 'Click,' 'click,' went the deadly weapons once the property of O'Flaherty, senior, and there was no harm done. The Irish picquet burst into a laugh, which was instantly suppressed by its commanding officer.

'My father's pistols missed fire, and laughed at!' said O'Flaherty, overwhelmed with feeling; then, turning to Triplex, he added, significantly, 'You loaded them, I think, sir?' 'I did, sir; and what of that?' was the fierce reply. 'This miss-fire may require explanation,' was the rejoinder. 'How, and when you please, sir,' said the warlike Triplex.

The two seconds began to thump the pistols, poke the nipples, snap them and try them in every way, but to no purpose; there were no instruments at hand to draw the bullets, and it was found necessary to despatch a messenger to San Sebastian for the proper tools. 'Halloa, Captain Triplex! your man has left the ground!' shouted O'Flaherty, as he observed Jinkisson cooling his heels by the water's edge. 'Jinkisson! Jinkisson! do you know what you're doing?' screamed Triplex, running to his man. 'Doing?—nothing but taking a walk while you put things to rights.' 'Come back instantly!' said Triplex, clutching him by the arm, dragging him to his place, and sticking him in his old foot-prints. 'There!' said he; 'stand there, and don't move a muscle till the shot is fired, though it be a week to come!'

Phubbs and Jinkisson stood in their places, contemplating the sky, the sea, the trees, and one another by turns, occupying their minds as best they could during the long time that elapsed before the messenger returned.

'This is certainly d——d ridiculous; and those confounded 'Lancers seem to think so, and be hanged to them for a grinning 'set of vagabonds!' said Jinkisson, as he thrust his hands into his pockets and turned his head away to avoid laughing at the absurdity of his position. But there was no help for it, and there was nothing for these miserable men but to stand shivering in the cold sea-breeze. They had heard and read of duelling, but never till then had that manly pastime assumed this peculiar phase.

The messenger returned; the balls were drawn, and it was found that the tiny charge of powder considered necessary on ordinary

occasions had been blown away by the strong sea-breeze. On seeing the charge drawn, O'Flaherty withdrew his imputations, and thereby satisfied the honour of Triplex. 'We will take care to have enough 'this time,' said that gallant officer: 'I did not allow for the weather, 'an' it will be a lesson to me.' At last all was ready. 'One—' two—three!'—the handkerchief. Bang! bang! A little smoke, and nobody hit. 'Hang him!' thought Jinkisson, 'I believe he 'tried his best: I saw his eye and heard the ball. I'm all right now.' 'Another shot,' said Triplex. 'By all means,' said O'Flaherty. 'Keep your places, gentlemen.' Jinkisson resolved to be something more than a target this time, and let fly at his man in a most praiseworthy manner. Both fired together, and no one was the worse.

The seconds nodded, talked together for a few minutes, and then intimated that the affair was over, by giving their principals permission to leave their ground. The terms of the arrangement were to the following effect:—'Doctor Phubbs, having met and exchanged 'shots with Doctor Jinkisson, expresses his regret at having inadvertently compromised the honour of that gentleman, and gives his 'assurance that Doctor Jinkisson was no party to the arrangement 'for a mutual apology, and he feels satisfied that Doctor Jinkisson 'would not have hesitated to meet his opponent if required to do so.'

As soon as possible these terms were written down, signed by all parties, and the principals supplied with a copy each. It was with a light heart that Jinkisson hastened to quarters to lay the precious document before his colonel. There he found him and several others in whose minds his affair with the Lancer was still fresh. 'Read *that*,' said he, as he threw the paper on the table. Ill news flies fast; and the hopes of Jinkisson were crushed by slow degrees, as one by one the company studied it with pursed-up lips. 'I think I 'should have it framed,' said one; 'And wear it round my neck,' said another; 'Or have a few copies printed for circulation,' said a third.

'Not satisfied?' said the doctor; 'then I must say that you are a 'most unreasonable set of fellows.' 'It is said among the Lancers 'that the pistols were not loaded, and the whole thing was a concocted affair,' was an observation which seemed to meet with the approval of everybody but the doctor himself. 'I leave you,' said he, with much vehemence, 'to settle that point with Captain 'Triplex, who was my friend, and if such is your opinion, I recommend you to tell him so.' 'Pooh, pooh!' said some one, coolly; 'you must not expect to get a reputation at the expense of Triplex. 'It can't be done, sir; it can't be done.' 'Then,' said Jinkisson, 'having done all in my power, and sufficient to satisfy reasonable 'men, I shall treat your opinion with indifference, and say no more. 'The old Bay has given me a glorious appetite, and I shall have 'some lunch. *Algo que comer!*' he shouted to the mess-master. 'I could eat a horse.'

Let us pass over a long interval of months, during which the

imputations on the doctor's pluck were not removed, and no one missed an opportunity of a little pleasantry at his expense.

The term of service of the Legion expired on the 10th June, 1837, and General Evans being about to return to England, his officers resolved to entertain him at a banquet in a large marquee erected on the glaxis of San Sebastian. The bill of fare was sumptuous, the dessert worthy of Spain, and the wines were good and plentiful. All jealousies, disputes, and duels were forgotten for the time, or appeared to be so. Dinner was over, the toasts of the evening had been duly honoured, and men were puffing their *puros* or *cigarillos*, according to taste or capacity, when a discussion arose on the subject of field operations, and the preference of a single to a double line of attack under given circumstances was hotly debated. Jinkisson, who sat between Major Dudley Clinker and his old friend O'Brien, joined in the discussion with clamorous vigour. His evil genius prompted him to take the opposite view to O'Brien, and they contradicted each other with as much authority as if they had been two rival Vaubans.

'I wonder,' said O'Brien, in a tone of lofty coldness, 'that a man who can have had no possible means of observation should assert opinions so positively. Surgeons, you know, are proverbially non-combatants; and, in point of fact, avoid fighting as much as possible.'

'And where the ——, I should like to know, did you get your vast military knowledge?' was the doctor's hot reply. 'I am told that you were bred a draper—a vocation in which you were calculated to shine—and——'

'What do you mean, sir?' asked the Irishman.

'Mean, sir! what I say, sir—a draper selling flannel, calico, and that sort of thing,' said the doctor.

'You are impertinent, sir!' said O'Brien, rising; 'and how dare you?'

'Dare I?—oh, I dare,' said the doctor, rising too. 'The fact is, you're a confounded sno——' but before the word was uttered an open-handed smack on the mouth sent it home again.

No grasshopper, parched pea, potato in a saucepan, lobster in a pot—nor any simile in nature or art can give an idea of Jinkisson's movements at this abrupt estoppel to his strong remarks.

'I'll call him out! This is what I wanted!' he shouted as he bounced about the tables of the marquee. 'So you shall,' said Dudley Clinker, 'and I'll stand by you. You have been snubbed and insulted long enough. I will speak to O'Brien at once.' 'By all means,' said the fiery doctor. 'You are an old friend and shall see me shoot him. Go to him at once—tell him I insist upon his meeting me *now*—outside the tent—across the table—anywhere, but it must be now—now—now, and with O'Flaherty's pistols.'

All this time O'Brien was on his chair talking to his neighbour, Captain McCrea, as if nothing had happened. Clinker approached them, the bearer of a deadly message; and the three formed a group

of belligerents who, if judged by the smoke they emitted, were fire-eaters indeed.

'They are laughing,' said the doctor, eyeing them, 'and on such an occasion, too! Disgusting levity! But I'll not be sold again.'

Dudley Clinker, however, came to his relief, took him by the arm, and, gently pushing him to a chair some distance off, said, 'Jinkisson, I have done my best for you. O'Brien will meet you, but, as the challenged party, he claims the right to fix the time.'

'But he has no right to fix the time,' said the irrepressible doctor. 'Ask Triplex—he knows.'

'Well, perhaps not—it is a moot point, but we have ceded it, and fixed the meeting for to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, at the Bay of Biscay, your old ground. O'Flaherty's pistols—your old weapons—but the time he would not concede; and, in fact, he appealed to our feelings so strongly,' said the major, 'that we had not the heart to refuse him.' 'Feelings!' said the doctor. 'What on earth have feelings to do with it?' 'Everything, you impetuous man,' said his friend. 'Listen. He said it was a long time since he sat down to so good a dinner, and where the wine was so good, and there was so much of it as now. Moreover, he had paid for his share and intended to take it. His friend McCrea will follow his example, so shall I, and you had better do the same.' 'He is right,' said the little man; 'and so I will. We'll sit together and talk it over quietly. Pass the decanter and that clean glass. Thank you; I'm happy now,' said he, filling it up and singing:

"He lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out the coal-black wine."

'Did his hand shake at all?' said Gaspard, the gunner, who sat opposite. 'Whose hand?' asked the doctor. 'The gentleman who poured out the wine,' replied the other. 'Can't say. Never saw him; shall send him a visitor to-morrow. Your health, Gaspard!' said the merry Jinkisson:

"Fill the goblet again, for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core."

'If you fill it too often you'll make bad practice in the morning,' said Gaspard. 'My dear fellow,' said the man of science, 'you don't understand the subject at all; it is purely a medical, or, more properly speaking, a physiological question: the food a man takes assimilates or not according to the state of his system and the adaptability of that food to the body's then condition. Thus, an Icelandic drinks whale-oil, which you could not do.' 'Saints forbid!' said the gunner. The doctor continued: 'In the south they eat nothing but water-melons all day long. A man when dull and heavy is only rendered more so by wine; whereas the light heart exults in the glorious grape-juice.'

'He speaks like an oracle, Gaspard!' said Clinker. 'Jove! if he had had O'Brien on that subject there would have been no dispute.'

'But Captain O'Brien is a modest man and nae likes to assume 'superior knowledge o' anither man's department,' said the Scotch paymaster. 'That's a d——d impertinent observation, let me tell you!' said the doctor; 'and if your rank in the service entitled you to it, I 'would call you out.' 'Dinna fash yoursel' about my rank,' said the Scotchman. 'Ye're glad enough to see the paymaster; and as 'for caa'ing out, ye've plenty on your hands.' 'Quite right, 'McTavish,' said Clinker; 'so he has—and you must wait till after 'to-morrow.' 'After to-morrow, major,' said the paymaster! 'I fear 'my chance will be but sma'; for they tell me Captain O'Brien is 'varra clever with his weepoon and can tak' the centre peep out o' 'the five o' diamonds—but his favourite mark is a man's heep joint. 'I hear there are many men in the toon he comes fra wi' a halt in 'their gait.' 'The dearest place in all Ireland for crutches,' said the gunner. 'Stuff and nonsense!' exclaimed the doctor. 'Do you 'think to frighten me? Egad! I wish we were at it now;' and he drained his glass. 'Nae doobt—nae doobt; but it's an awfu' trial 'to wait till morn,' said the cool north-countryman. 'I have 'noticed that your opponent drinks with moderation, smokes but 'little, and conducts himself like a reasonable man. Ye'd do 'weel to copy him.' Jinkisson looked in the direction indicated and could not fail to observe the calmness of the man he had to meet. 'How he can sit there talking to his friends in that careless 'manner, when he knows that to-morrow morning one or both may 'die is a mystery,' said the doctor. 'Has he a heart, I wonder?' 'Ye may tak' your aith o' that,' said the paymaster, drily.

The night wore on and the company broke up by degrees. O'Brien was among the early missing, but Jinkisson remained long, chattering, laughing, and drinking by turns, until the major took upon himself, by virtue of his office as second, to order him to bed. He slept heavily, and when aroused in due time, complained of thirst, but otherwise he said he was all right and as resolute as the night before.

All parties were on the ground with the punctuality which the prospect of a pleasant meeting insures. The aspect of the old spot was changed; for the distant mountains were sunlit, the waves of the old bay sparkled as they rolled and danced, as Jinkisson thought, to a merrier tune than when he paid his former visit. The picquet was gone, but there did not lack spectators, as the meeting was no secret. The arrangements were made and the signal settled. 'Now,' thought he, 'will I wipe out the stain that has stuck to me since 'Burke's affair. I feel no compunction in firing at this man. I have 'no qualms, and I will hit him.' O'Brien took his place with a coolness that was neither assumed nor exaggerated; he looked much as usual, perhaps a little paler, a very little paler, Jinkisson thought, or it might be fancy; his eye was bright, and there was a smile about his mouth, but no sign of levity. 'He is an extraordinary fellow,' said the doctor to himself, 'but I will hit him.' The word was given—Jinkisson took his aim—both fired, and without effect. Jinkisson

used in after-life to wonder how he missed him, and could never make it out—unless his hand shook a bit that morning.

‘I think that will do,’ said O’Sullivan, addressing Major Clinker. ‘No, sir,’ said he appealed to, ‘it will *not* do; they fire another shot, or you take his place with *me*.’

‘I shall never forget the kindness of that man,’ Jinkisson used to say. ‘To think how he offered to sacrifice himself for my sake! He was a friend indeed: “They fire another shot, or you take his place with *me*!” Memorable words! I was happy then, and I am grateful now.’ They fired again—again without effect; but it was obvious that he whose honour stood the most in need of a clearing was in earnest, and terms were agreed upon. O’Brien stepped up, to his antagonist, and, putting out his hand, said, ‘I am glad this is well over; we shall be better friends now—shake hands.’ Alas! the pride long wounded, would not heal, for hate and passion rankled in the sore. ‘Never!’ was the answer. ‘But lately my hand was raised against your life. I meant to kill you, and cannot take your hand in friendship now.’ Then, and not till then, O’Brien’s face showed signs of feeling; he was ashy pale, his lip quivered, and saying, in a half-suppressed voice, ‘Had I known your feelings earlier, the result might have been different,’ he turned upon his heel.

* * * * *

Jinkisson had no opportunity of showing a better spirit than he exhibited on the termination of his duel. O’Brien, heading a charge of Lancers down a lane enfiladed by Carlists, was shot through the heart. He uttered three words for those at home, and was dead.

T. H. G.

THE OLD FORESTER'S STORY.

SOME few years ago I chanced to be on a fishing excursion in the West of England, when pursuing my way, rod in hand and knapsack on back, from one part of the country to another, occasionally fishing some of the wild streams that rush down the valleys between the heath-clad hills, then stretching across the latter by paths scarce known or used save by the shepherds, or some such wandering individual as myself. Whether the fish bit too freely, and detained me at the stream’s side longer than I should have stayed; whether I lingered to watch the light and shade thrown by the passing clouds on the purple heather, and note how the glens looked all afire with the red berries of the rowen or mountain ash, I cannot now say; certain it is that I, as evening drew on, found myself several miles short of my intended place of rest, and was fain to turn in for the night at a little village inn.

’Twas a wild and lonely spot, and made one wonder what on earth could induce the owner thereof to start a public in such an unfrequented place, save that it would most probably have been a

convenient resting-place for the gangs of smugglers which not so very many years before were to be found in the far West. Be that as it may, there were no smugglers to be seen when I was there, and the only guest save myself was an ancient gamekeeper, who occasionally made it his halting-place for the night when looking round the outskirts of his manor. As we sat in the rude porch smoking the soothing pipe, conversation naturally turned on sport and its belongings; and I learnt from the old man that we were in the heart of the stag-hunting country. Naturally a great lover of dogs, I asked when there was a chance of their being seen, and if there was a distinct breed of hounds with which they hunted the deer. 'No, sir, no,' replied the old man; 'they are just large fox-hounds, nothing more. They do the work well enough, I hear; but I doubt if they could have done what I have known our old Talbots do years ago in the New Forest.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'you know the Forest?' 'Oh, yes, sir; I was born and bred there. My father was a forester, and had — walk. We had some famous hounds.'

Another jug of home brewed and a little encouragement soon set the old man on to talk of his youth, when he told me the following tale:—

'You must know, sir, we each had to keep one if not more of these hounds—Talbots as they were called, though some say they were bloodhounds—for tracing wounded deer, and wonderful noses they had; but the best in the whole Forest was my father's old dog Hawser. I can't tell you where they came from, but they had been in the Forest for many hundred years, so 'twas said. My family had been there before the time of Queen Anne, and had never been without the breed. I will tell you how Hawser came by his death, and you will then see if he was a wonderful dog or not. There was on our walk a perfectly white buck, a rare thing in the Forest, in fact I never heard of another being seen there, and he was such a beauty that we had always spared him when killing venison; and if he strayed to another walk, not a forester or keeper would pull a trigger on him, though he had the finest head that had ever been seen in the Forest. Well, it so happened that a certain great personage came into the Forest one summer, not for any sport, but just to see the place, when, as ill-luck would have it, old P., the head forester, took it into his head that he would show him the white buck as a curiosity. As we knew pretty well all his movements, this was not a very difficult matter, and we managed to drive the herd he was with so close past the carriage that a capital view was obtained. All went well; our visitor was pleased and so were we, for he was very liberal, and rewarded us handsomely for our trouble, but we were soon sorry for what we had done. It was not more than a week before an order came that the white buck was to be killed, and the head sent to a celebrated hand at stuffing animals for preservation on account of its size and beauty. Father, I can tell you, would almost as soon

' have lost one of his children ; but the order came from such a
' quarter that we dared not disobey, so that it was with a sorrowful
' heart the old man shouldered his rifle one summer evening to go
' out and slay the pride of the Forest. It was no difficult matter to
' get near him, for he had never been disturbed, and would let you
' approach within a very short distance without moving, so that
' father had a fair shot at him ; but whether his hand shook or his
' eye failed him I cannot tell, the ball just grazed the buck's withers,
' and lodged in an oak-tree behind him, while father, who had not
' missed a shot for years, threw down his rifle, and swore a good
' round oath that come what may he would never fire another shot
' at that buck. Next day I and my brother were sent out to
' see what we could do ; but not a sight of him could we catch, or
' was he seen on the waik again for a long time. We heard of
' him at intervals in different parts of the Forest, but not a shot
' could any one get. His nature seemed changed, and the deer,
' once all but tame, was now the wildest of the wild. Meantime
' message after message was sent, each one more imperious than its
' predecessor, to know why the head had not been forwarded accord-
' ing to orders. At length it was decided that all the keepers and
' foresters should assemble with their hounds, and either shoot or
' run down the buck. He was known to be harboured at Wood
' Fidley, and there, one summer morning, we proceeded to draw for
' him, having, as we thought, stationed rifles at every outlet by
' which he could pass. There was thick gorse in the place, and
' for hours we beat in vain ; the heat of the day and the thick-
' ness of the covert almost knocked up the hounds ; men went
' in to walk it, but strong old gorse, six feet high, was too
' much for them under a hot sun, so that but little progress
' was made. We knew the deer was there ; he had been surely
' harboured, and we knew that he could not have gone away without
' being seen, yet find him we could not, neither could a hound touch
' on the drag. "Well," said P., "we must wait and rest an hour,
' "have some dinner, and try again." And right glad were we to
' throw ourselves down under the shade of a big oak, and discuss
' some of P.'s good old strong beer, which had been brought out for
' the occasion. So perhaps an hour or two had passed, many of us
' having taken a nap after our morning's exertions, when, all at once,
' the baying of the hounds and the crack of a rifle made us spring
' to our feet. Old P. had just awakened in time to see the white
' buck steal away, and had taken a snap shot as he disappeared,
' apparently without effect. Every hound was now loosed on his
' slot, and each man sprang to his pony and spurred after them,
' many galloping to points they thought the deer might take, in the
' hope of cutting him off and getting a shot. Scent was bad, and
' good-nosed as our hounds were they had some difficulty in holding
' the line. Many could not touch it, but the notes of old Hawser,
' deep as a bell, were to be heard beneath the oaks at intervals,
' and rattled a woodcock or two which had stayed to nest here from

'beneath the hollies, as he carried the line down through some
'swampy hollow. On to Bolderwood the chase led us slowly, and
'then wheeling round, and the scent improving, they began to run
'merrily by Pug Pitts, and away for Stoney Cross. Here they
'turned, and raced across the plain for Fritham, where twilight
'began to close in on us, and the hounds, tired and beaten, many of
'them dropped back; while at least half our number had knocked
'up their ponies, and were forced to discontinue the chase. On
'they passed to Bramble Hill; and at length my brother Will and I,
'who had stayed to the last, were forced to pull up, as we heard the
'notes of old Hawser dying away far beyond the outskirts of the
'Forest towards Hale. Tired, weary, and beaten were our ponies,
'though they had the best blood of the Forest in them, and it was
'with difficulty that we got them home to our lodge at Denny.
'Long we lingered at supper that night, chatting over the strange
'events of the day; for, although the red deer, of which there were
'a few in the Forest, would give extraordinary chases, it was never
'known that a fallow buck could run like this. In fact father, who
'was not without a touch of superstition, did not like the look of
'things at all, and said he should never have any luck if the white
'buck was killed, for he was sure there was something more than
'was natural about it. He was also vexed for the loss of the old
'dog, who he feared would come to some harm before he could
'make his way home again, for there were those about on the
'borders of the Forest who bore him no good will, and would gladly
'have put a bullet or charge of buckshot into him if they could, for
'many a deer had he traced to their very doors. Altogether, he was
'much out of sorts, and bid Will and me put a good meal and
'plenty of straw in the cow-shed for the poor old fellow, and leave
'the door open, so that he might go in when he returned. It was a
'beautiful moonlight night, and we lingered to listen to the nightin-
'gale as we returned to the house, being in no hurry to exchange
'the fresh night air for a close room, when Will, whose hearing
'was quicker than mine, suddenly said, "Hark! I hear old Hawser
'"running now: there he is coming away from Bolderwood." In a
'few seconds I could hear it also. There was his deep booming tones
'coming slowly nearer and more distinct. We both immediately
'ran in for our rifles, and set off best pace in the direction of the
'sound. There was no mistake about it now; Hawser's deep voice
'sounded through the night air like the boom of a gun, and we
'could tell that he was near his game. Presently there was an
'angry roar, distinct from his tone when running the line, and we
'knew that he had caught a view. "Come along," cried Will,
'increasing his pace, "we shall find him at bay in half a mile;"
'but ere he had done speaking the sound ceased, and nothing was
'to be heard but the song of the nightingale and the cry of the
'curlew on the distant plain. Still forward we pressed to where the
'sound had been, and I drew out a dog-whistle and blew it sharply.
A faint whimper came in response, and clear out in the moonlight,

‘ a hundred yards to our left, in an open glade, we found the white buck, dead, and Hawser lying across his throat, with not strength enough to bite him. Will ran to a little brook hard by, and brought some water in his hat; but it was too late, the grand old hound tried to lap, looked up, licked his hand, and died.

‘ How far they had gone no one ever knew. The hound was heard running close to Hale, and he not only stuck to his deer for over eight hours—at least four of them single-handed—but he must have carried the line through thousands of other deer, crossing and recrossing it in all directions. You haven’t got such hounds as that now,’ said the old man, taking a long pull at his mug, and then relapsing into a silence which was only broken to say, ‘ Good night!’

N.

OTTER-HUNTING, AND THE HOUNDS OF THE HON. GEOFFREY HILL.

THE nature of the otter and its peculiar habits render this river chase different from that of any other, and it has the merit of taking place at a time of the year when it is the only animal that furnishes a legitimate hunt. In former days, when irregularities and a violation of that which may be termed the *épopée* of hunting constituted its prominent charm to the bucolics and loafers of the district, otter-hunting rarely met the patronage of the higher class of sportsmen; and as it was then made a peep-of-day affair, none but the most ardent of the persecutors of *feræ naturæ* were induced to brave what, in snob phraseology, is termed ‘the downy’ for the river side at four in the morning. The hounds also were of a nondescript breed; for any cur was held to be sufficiently well-bred for the purpose, and the draft cripples from every kind of kennel were acceptable waifs for the motley pack. An exception, however, must be made in favour of the sportsmen of the north of England and the south of Scotland, who even in the olden time used broken-haired hounds having the appearance of large Welsh harriers with an evident dash of the Scotch terrier, that, with size, substance, courage, and endurance, were well adapted for this kind of chase, and with which they hunted the otter, freely and fairly, through the summer months. These hounds were kept of yore solely for otter, and were free from riot; so that when in the midst of preserves, with ground game in every direction, they were steady from mischief, and would even pass by the earth where a vixen may have laid up her cubs without notice. This was an essential advantage, as it gained the goodwill of the game and fox preservers, and more especially that of anglers, who believed, still believe, and ever will obstinately, the otter to be their only foe, and that he feeds on fish alone, without any admixture of prey. The easel of Landseer has borne testimony to his levying tithes strictly and in kind, without reference to averages, upon salmon, and he is generally partial to trout and its fellows of

the pool ; but his favourite food consists of eels, and eels, it is well known, live largely upon the spawn of trout and other fishes. Those who have experience in stew-ponds are sensible that the presence of eels is incompatible with the preservation of fish ; and there are two instances to the point that come directly within our knowledge. At Sydenham, the ancient manorial seat of Mr. Tremayne, in Devonshire, in 1806, there was a garden-pond well stocked with carp, and it was remarked that, without being used for the table, their numbers gradually and unaccountably diminished. The pond was situate in a walled garden, or *plaisance*, where neither otter nor other poacher could have access. The water was let out, a number of eels, some of them very large, were found and 'spitchcocked,' and in a short time the fish again became plentiful. The other case was at Hombourg-ès-Monts. The piece of water in the Elizabethan Garden, on the left of the avenue to the Feldberg, did not furnish the usual quantity of carp, which there attain to a great size, even to 20 and 30 lbs. ; and on the pool being drained off through the sluices it was found to swarm with eels, which being destroyed, proved to be an efficacious remedy. As we were on the spot and assisted, we can vouch both for the plenty and flavours of the eels *à sauce piquante*. The fox and the otter insist on being well served ; but lambs, and pheasants, and salmon and trout are not the only delicacies on which they prey and share together with poachers and sheep-dogs.

The otter-hound has now taken its legitimate position amongst class hounds, and, as the breed is to be found in the north of England *quasi* pure, and with authentic pedigrees for some generations, it is to be regretted that a place has not been allotted to it in the several hound shows of England. A chase with warranted hounds, well appointed and well handled, is a widely different affair from the hurry-scurry and tow-row set-to of an illegitimate pack of trencher beagles, used indiscriminately for hare, deer, and fox, or any vermin that may turn up, and ending perhaps with a red herring. The mode of trailing, finding, and chase, with the peculiar language proper for the occasion is *sui generis*. Then again, when once the deep note of 'Trueman' is heard, no doubt can exist that an otter is on the water, whereas the trencher beagle and the half-bred terriers and lurchers give foul tongue upon every water-rat that they chevy to its hole, amidst the holloas and screechings of the clodhoppers.

There are three packs of otter-hounds long established, and of the tone and warranted breed that take rank above any other. These are the establishments of the Hon. Geoffrey Hill of Hawkstone, in Shropshire, the Carlisle, and that of Mr. Newton of Bridestow, in Devonshire. The Northumberland also were an excellent pack, lately sold to Major Browne for 1,200*l.* ; and Mr. Trelawny has for many years hunted otter regularly. It was in the country of this popular Master of Hounds that the person well known as 'Otter Davies' acquired a celebrity in this species of chase similar to that of Russell with foxhounds. There may be other packs, perchance, that may have a claim to notice *in their way* ; but it is only proper

to state, by way of illustration, that when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds meet at Trouble House, and the Land's End by advertisement, at the Tolmen, near Cape Cornwall, there is an appreciable difference in the expectation of sport and in the quality of the material. The Hill otter-hounds have long had a foremost position by the river side—a reputation not undeserved, and which they have proved by the sport that they have shown lately in the county of Brecknock. In 1836 may be found an account of their doings in the sporting periodicals of that time, when our old allies Nimrod, the Young Forester, and the Yorkshireman were enlivening the public with their racy legends. 'On the 7th July the hounds of Sir Rowland Hill met at Lord Hill's Column, at the entrance to Shrewsbury. Seven o'clock had been named for the hour, but in consequence of the proximity of the fixture to the town, and to avoid the numerous attendance of the crowd, six was substituted in lieu thereof. However, there were no less than four hundred assembled at that time. Under the superintendence of Sir Robert Hill, they drew up the river from Burnt Mill on the river Lea, and, upon reaching the turn of the water at Red Hill, they came upon the trail, which they crossed beyond Crook Meole Mill, where they had a splendid find, every hound speaking to him. They chased him through the pools, the pack in a mass whimpering upon the chain of *bubbles-à-vent*; and, after an exciting chevy of an hour, they killed a large bitch otter, that was poled and given to the hounds.' The establishment still remains in the same ancestral hands, and the present otter-hounds, ably handled by the Hon. Geoffrey Hill, do not fail to afford the same sport as in former times. Each year they leave the northern rivers for a visit into South Wales, to draw the waters of the Wye and Usk.

Builth, one of the quaintest of old-fashioned Welsh towns, is romantically perched on the banks of the river Wye, and has been long favourably known to fishermen both for its salmon capabilities as well as for the abundance of trout to be found in the several tributaries of the majestic and historic stream. Up to the last few years, the season, *par excellence*, of the town of Builth has always been the spring and early summer, and, as it boasts a 'Wells,' visitors congregate, and endeavour by an internal sluicing to throw off the effects of winter indiscretions. It occupies a modest corner in history, from being the place where Prince Llewelyn lost his head after his celebrated ride, when pursued by the 'Saesnag.' A few miles down the river, at a place called Aberedder, the cave is shown in a woody dell where that chieftain lay hid,—the forge close by the ford where he crossed the Wye, and where, in order to throw his foes off his track, he had the shoes of his horse reversed by the very smith who afterwards betrayed him. The race of 'Welshers' has come down unimpaired to this day; but the gang have left the Wye for the racecourse. It is this town of Builth that Major Hill has of late made his head-quarters with his otter-hounds during the Welsh season; that is, for three weeks or a month that he devotes

to hunting the rivers Wye, Usk, Llynfi, and their tributaries. Whatever misdemeanour may be laid to the door of the Welshman, none can deny his natural love of sport of all sorts; and this love carries him so far that, being of a retiring disposition, he is frequently induced by it to forfeit his rest, and to pursue his favourite pastimes *per aquam, per terram* nocturnally, to avoid an inconvenient publicity. It is not surprising, therefore, that the advent of Major Hill's hounds is hailed with the most rapturous delight; and the Welsh habits not being dry, such a lift must be given to the licensed victuallers as would assuredly open the eyes of the Bishop of Manchester and of John Bright. The uniform of the Hunt consists of a blue shooting-coat, and knickerbockers, red stockings and waistcoat and cap, the latter having an otter-pad worked upon it in gold. It is not necessary, neither is this the place to discuss the point of cruelty as connected with sports and pastimes; at the same time it is *necessary* and proper to remark that the sermon preached by the above-named prelate in St. Paul's recently, wherein he stigmatised the game of polo as worthy of reprobation, on account of the cruelty to the ponies used in that diversion, was alike deficient in taste and not borne out by a precision of fact. The ponies are necessarily in a high state of condition and as eager for the exciting fray as their riders, and certainly enjoy their animal life in a far higher degree than their fellow-brutes in the costermongers' carts that are not favoured with episcopal sympathy. The esteemed bishop partook of his Strasbourg *paté* at the hospitable board of his archbishop unmindful—we will not say ignorant—of the tortures inflicted upon the German goose in order to furnish him with that savoury *morçeau de luxe*; and he should have pondered upon the unnecessary cruelties practised upon the poor animal to secure the befitting whiteness of his *cotelettes de veau* which his delicate palate so largely relished. The good cause for which the Bishop of Manchester lifted up his voice needed not an extravagance of illustration that injured, from its more than fallacy, the worthy object that he had in view.

On Saturday, May 2nd, the meet was at the famous Irfon Bridge, of Llewelyn notoriety, and was very largely attended. They soon found, and, after a swim up and down one of the large pools for an hour and a half, the otter was 'tailed,' and proved to be a young one, which was preserved to be put down on another stream. Another drag was hit off near Garth, which they raced to a holt above Llanfam Marsh, and ran with him in the presence of the whole field. A successful day. Monday, May 4th, afforded another good day from Abernant, which terminated pleasantly in a luncheon gallantly provided by Mr. de Winton of Maeslwch Castle in his fishing lodge. The meet at Erwood on May 6th was fortunate, in a general and utilitarian sense, as the up and down trains meeting at this small station at 8.10 suits all parties, and the numbers crowding out of the different carriages of both trains on this bright morning would have cheered the hearts of the directors, who stand in need of a

little encouragement, and are doubtlessly not a little grateful to the popular Master who so beneficially contributes to their own more particular chase in quest of that 'visible god that speaks with every tongue to every purpose :'

'A cow and cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillins and three ;
A vara good tocher, a cotter man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black e'e.'—*Burns*.

We hope the directors were made glad, and were satisfied with the 'thretty good shillins and three,' for 'the lass with the bonnie black e'e' got out of every carriage in a marvellous multiplication, far more in number than the directors, and with plenty to spare. The field was very large, and if the presence of men of mark and of authority in hunting matters may be held to be a criterion as to the position otter-hunting takes amongst national sports, the following list of M.F.H. must be deemed highly satisfactory on that point. There were present on this occasion Mr. C. Wicksted of the Ludlow, Mr. Antony Hamond of the East Norfolk, Lord Valentia of the Bicester, Captain D. Jones, Mr. Sitwell, and Mr. Everett—all good men and true in their respective countries. Most of these M.F.H. wore the uniform of the Hunt. The river from Erwood was drawn down stream towards Llanggoed Castle, the residence of the Rev. E. Butler, amidst scenery of the most lovely description, well rewarding with its beauties those strangers who had come from far latitudes of flat and uninteresting pastures ; and let it be said that this is not one of the least of the attractions of otter-hunting in Wales. In the Llanggoed Pool the hounds came upon a drag, which was carried on, and the otter marked in a very strong holt or drain with such extensive ramifications that spades and pickaxes became the order of the day. After much delay, doubts were entertained of the authenticity of the mark ; but Mr. Hill was smilingly confident of the truth of his hounds ; and at last 'Statesman' was heard underground, evidently close to his game, and in a few moments out bundled the otter, which was immediately mobbed by a set of poachers and ruffians from the fair but particularly frail village of Llyswen. He escaped into a gully and gained the Wye, where, diving about the pool and severely pressed, he returned to his holt, from whence he was again dislodged, and, after a short swim and chase, ultimately accounted for. The conduct of the Llyswen Welshers was most disgraceful, and so injurious to hounds that, unless better order be preserved, and they become amenable to authority, the Master would be fully justified in taking the hounds home. The fact of an otter being killed on his water allows Mr. E. Butler, according to the rules of the Hunt, to mount a golden pad upon his cap. On the rocks of Boughrood, after the long chase, a profuse luncheon was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Butler—an act of hospitality that was exceedingly relished ; but when in Wales that virtue is found to be everywhere

prevalent. The 'Crw-da' was of the best, and not far from the scene of conviviality might have been found a drinking-horn of some celebrity, which would have fittingly graced the board; and as it has an historical interest, the tradition may well be given:

'After landing at Dale, in Pembrokeshire, with two thousand men, the Earl of Richmond in his march through Cardigan slept one night at Llwyn-Dafydd, in the parish of Llandyssilio Gogo, the seat of Dafydd ab Ifan, and presented his host with a drinking-horn, richly mounted on a silver stand, which afterwards came into the possession of Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, and was always displayed on the sideboard of his seat at Golden Grove, Carmarthen-shire' (Jones's 'History of Wales'). The heirloom of Henry VII., bearing the initials of Richard Vaughan, has passed to one of the descendants of the Earl near Llyswen.

The hounds had a good day at Doldowlod, on the Wye, and afterwards took up their quarters at Brecon, where they had some brave swims and chases, on the Usk, towards Peterstone, and in the pools under Buckland, the seat of Mrs. Gwynne Holford. Above Brecon also the waters about Newton Pool and Abercamlais furnished a fair show of otters.

We are glad to perceive, and it is a pleasure to record, that otter-hunting is assuming a shape that will assuredly give it a legitimate position amongst those peculiar sports of the field that are classified as belonging to the institutions of England, saddened only by the recollection that our old Eton friend, Goodricke, lost his life from an imprudence incidental to this water-chase. There are many concomitants that are especially alluring, and three accessories—let them be called 'essentials'—to make it thoroughly enjoyable: beautiful scenery, an abundance of game, with an ample collation *sub dio*, and, better still, when in company with

'Erycina ridens,
Quam jocus circumvolat et Cupido.'

M. F. H.

CRICKET.

AFTER seeing the Oxford and Cambridge match of 1874 one came to understand why Englishmen make the weather the constant subject of their conversation. It is not that they are stupid—probably any hundred Englishmen are not duller than any hundred men of another nation—but the extraordinary uncertainty of their climate, which continually overthrows all their calculations and upsets all arrangements for their engagements both of pleasure and business, for their private fêtes and their public ceremonials, for their weddings, their christenings, and, most important of all, for their funerals, compels them to introduce the subject into their conversation with a frequency which is hardly intelligible to foreigners who live under more favourable atmospheric conditions. It was no wonder that on the morning of the University match there

should be a vast amount of tapping barometers, studying the appearances of the sky, and exchanging opinions as to the chances of fair weather or foul. The prophets, to a man, had predicted that Cambridge would win easily if the weather was fine and dry, nor did they venture to hazard a conjecture that they might lose if it was wet. Yet they admitted that if the ground was very slippery the fast bowlers of Cambridge would find it rather difficult to keep on their feet, and Oxford might manage to make a decent fight of it. When the day arrived it so happened that there had been a heavy downpour of rain, and that the ground was in that condition which is known as 'greasy.' Yet such unbounded confidence was placed in the merits of the Cambridge eleven, not for their bowling only, but also for their batting—a confidence which had gone on increasing throughout the very successful season of the Light Blues up to their very last match, in which they defeated the M.C.C. and G. at Lord's with great ease, while their rivals were unsuccessful in a similar essay—that even the astutest judges deserted their own University, and ranged themselves on the side of Cambridge. Considering the strong *esprit de corps* which exists at either University, and which induces many a man to hope against hope, and to throw away a fiver or a tenner for the sake of his old colours, there must have been a bitter pill to swallow for more than one renowned son of Oxford, who, after going over to the side of the enemy, witnessed the hollow victory achieved by the neglected and underrated champions of his own University. We confess we were not a little surprised at the extraordinary accounts we heard of the excellence of the Cambridge eleven. For our own parts we never had thought Mr. Sims a very good bowler, we had no means of knowing whether Mr. Powys retained his form, and we were quite certain that Mr. Jeffery's slow bowling had become very poor stuff. So also as regards the batting. We were quite aware that Messrs. Longman and Tabor were real good men, but it was news to us that they had five or six colleagues who were equally to be trusted for run-getting. However, the reports of their prowess came from such good authority, from men who had seen them play and had played against them through the season, that it was impossible to avoid giving credence to them. In fact, when the bell rang for play, the prevailing idea among those best acquainted with the game was that Cambridge would get 200 runs, and that Oxford would be very lucky if they got anything over half that number. Cambridge began so well, 74 runs being put on for the loss of one wicket, that their backers were jubilant, and the layers of odds set to work with great energy. Nothing can be more utterly foolish and disastrous than the practice of laying odds on cricket, yet there are always plenty of people to be found whom no experience will deter from indulging in it. It is a fact that 3 to 1 was laid on Cambridge at luncheon time on the first day of the match, simply because one wicket only was down, and 70 runs had been obtained. A few hours after the same odds were laid the other way. What the Cambridge men ate or drank at luncheon is known only to

themselves and the purveyor of refreshments to the Marylebone Club. But whatever it was, it was of a nature to prevent them for the rest of the day from doing any good at cricket, either with the bat or in the field. Directly the game was resumed the effects of the repast were clearly discernible. First of all Mr. Tabor, who had really shown fine cricket in the morning, though he was missed at the wicket before he had scored, made a blind swipe at an ordinary straight ball from Mr. Lang, missed it, and was clean bowled. Mr. Longman and Mr. Blacker followed in quick succession, and the collapse was such that eight Cambridge batsmen only added 30 runs to the score. Mr. Greenfield, whose accession to the eleven was quite justified by his undoubted cricketing merits, unfortunately injured his knee while running a short run, and was placed *hors de combat* for the rest of the match. Thus a good man was lost to the Light Blues; yet, according to their admirers, they were quite good enough to win with ten men. The eyes of those admirers were opened a little, however, before the Oxford batsmen had been at the wickets half an hour. It was not only that the fast bowlers of Cambridge had difficulty in keeping themselves in an upright position on the slippery ground. That accounted for the erratic character of their bowling; but, in addition, when they succeeded in bowling a straight ball, they found that it was met with a firm and resolute defence. Mr. Campbell fairly broke the back of the Cambridge bowling. He hit severely and defended most doggedly. And the excellent example which he, in conjunction with Mr. Law, set was followed by most of his colleagues. Lord Harris, Mr. Wallroth, and Mr. Jones all showed excellent cricket, and Mr. Game played his own game, which, though not cricket, is vastly amusing. Mr. Ridley was disposed of cheaply, but still the score (including 25 extras) amounted to the large total of 265. It is noteworthy that on the morning of the second day, when the ground was tolerably dry, Mr. Powys disposed of 4 Oxford wickets in 3 overs. Of the second innings of Cambridge, of the disposal of a presumably powerful batting eleven in little more than one hour, what shall we say? Their best man, Mr. Tabor, was foolishly run out at the very outset, and though Mr. Longman did what he could to restore the confidence of his eleven, they never got over that first disaster. From a close observation of the two days' play on the part of Cambridge, we are enabled to give one or two hints on batting which may be new to our readers:

1. How to play half volleys.

Retire the left leg, draw the bat back till it nearly knocks down the wicket, raise it just high enough to allow a shooter to pass underneath, and let the ball, if it rises, strike the bat, not the bat strike the ball. A catch will thus be probably given to point or short slip, and there will be no danger of hitting hard. Hard hitting is a rude, vulgar display of brute force, and ought to be discountenanced.

2. How to play long hops.

Extend the left leg gracefully to the farthest limit compatible

with the maintenance of equilibrium. Extend the bat similarly in a parallel line, and take care to keep it close to the ground, as long hops are so very liable to shoot. The ball will thus just get over the shoulder of the bat, and disturb the arrangement of the wickets; or, if you are stout and not particularly agile, you will perhaps over-balance yourself, your right foot will go—*haud passibus æquis*—in search of your left, and you will fall a victim to the wicket-keeper.

3. How to play slows.

Never go fairly in to them and meet them. Slows are a device of the enemy, and must be treated strategically. Make a feint of going in. Begin to go in and then go back again. There are men out in the far distance waiting for catches. Don't hit into the far distance. Try and poke the bowling or place it for one, just between point and slip. You have heard that patience is required in order to play slows properly. Be patient.

Details of a match a month old, even though that match be as important as the great contest between the two Universities, are of necessity stale; so we will extract from our note book a few jottings as to the character of the game, and their abbreviated form will probably be more welcome at this date than any more lengthened narrative.

' Monday, June 29. A dull day and a bad light. The air at
' Lord's cool, which is more than can be said for the sherry. All
' men say that Cambridge will win easily. Is there not something
' in the Psalms about all men being story-tellers? Twelve o'clock.
' Cambridge are in. Tabor plays like a thorough cricketer. Long-
' man hardly so good as last year. He does not make so much of
' the ball, and he plays bowling that he ought to hit. Lang is a capital
' straight bowler, very much on the leg stump, and a great many
' balls well pitched up; a confident batsman would keep on placing
' him between short leg and mid on. W. G. Grace would get 100
' runs off him in as many minutes. Ridley is excellent practice for be-
' ginners, and fields his own bowling superbly. Daft would play him
' with the handle of his bat for a week, and would place him just where
' he pleased. Tylecote is both neat and quick behind the wickets,
' and the Oxford fielding generally is beyond criticism. It takes
' away one's breath. Have these men backbones to do what they
' do? They are perfect in every department—in catching, in picking
' up, in returning, and in backing up. It is worth going miles to see such
' fielding, and the like of it will not be seen again for many a year.
' Half-past two. Tabor and Longman are out, and the Cambridge
' batting is falling off rapidly. People begin to whisper that the
' Light Blues cannot play slows. Why can they not play slows?
' Their captain, they say, is always a certain victim to Ridley. Why?
' When they knew that they would have to meet Ridley's bowling,
' why did they not prepare themselves for it? They are extraordi-
' narily good against fast bowling, people say. What is the use of
' that when they have to meet opponents who do not rely on fast

‘bowling at all? Bad management! bad management!! Half-past three. All out for 109. Quite enough, say the cognoscenti; the fast bowlers will rattle the Oxford men out for less than that. Five. The fast bowling gone to pot. The slow bowling utterly ridiculous. The Cambridge fielding unequal and uncertain. The ball not picked up clearly, but at the second or third attempt. The Oxford batting bold, determined, and effective. Campbell, quite a bulwark to his side; Harris, most dashing and brilliant; Wallroth, highly finished; Jones, as firm as a rock. What! are they all going to get 30’s and 40’s against this terrible Cambridge bowling? —Tuesday, June 30. The Cambridge men were more suited by their dinner than their luncheon. Powys finished up the Oxford men before they knew where they were. Their stumps were out of the ground before they began to think of playing at the ball. But it is too late, the mischief is done; still Cambridge may save a one-inning’s defeat. Twelve o’clock. Tabor is run out the very first over. It was a foolish run, and he was not backing up. He takes a very fair shot at the wicket-keeper with his bat, and retires to the Pavilion in a most amiable mood. Blacker achieves spectacles; they say he is nervous. They say Patterson is so nervous as to be useless in a great match. Why is there this deficiency of nerve at Cambridge? One o’clock. Worse and worse; Longman has made a fair stand, but he has no claim whatever to a place in the Gentlemen against the Players: a fair second-class bat, and no more; Macan seems to have good style, but a marvellous catch at square-leg sends him back. Oxford has very little trouble now; the end soon comes, and without one single cheer or any sign of popular demonstration, Oxford achieves one of the hol-lowest victories ever won in this contest. The spectators are apparently dumbfounded, for the close of the game is attained amid the deadest possible silence, and winners and losers walk back together to the Pavilion without any more notice being taken of them than if they had been only having a quiet little bit of practice together.” Of course the next day all the daily papers declared that the match terminated in a scene of indescribable excitement, and that the winners were greeted with the most frantic enthusiasm.

In regard to the Eton and Harrow match public opinion was right, though it was by no means the hollow affair anticipated by the backers of Eton. There was little to choose between the two in the final innings, but in the second a superiority of physical power told, and Eton won cleverly by five wickets. Still Mr. Webbe of Harrow is the real batsman of the two elevens; and his scores (77 and 80) are almost unprecedented in the history of these matches. The bowling and fielding were wretched on both sides, but the ten thousand visitors who were admitted on the first day were doubtless more agreeably occupied than in looking at third-rate cricket. Eton was represented by a set of fine tall lads, who quite overtopped their opponents; but, if we except Mr. Webbe, who, if he trains on, may reach the highest rank as a batsman, and the two Messrs. Lyttelton,

who may or may not cultivate the cricketing talent which is inherent in their family, we shall hardly find much materials on either side for the making of cricketers of high calibre. It appears, from a letter addressed by the Secretary of the M.C.C. to the editor of 'Bell's Life,' that the increased charge for admission was effectual in diminishing the number of visitors. So far so good. We are glad that the mob, which really promised to grow altogether unmanageable, has been somewhat reduced; and as a certain number of people who have probably been to the match in former years have stopped away this year, and have not found the sacrifice insupportable, it may be that in every succeeding year an additional number will follow the example. Friends and relations may like to see those in whom they are interested engage in a friendly game, but why the general public should flock in thousands to make believe to see indifferent cricket is not so easily comprehensible.

Though the Gentlemen of England have been successful in two out of the three matches against the Players, they have not won without difficulty, and in the third they were so easily defeated that we may look forward in future years to more equal matches between them than have been seen for the last six years. It is noticeable also that the match which the Gentlemen lost was the only one of the three in which the full strength of the Players was brought together. At the Oval, Daft was absent, and the Gentlemen won by 48 runs, and it is hardly too much to say that Daft's presence would have been quite worth 50 runs. At Prince's, the Gentlemen won by 90 runs, and three, Hill, Emmett, and Lockwood, were absent. In fact the strongest county in England was unrepresented in the Players' eleven. But at Lord's, where the Players won by two wickets, their fullest power was engaged. This was by far the best contest of the three, and finer all-round cricket has never been witnessed. The batting of Mr. Ridley, Mr. Hornby, and Mr. G. F. Grace for the Gentlemen, and of Lockwood, Daft, and Pooley for the Players, was extremely fine, and the bowling of Hill was a caution. Mr. Buchanan, as usual, was the mainstay of the amateur bowling, and was ably seconded by Mr. G. F. Grace. Mr. Appleby—perhaps from not having played much this year—was not successful, and Mr. Ridley discovered that bowling to Daft and bowling to the Cambridge eleven were two very different matters. As Mr. Longman stood in the field and watched the perfect ease and perfect precision with which the great Nottingham batsman played Mr. Ridley's bowling, he must have regretted that he did not insist on his men mastering the rudiments of slows before they came up to Lord's. Nothing strikes us as more absurd than to hear the apologists for a beaten eleven profess that their friends were good cricketers, but could not play this or that particular kind of bowling. Why, in the name of common sense, did not they learn to play it? It was made a matter of common observation on the ground that Mr. Longman would be a certain victim to Mr. Ridley; and really we think that, as Captain of the University eleven, he might have secured the services of a lob-

bowler early in the season, to give him and his colleagues some practice in a branch of batting in the knowledge of which they are utterly deficient. To return to the Gentlemen and Players matches, we may remark that only in one of them, the last, did Mr. W. G. Grace achieve 100 runs, and then, as we have said, he had not to meet the cream of the professional bowling. The first defeat of the Gentlemen came, as we always said it would come, when Mr. Grace descended to the level of ordinary mortals. We are not of those who think that the great master of batting has passed the zenith of his fame, and that his star is beginning to wane. But he has not had the same luck as in former seasons—that much is certain. His brother has done wonders this season both in bowling and in batting, but still the Gentlemen are far behind the Players in the former department, especially this season, in which Hill has proved himself one of the finest and most destructive bowlers England has ever produced. In batting also the Players are very strong this year, Lockwood being in the most brilliant form, and Daft's play being as elegant and as scientific as ever.

County cricket has gone on briskly during the past month, and Yorkshire is far away at the top of the tree. Her old rival Nottingham wants another bowler or two and one or two reliable batsmen to keep Daft company. A. Shaw is unapproached in his own style of bowling, but J. C. Shaw is not so certain as he was; and though there is an abundance of batting ability in the Nottingham team, it often most provokingly fails to come off. Nottingham, however, had little trouble in beating Surrey and Sussex. In both these matches Morley distinguished himself in bowling and Daft in batting. Sussex made a very poor stand in either innings, though Charlwood hit dashingly in his second essay. Oddly enough Sussex headed Yorkshire by 70 runs in their first innings at Sheffield, the brothers Phillips and Mr. Jeffery helping largely to the score. Lockwood and Greenwood came to the help of Yorkshire in the second innings, but still Sussex was left with only 116 to get to win, which it might have been supposed was not beyond the compass of a fair county eleven. Hill and Emmett, however, rattled them all out for the ridiculous total of 48. The inability of Sussex to finish a game has now become proverbial. The causes of that inability are not so easy to discover. A close match between Nottingham and Middlesex resulted in favor of the former county by 21 runs, and Middlesex beat Surrey by not many more. Sussex and Surrey played a run-getting match at Brighton at the close of the past month, and Jupp (154) on one side, and Fillery (105) on the other, did bravely for their respective counties. In the end the match was drawn, Surrey having about 100 runs to get, and their second innings not having commenced. Time must have been shockingly cut to waste for the match to be left unfinished after three days' play; but late commencements and frequent adjournments for liquoring-up are quite sufficient to account for it. By-the-way, what right has W. J. M. Cotterill to play for Sussex now? He has played for

Scotland of late, and, we fancy, for the county of Edinburgh also, and is, we should imagine, disqualified from playing for any English county. The general result of county cricket up to the present time is that Yorkshire is a long way first, Gloucestershire being left out as an unknown quantity for the present, Nottingham second, Surrey and Middlesex good thirds, and Sussex a very bad fourth.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting on the Thames is now pretty well over, and during the past month there has been little or nothing to chronicle beyond the departure, one after another, of various clippers outward bound. Such an abundance of sport, however, has been provided round the coast, that there is every prospect of a brilliant gathering at the Isle of Wight, whither many yacht-owners are already gone, with an eye to Goodwood, preferring to live afloat, with a daily journey to and fro, to the costly miseries of Chichester or Bognor.

Marlow Regatta, as usual, succeeded in attracting some of the crews entered at Henley, and as the rejoicings after the racing were of a rather less bibulous character than is customary, we may reasonably conclude that the crews at Marlow were more than usually fit, though engagements rendered necessary some considerable changes. Thames and Kingston were the entries for the Challenge Eights, the former having almost the same team as at Henley, while the Surbiton men were greatly strengthened by the introduction of four University oars, and consequently won all the way. In the Fours, Chester showed how good they were by disposing successively of Kingston (with three University oars), and Thames, with the evergreen Slater as stroke. We must remember, however, that the Kingston men had had little or no practice; nevertheless the Wyfold winners must think themselves very lucky to have carried off the cup to Newcastle. In the Pairs, Chillingworth and Herbert, who must be amassing a rare collection of provincial trophies, and certainly pull together admirably, beat Mair and Trower, the Chester pair who had entered reserving themselves for the Fours. In looking at the names for the Sculls, it was found the Committee had exercised questionable judgment in accepting an entry which the Henley authorities had declined on the ground of questionable amateur qualification. The race altogether was a series of mishaps, Brooks of Wandsworth commencing by losing his heat through a foul; while in the final, Slater, who had disposed of Chillingworth in his trial, must needs break his slide; and Othwaite of Henley received the prize. The London men were not represented, reserving themselves for the Metropolitan Regatta on their own water; where, however, they had but moderate success, slight changes in the crews completely altering the complexion of affairs. The Thames Club, on the other hand, had a rare benefit, all the principal events, except Fours and Pairs, falling to their share. For the Champion Eights, Thames, Kingston, and London were entered, the Thames with their Henley crew, Kingston much the same as at Marlow, and London with two important changes, though, as they now introduced Grubb, and Read of Cambridge fame, two twelvestonners, the crew looked on paper as formidable as at Henley, in spite of the marked difference of style between the Cantab and the rest of the team, and the fact that the men had been recently taking matters easily, if not luxuriously. The race was down from Hammersmith, and Thames, from Surrey, got well away, but were collared

by London, and then, breaking a slide, fell last. London led Kingston into the straight, when the latter showed a slight advantage, and Thames, on the Surrey side, drew up so rapidly as to be on terms opposite Simmons's. All spurted grandly, but Thames stayed the longest, and won by half a length, Kingston next by a quarter. London, with their Stewards' crew, in some measure atoned for this upsetting of their Henley supremacy by winning the Challenge Fours with ease from Thames and Kingston, in spite of their steering-gear breaking, which let the Thames men up at the finish. But the latter were again victorious in Junior-Senior Fours, a selection from their eight beating the Ino and London representatives very easily; and in the Metropolitan Eights the same club secured the prize against some fair crews, after having won their heat with seven oars. In the Sculls, Dicker again showed his lack of watermanship, fouling Freeman of the Thames Club, who thus secured the prize, carrying out the undesirable precedent of last year, when Knollys, the then champion, won from Dicker on a foul. The Juniors were remarkable chiefly for the meeting of Playford and Bone, sons of two former holders of the Wingfield, who, about a quarter of a century ago, rowed an unusually severe race for the Championship, when Playford won after being neck-and-neck all the way. Like father like son proved a good tip in this case, as young Playford, though starting leisurely, won as he liked, Bone next. Altogether, there was plenty of rowing, and some of it very good; but, as is usually the case here, most of the Senior crews were almost scratch. The London crack four, added to Gulston and Long in a pair, are, to an admirer of fine rowing, doubtless worth going to Putney to see; Dicker, a most effective and powerful sculler, requires a pilot to show off his qualities to advantage; the Thames men, stroked by Slater, were a fine workmanlike lot, and went well together; but, barring these, the principal crews were hastily got together and short of practice. Perhaps it is inevitable so soon after Henley; anyhow, the fact remains, and this probably accounts for the apathy to which the President of the L.R.C. alluded when distributing the magnificent prizes.

The Regatta at Walton-on-Thames, notwithstanding most unfavourable weather, was as successful as ever, judging by the crowd of spectators on Mrs. Ingram's lawn, as well as the numberless boats, manned by more or less incapable oarsmen, who, in spite of all Mr. Lord's efforts, assembled in the centre of the course, and seriously interfered with several of the competitors. After some local races, the sport commenced with the Junior Sculls, which G. C. Dicker of Molesey, a brother of the champion, had little difficulty in securing. In the Junior Fours, Twickenham beat Ino; Molesey beat a crew describing themselves as the Zebras, who gave up close home; and London beat Waldegrave and Kingston. The final was an exciting race, of which Twickenham had rather the best, until all three were hampered by pleasure-boats, and the London getting first away won anyhow. The Junior-Senior Eights, West London won easily from Ino; and in the Senior Sculls, Conant of Kingston beat Freeman, the other competitors, Slater and Chillingworth, fouling something or somebody. The Senior Fours proved an easy win for the Molesey men, the Thames crew being steered shockingly. Chillingworth and Herbert won the pairs, their good watermanship serving them in good stead, as most of their opponents came to grief.

Though the rowing at Molesey Regatta was seriously hampered by weeds and the rather impracticable shape of the course, the meeting was a very acceptable one to the picnic division, who mustered in large numbers, while the lawn of Garrick's villa provided a charming promenade for a large assembly,

and the weather was all that could be desired. Conant of Kingston won the Senior Sculls very easily, Brooks, his most formidable opponent, catching his scull in the weeds and tumbling overboard. The Pairs fell to Dicker and Gulston, as last year, Chillingworth and Herbert, who came in first, being disqualified for smashing Gulston's rudder. The Fours apparently did not fill, two crews of the Molesey Club being the only representatives. For the Eight-oared Challenge Cup, Molesey walked over for their heat, while two made-up crews of the Thames and London Clubs had a good race, in which Thames won. In the final, Molesey got a slight lead, and fouled, breaking one of the Thames' oars, after which the local men drew away and got first home, but were disqualified by the foul, this being tit-for-tat for last year, when, if we remember rightly, Thames were disqualified. Amateur punting and canoeing diversified the programme; and Staines, by the efforts of Ashby and Ilixon, carried off both these prizes, though the latter was less successful at home, where he upset when almost a winner.

The authorities at Staines put forward a good programme, and kept their course clear, but owing to a side-wind, the Surrey station, generally the best, had an extra advantage, so that unusual credit attaches to those who won without this assistance, viz., Freeman of the Thames, and Hughes of the West London, who in the final held Gordon very gamely, and just beat him on the post for the Junior Sculls. For the Seniors, Freeman beat Chillingworth, and Lysaght won the second heat, his two opponents stopping astern to foul; in the final, Lysaght, from the best station, got right away, but gradually came back to Freeman, who, spurting close home, won by a length. Senior Fours were a mere paddle for Molesey, who were well ahead when their opponents were fouled by a pleasure-boat; and in the Juniors, the Grove Park Club beat West London after a very close race. The Challenge Eights fell to the Ino, whose solitary opponents showed very poor form. The Ladies' Challenge Plate (Fours) was another victory for Molesey; and Chillingworth and Herbert won the Pairs easily.

Barnes Regatta, which ten years ago ranked next to Henley, has been gradually surpassed in interest by more picturesquely situated rivals above lock, and this year came to considerable grief. It has been usual to select an afternoon tide with flood about 3 or 4 o'clock, so that, as a rule, trials are rowed up, and finals down; but on Saturday last high water came so early that all the races had to be rowed on the ebb, shallow water overtook them before half the events were decided, and the steamers accompanying the races ran aground in the middle of the river and seriously impeded the competitors. The races were also fixed to follow each other at intervals of only twenty minutes, which is all very well when the competitors are distinct, but in one case some of the same men were engaged in two successive races, and of course lost the chance of starting for one of them. This was the case in the Junior Fours, when West London, having won their trial, had not time to get to the post for the final, as some of their men were engaged in an eight-oared race immediately preceding. The Senior Fours fell to the London Rowing Club, who made short work of their opponents, leading from the start, though they were pressed a trifle by Thames at the finish. The Pairs were a mere paddle for Gulston and Smith, and the Sculls, which with Slater, Freeman, and Brooks together, should have made a clipping race, proved an easy journey for Slater, as Freeman and Brooks, hampered by the Committee's steamer, fouled each other, giving Slater, who was already ahead, a long lead. In the Junior Sculls, Hughes, who had won a similar race at Staines, landed again; and the Junior Fours would have been a good race between

Ilex and West London, who had each won their trial, but the latter being engaged in Eights, the previous race, had absolutely not time to get to the post, and Ilex had the dubious triumph of a walk-over for the pots. The Grove Park, who had won at Staines, were beaten in their heat by the Ilex. The Junior-Senior Eights lay between London and West London, and the former, getting a lead half-way, won a fine race just clear. The Committee exercised a wise discretion in abandoning scratch races, the customary finale on these occasions, as they do no good to rowing, generally display ridiculous steering, and as often as not half the men chosen are done out of their places in the boat by others whom their friends consider preferable oarsmen. A remark, applicable to regattas in general, may be made not merely on the value but the character of prizes. A few years since a public prize was, as a matter of course, of sterling metal, and exceptions were few and far between; but now-a-days we see prize-tents filled with an *omnium gatherum* of non-descript objects, many of no intrinsic value, though pretty enough to look at for the time. When a man wins public prizes by the dozen, it becomes a matter of indifference to him what the value or material of one particular trophy may be; but as all oarsmen are not so fortunate, winners, as a rule, prefer articles which do not display nickel edges after the butler has given them six months' polishing. Of course it suits the silversmith's purpose best to provide electroplate, as the profit on these things, and so-called works of art, is practically unlimited; but committees, whatever the amount of funds at their disposal, should see that they offer competitors value for their money, and that in a form calculated to withstand the ravages of time and plate-powder.

The Wingfield Sculls, contrary to expectation, produced some excellent racing, as the trial heat between Eyre of Putney, and Fawcus, the winner of 1871, proved very exciting. The North countryman laboured under the disadvantage of a large raw on his left hand, which obliged him to wear a glove; but in other respects he was considered quite fit, and his friends lost no opportunity of laying 2 to 1, and even half a point more when he was seen taking up his position on the Middlesex shore. On the men being started by Mr. Searle, Eyre was first off, and, though pulling clumsily, held a slight advantage to the Star and Garter, where he led by half a length, which was doubled at Simmons's. At the London Boat House, Fawcus came up a trifle, and at the half mile there was a bare half length between them; Eyre was pulling unsteadily, and the Fawcus division offered 3 to 1 as their man drew level at the Grass Wharf. Up to Rose Bank there was nothing to choose, each man appearing to have the best of it as he obeyed his pilot and went straight. At the Crab-tree, Fawcus drew too much to the Middlesex shore, and Eyre, who was now keeping a capital course, appeared all but clear just above the Crab-tree. As they reached the Soap Works, the Tynesider again drew up, and the men, lying very close, a foul appeared likely, but it was fortunately avoided. Fawcus again steered badly towards Middlesex, but got straight again in time to go through the small arch half a length astern of Eyre. Approaching Biffen's, Fawcus again drew level, but the Putney man, keeping well in shore out of the wind, held a bare lead up to the Doves, and, getting the turn into Corney Reach, drew away. Fawcus's left arm here seemed to be gone, as by Chiswick Eyot he was ploughing through the lumpy water while his opponent hugged the Surrey shore. At the church, Eyre led by half a dozen lengths, and Fawcus had now a slight advantage in position, Eyre having to come right across through the lipper, while he was quickly under shelter. Notwithstanding this, and some erratic steering on Eyre's part,

he held a comfortable lead to Barnes Bridge, after which both men had to come out, a Kew steamer lying close in shore on the Middlesex bank. Passing the Brewery, Fawcus made a most magnificent final effort, which Eyre had apparently no power of taking up adequately, but he was able to keep the lead to the finish, winning this magnificent race by two clear lengths. Oddly enough the winner was far the more distressed, being barely able to sit his boat, and was with difficulty got into his cutter, while Fawcus, after a slight rest, was able to take an oar in his eight on the journey home. The final between Eyre and the holder, A. C. Dicker of Lady Margaret B. C., Cambridge, brought together a goodly muster of spectators, so that any loss to the Championship Fund, from the steamer not filling on the first day, must have been more than repaid. There was a fair tide and less wind, so that the advantage Dicker gained by the Middlesex station was infinitesimal. The champion caught the water first, but Eyre, pulling quickly, showed in front by half a length at the Star and Garter; Dicker here began to get into his swing and was more than level at Simmons's, drawing away at a great pace. Eyre, who now steered rather wildly, and spoilt his sculling by continually looking at his opponent, kept gamely at work, but to no avail, as Dicker went farther and farther away, and at Hammersmith led by half a dozen lengths; he went better than was expected through the rough water in Corney Reach, and arrived at the Ship a good half minute ahead of Eyre, who had apparently not recovered from his exertions in the trial heat. Whether or no he can scarcely hope to beat Dicker at present; and the latter, instead of falling off, showed on this occasion a marked improvement upon last year, as well as on his more recent performance at Henley.

A curious case, with regard to the powers and liabilities of referee and stakeholder, turned up at the Brompton County Court, where W. Blake of Chelsea, whom we remember more as George Drewitt's mentor and trainer than anything else, summoned the 'Sporting Life' to recover a tenner, his stake in a match with one Coghlin, in which that paper held the money. It appears that on the men getting to stations, some one on the steamer, without authority, called to the men, upon which they started, and when the referee called them back they did not return, and Blake came in first at Barnes. The referee decided it was no race, and ordered the men to fix another day, which they declined to do, or row down on the ebb. Blake refused, and Coghlin rowed over and received the stakes. The decision arrived at was, that as the articles stated Putney to Barnes, the referee could not order the men to row from Barnes to Putney, so the 'Sporting Life' had to pay the tenner. This may be technically correct, but is practically rubbish, as, cognately, a University race agreed to be rowed to Mortlake, and owing to unexpectedly early tide or any other reason, altered at the last moment and rowed down, would be no race, and all bets off! Picture the astonishment of the civilized world, especially the 'cute portion who stood on velvet. It is beyond words.

We regret to notice the death of Mr. John Keen, familiarly known amongst his friends as Jack Keen, and a familiar figure at Henley and other waterside gatherings.

Something ought to come of the professional challenges for Pairs and Fours issued by the Hammersmith men; and as the Tynesiders issue a similar challenge for Pairs, that match at least ought to be considered settled. With praiseworthy and unusual generosity the Hammersmith pair have declined to claim the tenner staked by Taylor and Bagnall for the match which fell through.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jottings.

A WANING of the season's revelry—a change slight but perceptible in the aspect of that world which is bordered by the Magazine and Belgravia on one side and Pall Mall and Piccadilly on the other. The salt is losing some of its savour. Balls are getting drugs, and drums are at a discount. The Row still blossoms, and garden parties may be quoted as above par, but then it is because they entail little exertion, and life in the open air is preferable to life in crowded saloons. The skating rink at Prince's palls; polo at Lillie Bridge has, however, more vitality; and Hurlingham Saturdays still draw their crowds. Small fortunes continue to be given for Opera boxes, but there are limits even to that; and there are signs and symptoms everywhere that we are approaching the beginning of the end. Theatres are closing, or about to close, their doors; the genius of Irving no longer illumines the Lyceum; the humour of Buckstone cannot quite fill the Haymarket; even burlesque languishes in the Strand. The hot season is upon us, and the dawn of weariness is at our doors. We have not yet the courage to take the wings of the bird and fly unto the uttermost parts of the sea, but our thoughts are much with those who go down there in ships, who climb mountain peaks, or live lazily in valleys where the glacier encroaches on green fields; who are sauntering on sandy shores, or inhaling fresh life and energy on cliffs against which the North Sea breaks its waves. We are just, in short, beginning to be a little tired of Babylon the Great, and are longing to burst our bonds.

But the time is not yet. Those under canvas at Wimbledon, indeed, are as jolly as the proverbial sandboys, and want no change in their happy camp life, where there is, apparently, so much to grumble at, and the grumbling at which enhances their pleasure. There is contention about the targets, and the new system of marking is fought over, but what may be called the inner life of the camp—its tents and their furniture; its messes and their good cheer; its pretty adornments of shrubs and flowers; its jolly, jovial hospitality; the so-called 'roughing it,' in which there is much that a Sybarite could not find fault with—all this is simply charming, and to a man who does not want to make a big score, and is not envious of his neighbour so doing, who has health, animal spirits, female friends, and is given to hospitality, Wimbledon Camp must be a little heaven. At least that was the impression we brought away after the best part of a day and night spent within its canvas walls. We heard, we regret to say, nothing about the shooting, but then we did not inquire. We found a friend, the Adjutant of the Little Pedlington Rifles, who had written to us saying he was overwhelmed with work, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in his shirt sleeves and the company of three other martyrs to their country, playing a rubber for shilling points, with a very capacious tankard of claret cup by their side; while in an adjacent tent, the property of the same distinguished corps, we caught a glimpse of a pair of remarkably neat boots with heels that were certainly not fitted for the exigencies of Wimbledon life. No Little Pedlingtonian that we came across did anything, we solemnly declare, but ask us what we would take, and we generally took it. The mess of the L. P. was grand; and how we had an *al fresco* concert afterwards, in which

more than one pair of those high-heeled boots assisted; how we all went (in pairs) 'to look at the comet,' which, curiously enough, could only be seen from one particular point of the camp somewhere in the rear of everything; how we took our departure at last with regret, not to say with difficulty, and how we finally got home—all this we shall not tell. We had fully intended writing a most interesting account of the shooting, with our own criticisms thereon, which would have been a very valuable parcel in the 'Van,' but the morning's reflections did not somehow bear out these intentions. It is a loss to 'Baily,' we know, but we trust our readers will excuse it.

And despite the heat in the beginning and during the middle of the month—and how hot it was let each individual 'Van' reader say—the theatres that were open had, most of them, something so intrinsically good that we stood the temperature for the sake of seeing 'Clancarty' at the Olympic, 'Old Heads' and 'Young Hearts,' and those 'Creatures of Impulse,' with the original Jew that Gilbert drew, and that charming Kate—we mean Pipette—who says 'Kiss me' in such an exasperating way at the Vaudeville; above all, 'Led Astray' at the Gaiety. If our readers have not seen Mr. Boucicault's adaptation of Octave Feuillet's 'La Tentation,' let them do so at once, and if they do not agree with the driver that it is a clever play, with wonderfully exciting situations and wonderfully well acted, then he will lay down his dramatic pen, expunge theatrical parcels from the 'Van,' and write himself down an ass who has been a playgoer for the last thirty years and yet knows not a good play when he sees one. These observations are wrung from us by the unaccountable criticisms from those accomplished writers who in the different London journals guide the taste of the public and instruct them in what they are to see, admire, and avoid, and it must be owned generally instruct them well. We doff our cap to them in all submission, for the 'Van' driver is but an extreme outsider in the world of criticism, and is venturing on dangerous ground he is aware when he presumes to criticise the critics. But having seen and thoroughly enjoyed 'Led Astray' more than once, he cannot but wonder at the reception it met with from the London press.

To

'Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,'

seemed to have been the *mot d'ordre* on this occasion. Granted that 'La Tentation' is a picture of society so thoroughly un-English that the character of the heroine evokes not the slightest sympathy from the most sentimental or romantic of young women, the greater the talent of the author, as well as the exponents of his sketch, who can interest us under such circumstances. The play had, of course, a great success in Paris, but it had nearly an equal one in America, and Mr. Boucicault has wisely done little more than translate, not altering, as far as we are aware, a single scene, the only deference to English or American feeling being that he has made the heroine younger, and not the mother, but the step-mother, of a grown-up daughter. Wisely, too, has he kept the scene in France, where the perpetual struggle between the lover and the husband, accepted there as a matter of course, does not strike us quite as strange as it would if laid in this country; in fact, it is Octave Feuillet's play, and putting from us the absurdity of a woman with everything to make life happy, in her husband, her station in society, riches, honours, troops of friends, sighing for some kindred soul, some other life without which her life is incomplete, a very powerful and effective play it is. The meeting of the wife with the kindred

soul, the temptation, the peril, the husband's discovery, his interview with his wife, and then the duel, are scenes that are as effective as anything ever witnessed on the stage. The duel in the fifth act is the climax; the sixth and last, though of course necessary to the story, as in it the inevitable setting to rights of persons and things takes place, is tame by comparison with the others, but it says much for the interest the drama evokes that scarcely a person leaves the theatre until the curtain falls. Mr. Boucicault has been very fortunate in his performers. He has brought with him from America two actors who will make their mark in this country, and one of them, if we mistake not, a very high one. Mr. C. Thorne, who plays the husband, shows, if not genius, something so very like it that he has been hailed with acclamation, and the coming man so long looked for from the other side the Atlantic has at length arrived. Of a good presence, manly in bearing, strong and courageous, with great depths of passion, which he suppresses until they break forth in an avalanche of hate, Mr. Thorne has no doubt contributed the largest share to the success of 'Led Astray.' Mr. Stuart Robson, the other American, who plays the rôle of a friend of the family, a sort of tame-cat character whom everybody treats with more or less good-humoured indifference until they discover his worth, exhibits original humour of a high order, plays without the slightest tendency to exaggeration, and is so quiet and undemonstrative that the critics have unfairly put him down as a failure. One or two did acknowledge his comic powers, but in a depreciatory sort of way, and the general verdict of the press was unfavourable. The audiences of the Gaiety have, however, we are glad to say, thought and judged for themselves, and the applause Mr. Robson elicits is hearty and unanimous.

But if the critics have been unfair to Mr. Stuart Robson, they have been more so, we think, to Miss Helen Barry, who plays the arduous rôle of the impassible wife. It is a very difficult character; so difficult that perhaps we have not an actress on the stage who could depict the woman that Feuillet created. Granted that Miss Barry here and there lacks the power of exhibiting some of the delicate lights and shades of the part—that she misses, in fact, the incomprehensible side of Armande's character—her passion and pathos, her love and tenderness are exquisitely rendered. In the ballroom scene, where her husband discovers the lover at her feet, in the one following, the interview with that husband just previous to the duel, Miss Barry's acting will not be easily forgotten by those who have seen it. The scene with the husband is a most difficult one, because in it Miss Barry has nothing to say. She is only a listener while her husband speaks to her of his wrongs and chalks out a line of conduct in the probable future. The love and despair exhibited by Miss Barry in her by-play was wonderfully well done; and though we have just called the last act the least interesting, we are not sure that second thoughts and a second visit do not incline us to recall the words. Both Miss Barry and Mr. Thorne are seen to great advantage in it: the former in the love and affection that she exhibits for her husband, subdued and kept under as it is until the daughter brings the long-disunited couple together again. Miss Amy Roselle adds her quota to the charm of the story in this act, and very effectively does that young lady do her little love business; but at the same time we may be permitted to remind her that though her loving confessions are charming and her 'business' very good, they are both more pertaining to a Bayswater young woman of the period than to a French young lady. But then this remark might apply to others in the drama. Mr. Thorne is not a Frenchman, but a very sturdy and uncom-

promising Anglo-American, and we must not be hypercritical on either. The play has been lavishly put on the stage, and no expense has been spared—a stereotyped phrase, but, we should fancy, a true one on this occasion. It will well repay seeing. There is nothing in the slightest degree tedious in its six acts or scenes, and the attention of the audience never flags, even in the dog days. The weather has been certainly against it; for who would go to a theatre, if one could help it, with the thermometer at 90° or thereabouts? But yet 'Led Astray' has drawn and is drawing fair houses.

And now comes the bitter drop in the cup, which Messieurs the critics quite overlooked as beneath their notice. Mr. Boucicault, or Mr. Hollingshead (we are ignorant which) has thought proper to raise the prices of admission to the stalls to 10s., dating from the first night of the above-mentioned play. Said the worthy manager of a neighbouring theatre to us on our commenting on the above nefarious case of 'trying it on,' 'Sir, I would charge two guineas for a stall if I thought the public would stand it.' Just so. After all, we must not blame the managers. If the public are willing to be thus mulcted, are not the managers, from a managerial point of view, quite right in mulcting them? It is the idiotic B. P. that we ought to direct our indignation against—the B. P. that comes up to the slaughter like lambs and submits to the shearers without wincing. Of course it is thought the correct thing to be seen in the stalls, not only by my Lord Tom Noddy and Mr. Foppington Flutter, but also by Mrs. Jenkins from Bayswater and Mrs. Fitz-Gideon from South Kensington and—the Minorities. We were glad, however, to observe on the several occasions that that little bit of British snobbishness, namely, that one only *could* go to the stalls, had broken down under pressure of the Gaiety management's half sovereign. Ladies and gentlemen, some of them well known in society, were, *horribile dictu*, in the dress circle, and did not (being really ladies and gentlemen, and not rich *parvenus*) seem to feel their position. Wishing well to Mr. Boucicault and his new play, we yet rejoice to think that his attempt on our pockets has received a check. We only hope the public will be firm should any similar one be made at other establishments. If they are not, they will deserve everything that managerial cupidity can inflict; and we hope they will get it.

Mr. Tom Taylor's new play, 'Lady Clancarty,' at the Olympic, may fairly be called the hit of the season, the demand for stalls amongst the 'upper ten' being one of the most satisfactory proofs of its popularity. The drama, which dates back to the time of the Stuarts, although not strictly adhering to historical facts, is founded on a well-known incident referred to by Macaulay. The Jacobites have been foiled in a plot against the king's life, and amongst those implicated in the conspiracy is Lord Clancarty (Mr. H. Neville), who has in reality been the means of putting the king upon his guard. The most interesting part of the story, however, reveals the fact that Lord Clancarty has a wife (Miss Ada Cavendish), to whom he was married while still a boy, but from whom he was separated on leaving the church. As fate would have it, they were thrown together again in a lucky moment, and find, as husband and wife, that

'Absence only makes the heart grow fonder.'

Taking refuge in the lady's chamber, the Jacobite nobleman is discovered and made prisoner. At the eleventh hour Lady Clancarty, by a happy ruse, forces her way to the royal presence, and frantically implores the life of her proscribed

lord. After some hesitation the king signs a free pardon, and the lovers are once more united. Despite some few faults the new play has many merits, and is admirably acted by all parties engaged; the character of Lady Clancarty especially showing all the refinement of a studied and careful performance.

In these days of theatrical rivalry it is refreshing to leave the beaten track of worn-out opera bouffe in search of modest merit that, poetically speaking, 'seeks the shade.' In more prosperous times the little theatre in Dean Street, Soho, known as the Royalty, was a favourite resort of 'swell-dom;' but latterly the fickle goddess Fortune has changed her venue, and flown to other pastures neither fresh nor yet so fair. Be this as it may, there is something worth seeing here still in 'Archie Lovell;' and in the character of Archie, the heroine, Miss H. Hodson, arouses all the tender sympathies that we poor frail mortals are possessed of. With Mr. George Rignold no fault can be found in his impersonation of the impetuous Colonel Seton; but it is to Mr. Peveril that a special word of praise is due in making the very best of a part by no means pleasant to play. While congratulating the authoress on the success that has attended the production of this, her last dramatized novel, it is but fair to compliment the management on the excellent taste displayed in all the scenic effects brought into requisition in the performance.

Among the many other novelties that have met with 'distinguished' patronage' during the present gay and festive season is the unique and charming performance of the Eight Russian Lady Singers. Not only do they sing in excellent time, but their rendering of some of the quaintly original music has a freshness and simplicity that cannot fail to please all who hear them. These ladies do not, however, confine themselves to Russian melodies, but are equally proficient in Danish, Swedish, and German *morceaux*. In such a talented company it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to be invidious, but we would fain add a word of special approval to the exquisite rendering of the violin duetts by the sisters Arneni and Lilly. With such an attractive *répertoire* they cannot fail to secure a hearty welcome, and their appearance has already been crowned with well-deserved success.

Of all things belonging to the Derby we like the paddock best. Of course there are the maddening seconds of the race, but they are not pleasure. The tension of the mind and the eye then is too painful, but an hour in the paddock, away from the din of the course and the roar of the ring, is, indeed, enjoyment. Before the horses appear we see our friends, many a face encountered for the first time in the season, the face of jovial country squire, country doctor, country lawyer, country parson—all up for those extremely hot three weeks which include Epsom, the Horse Show, and Ascot, and in which an amount of work is got through that would have astonished our forefathers. Here we might muse if there was time on the rise and fall of racing celebrities, for it was nearly close upon a year ago to that very day when we were running after a horse in another paddock, all eager to catch a glimpse of him, who now was stalking about this with only one boy as his attendant. What anxiety was there on that Ascot Cup Day to get a look at Ecossais, and how we in some sort considered ourselves privileged in being allowed to lay 6 to 4 on a horse who had never appeared in public. What a win his was in the New Stakes, and here he is to-day unsyllabled and unsung, no prophet honours him, none so poor to do him reverence. The country gentlemen say, 'Oh, that's Ecossais, 'is it?—ah!' and then turn away to look at Glenalmond, whom the son of Blair Athol left standing still when they met at Ascot. But we can't stop moralising over Ecossais, only we must remark that he looked infinitely

better than he did on the Two Thousand Day—looked trained, in short, which then he did not. What is it that attracts all the gape seed of the paddock, after which we run, and which we make and almost cast ourselves before their feet? What but the Heath House lot, with Atlantic at its head, the marks of the blow distinctly visible on his knee, but still he moves with freedom, and there is a look about him of his still being the king of his company, the knee notwithstanding. He is so bloodlike in appearance that one wonders what the commoner, Aquilo, has done to throw such glamour into the eyes of racing men that he is the best. The book tells us he has done nothing; but, bless you! the clever people nod their heads sagaciously and say they know, so we must suppose they do; and we pass on to Leolinus, that horse who dropped from the clouds on to the Roodee recently, and knocked several people off their balance with the idea that the winner was there. A very good-looking horse indeed, muscular, and with grand proportions, and yet with a look that he will some day be better, and people already whisper the Leger. But he will make some of them quake to-day we fancy, though he may not win. And then we meet George Frederick, and while we are obliged to confess to an unlucky prejudice against him (unlucky for ourselves), we are obliged to own he is a good-looking horse. In fact, he and Leolinus look the pick of the paddock, and whatever the preparation of Mr. Cartwright's horse may have been, he won't lose the Derby for being overdone. Well, it is a good fault; but still he appeared to carry that day more flesh than a winner should, and then those loaded, heavy shoulders, will they bring him down the hill? He is perhaps the most muscular horse there, and, horse as he is of the public, who stick to him, we must say, like men, he does not please the supposed superior judgment of men who are racing and seeing racehorses every day. They say he is slow, which his previous running would seem to make out; and we turn away from him to look at the pretty Glenalmond, a model horse of a certain stamp, trained to perfection, but with more the look of seven furlongs about him than a mile and a half. The public, though, are mad about him, and he is first favourite in the ring while we are taking stock of him here.

Last year what a time we were having at the other side of the Ditch. Do our readers—those who were there—remember 'the warmth of that July?' how one favourite after another was bowled over, till punters began to doubt the existence of such things as previous form and running? How we groaned over the morning's card at the breakfast-table, not seeing our way, and groaned more over the return-list in the evening when we saw the way we had trodden? The whole four days were each one more disastrous than the other, and 'Black Monday' was looked forward to with dismay. But we changed all that this time, and, to punters' astonishment, they threw seven mains on the first day. It was a wonderful state of things, and the bookmakers evidently took it very ill, as being not what they were accustomed to. They got it all back the next day, or nearly so, for, with the exception of Pat in the Beaufort Stakes, there was not a favourite that won; and the feelings of those who laid 2 to 1 on Electric, and saw that jade Puzzle win by half a dozen lengths or more, were bitter. We were nearly forgetting the July on the first day; and really the presence of Camballo had made it such a certainty that it excited but little interest. It was about as good a thing as Ecossais last year, for Camballo had beaten Balfe easily at Ascot, and the three dark ones, Craig Millar, Garterly Bell, and Mirliflor, though good-looking youngsters, were backward, the first-named, however, being the fittest of the trio. M. Lefevre's colt Mirliflor ought to win some day, though he cut no figure in

the July, for he is a son of Soapstone and Beauty, and they were both speedy ones. If he had won, what would have happened to Joe Wood, we wonder. Jervis's booth would have been his refuge and lukewarm Moet his consolation. Balfe was very nearly doing the trick, by-the-way, for he headed Camballo at the corner of the plantation, and looked like the winner until, about two hundred yards from home, he shied at a tuft of grass, and, losing his place, was passed by Camballo, Craig Millar, and Garterly Bell, the favourite winning cleverly by half a length. It was the pretty general opinion that Balfe ran currishly—turned it up, in fact, but in that we do not concur; and his subsequent running in the Chesterfield certainly favours our view of the matter. In this race he met Camballo at 7 lbs.; while Claremont, who had declined the July, Craig Millar, Horse Chestnut, a dark one from Joseph Dawson's Dreadnought, &c., were among the runners. No one thought about Balfe, who started about the worst favourite of the lot, though after the race we encountered a great many clever people who, singularly enough, had backed him. He ran in blinkers, came out on the T.Y.C., left his horses standing still, as the phrase is, and won in a canter. This does not look like a rogue. Nothing could run straighter than he did, and Camballo was eased when Johnny Osborne saw pursuit was useless.

But all this is as leather and prunella compared to the great sensation that fell upon us on Wednesday morning, the second day, when the papers brought the news of the decision—now a matter of history—of the Edgware bench in the matter of the summons against Mr. Warner. People went about distraught. The face of the Admiral was clouded; that of the junior Steward disturbed. There was evidently a tide in the affairs of races and racing men which did not seem leading on to fortune, and *might* lead—God knows where! Mr. Warner, of Welsh Harp fame, the present scapegoat, the first victim of the movement against Metropolitan Meetings (for that is the real history of the proceedings against him), might be only the forerunner of other victims more illustrious—of names that one almost trembles to write. The situation was undoubtedly grave. The very card in our hands, issued by the authority of the Jockey Club, proclaimed in its announcement that there was an inner inclosure for the purpose of betting—the damning fact that the Jockey Club permitted gambling to be carried on in 'a place' set apart for that purpose. If this was illegal at Kingsbury, a child could see it was illegal at Newmarket Heath. Then, again, what about Goodwood? Would this audacious society, if indeed a society existed, proceed against the Lord President of the Council, that nobleman to whom, in the present Ministry, is specially intrusted the business and duty of education, of seeing that the people are brought up in the way they should go—would the Duke of Richmond be summoned to answer before the Chichester bench for his misdeeds? It was impossible to avoid seeing the ludicrous side of the affair, and the harmless little jokes about the Admiral in the dock before Justice Dobede were rife. But there was another class of racing men—lessees and clerks of courses—what was their position? Clearly they were in the same boat, and the well-known face of Mr. John Frail, though now and then the eye twinkled with humour, and the mouth broke out into a smile, was grave as he conversed with a brother C.C., Mr. Ford, of Lincoln. We have often had occasion to remark on what indeed is so well known—the admirable arrangements for the comfort and convenience of visitors carried out at Shrewsbury by Mr. Frail. He is thoughtful for every class, and particularly does he take care that the thieves and welshers—the class who may be called the camp-followers of the racing army, the gentlemen who

seek to enter the inclosure without going through the ceremony of 'parting'—shall have every attention paid them, and find due preparations made for their reception. For them rails and palings are freshly tarred; for them able detectives keep watch and ward. We have heard, indeed, that a tar-bucket and brush, with an official to apply the remedy, is kept in a quiet corner. What a weapon had not then the decision of Serjeant Cox and the Edgware bench put into the hand of some member of the welshing and thieving fraternity, on whose memory, if not on whose person, traces of Shrewsbury tar still lingered! There is something, it has always struck us, very forensic in the appearance of the worthy Shrewsbury C.C. Is it in the curl of his hat or the curl of his hair? We can hardly say; but there is quite as much of the prosperous county lawyer as of the C.C. about John Frail, and we should not wonder he would make an excellent J.P. if the Lord Chancellor should consider Shropshire, or Shropshire's capital, in want of some addition to the bench. Well, he had much to say on the crisis; much more, indeed, than a learned Recorder whom we sought to button-hold in the (vain) hope of extracting an opinion out of him. But the learned gentleman would talk of nothing but the Chesterfield Stakes and objugate the authorities for having fixed the race at an hour when the exigencies of railway trains would compel him to leave the course without seeing it. His opinion would have been dead against the Club that afternoon, we feel convinced. To say that we all uttered words of wisdom would hardly be the case; in fact, there was a good deal of 'bosh' in the pros and cons with which we ventilated the subject. For once in a way the familiar phrase, 'a current topic of conversation,' was correct. We talked of nothing else.

And since then the Jockey Club has, in the person of Mr. Henry Chaplin, been summoned, for that they 'knowingly and wilfully did permit the said 'inclosed ground or space, called the Betting Inclosure,' &c. &c., and Colonel Fryer and Mr. Dobede heard the case at Newmarket. These worthy justices seem to have felt their position acutely, and 'the gentleman from Manchester' who wrote to Colonel Fryer, kindly suggesting how the case should be settled, added to their annoyances. Colonel Fryer plaintively inquired why they should be called upon to adjudicate in the case? And what were Mr. Dobede's feelings were only known to himself, seeing that he wisely held his tongue, and allowed Colonel Fryer to do battle with the two learned gentlemen who came down to argue the case. It was even betting on the prosecution, and it was, therefore, with considerable surprise that, when the two magistrates returned into court, after an absence for consultation, the audience heard that the summons was dismissed. It was darkly whispered that Mr. Dobede, who it was observed had turned his deafest ear towards Mr. Tennant, the counsel for the prosecution, had shown such a bold front to Colonel Fryer in the justices' private room, exhibiting a large packet of sandwiches, a box of compressed meat lozenges, and a flask of sherry, sufficient nourishment for at least four and twenty hours, that the gallant Colonel caved in immediately, and agreed, in the teeth of the evidence, to dismiss the summons. And now the Jockey Club has come out with a notice about the illegality of ready-money betting, and the Duke of Richmond has followed suit. It is as well, perhaps, that the absurdity of the law, if this is really the reading of the Betting Act, should be plainly set forth, namely, that one must not wager with ready money, but only on credit. We are not great admirers of lists or list-holders, but we know that there are many strictly honest and respectable men among the latter, and that a large body of the public deal with them, and find it very much to their convenience so to do. That there are welshers among the list-

men is pretty certain ; but if the public chose only to exercise the commonest prudence, they would not fall into the snares of such transparent fowlers as are these gentry. And will the edicts of the Jockey Club, the Duke of Richmond, and subsequent edicts yet to be issued, extinguish welshing ? The sporting journals seem to be confident it will. We wish we could think so too. To us it appears that the honest list-men's trade will be stopped, but that the welshers' game will flourish more than ever. Then, again, there is that nasty cry—a dangerous one too—sure to be raised by those proclamations, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Anything that tends to foster that belief, and the Newmarket justices' decision and the action taken by the Jockey Club and the Duke of Richmond will most certainly do so, is much to be deprecated. Better let betting perish altogether than this should come to pass. And of course these decisions and edicts only leave the question just where it was, and until Chief Justice Cockburn kindly tells us what the Betting Act really was intended to mean and does mean, and that won't be until after the long vacation, we must 'in patience possess our souls.'

There is one important alteration connected with this July Meeting that we must mention. The ground on which it is held is now the actual property of the Jockey Club. Mr. Herbert Fitzroy Eaton, of Stetchworth Park, in whose family the property has been for the last hundred years (his grandfather planted that plantation now so welcome a shade), has just completed the sale of the land to the Club, together with the greater part of the plantation, so that any alterations that may be thought desirable can easily be carried out. It may not be generally known, that up to this time Mr. Eaton has allowed the Jockey Club and the public the use of the land for the July Meeting free from any rent or charge whatever, except a nominal sum of 5*l.* a year for the use of the stand. Looking at the increase of late years in the importance of the July Meeting, Mr. Eaton considered that it would be both to his interest and that of the Jockey Club that he should offer the land to them, and they in consequence agreed to become the purchasers, and all who enjoy the July Meeting (and who does not ?) will be glad it has been] so settled between Mr. Eaton and the Club. Some fruits of this arrangement we saw on this occasion. The Club have enclosed that portion of the course that abuts on the Cambridge Road, and a toll of 5*s.* was demanded for carriages. Rails have been erected in front of the weighing stand, and from there down to the T.Y.C. post, and other improvements are, we believe, in contemplation. The Prince of Wales, who was present for two days of the Meeting, and who is evidently very fond of Newmarket, might perhaps induce the Princess to accompany him on some future occasion, in which case some sort of a Ladies' Stand might be erected on the shady side of the course by the plantation. The July Meeting is increasing year by year, and will become, we hope, not only one of the best, as it is now the most agreeable held at Newmarket, but also prove a profitable source of income to the Club.

And other racing there was—Worcester, Liverpool, Southampton, Aldershot, Huntingdon, &c.—of which we have not much to say. Worcester was pleasant, but rather slow, and the heat awful. The hard ground, despite the zealous endeavours of the Committee with the water-cart, made the fields but poor, though the Cup brought out ten runners, which was a surprise. The result was equally surprising, for a promising scion of the house of Coventry—Mr. Arthur of that ilk—stole a march on Wyatt, who was riding the favourite, Druid, and beat him on the post by a head. As Mr. Coventry was riding

Baby, great were the congratulations 'the Baby' received on his maiden win; and we hope he will follow in his brother's footsteps, who left off his riding much too soon. How well did Mr. Henry Coventry go on his good mare Agnes over the old Grand Military course at Rugby we all remember. Why don't he do it now? As for the other events, we are glad to say that Lord Portsmouth, paying Worcester his first visit, brought his good-looking Wallsend, and won the Croome Nursery Plate with him. Need we also say that Mr. Webb was down upon him with his book, and that he secured his lordship's name as Steward for next year? We hope we shall meet him there again and with another Wallsend. Some of the old *habitués* of Worcester we missed. Mr. Fothergill Rowlands was busy at Aldershot, where those blessed soldiers were hard at racing from 12 at noon till 8.30 P.M., one of the most surprising day's sport on record. They lost two hours and three-quarters in their time, which is pretty well considering, and how they managed it we have not been able to learn. Some people said it was 'all 'along' of the luncheons, and we can believe they had much to do with it. Then weight is always a terrible stumbling-block to the soldiers—what they think they should carry, and what they ought to carry—nearly as great a stumbling-block as to a Kildare farmer. A double dead heat, too, for the Summer Drill Stakes further complicated matters; so that the unfortunate reporters were in despair, and returned to town and left the meeting to its fate and the stars, which saw King Koffee win the third heat somewhere between 8.30 and 9 o'clock; and so ended what may be called a thorough good day's sport. May we next year *not* be there to see. Liverpool was, bar the Cup, so so, though there was a fair field for the Molyneux Cup on the first day, but no great class, if we except old Syrian, who cut but a bad figure, however, even in that indifferent company. Shylocks, who at best is but respectable, was the favourite on the strength of something she had done at home, and she proved to be a good thing by winning easily. Blantyre was the real jam for the chief event, and it was impossible to get on him at last. It turned out in reality to be anything but the good goods it was thought, for Selsea Bill was within an ace of winning, and if he had not got off badly he undoubtedly would have won. Nobody much fancied him, and, in fact, he was the outsider of the lot, with the exception of Freeman, against whom the significant odds of 50 to 1 were offered. The money was on Blantyre, but they backed Gleneagle, Herbert, and Lord Derby, and the first-named of these was outpaced from the start. Selsea Bill proved himself such a game horse that he may be a good Leger outsider in the event of anything happening to the cracks; and at the present writing, with the ground baked to the consistency of stone or iron, what may not happen? Some people went and broiled themselves at Huntingdon, we believe, and the sport on the first day was above the average. Shannon did manage to win the Stakes, but then she had nothing to beat. We should advise her new owner, Mr. Lee Barber, to start that deceitful old Puzzle, for she would break the Bank. She won't try when the money is down, and comes and wins in a canter when it is '100 to 8 bar three.' These were the odds offered against her for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, for which she jumped off in front and won anyhow. Lady Glenorchy couldn't carry her penalty to the front in the Hinchingsbrook Stakes, and Strathavon showed his temper again. Mr. A. Baltazzi's good-looking filly *Rénée* won cleverly.

Those who went down to Wood Green on any of the days of the Alexandra Park Horse Show passed a pleasant afternoon. The sultry weather had

made the streets of London hardly bearable, and a sniff of country air was most refreshing, every breath of wind wafting the sweet odours of the new-cut hay, as the farmers all around were busily employed in getting in their second crops. We had scarcely got into the grounds when a hunting acquaintance accosted us with 'Have you seen the stabling? It is quite excellent. 'I should not mind sending a horse here myself.' It would be difficult to find any place better adapted for the purpose of an exhibition. The racecourse affords ample space for showing off the horses, and, however numerous the spectators may be, every one has a good view of each animal. The Stand alone will accommodate nearly 2,000 persons. On the opposite side of the course the drags and other carriages were drawn up.

In the class for thoroughbred stallions for general stud purposes, Major Barlow's Citadel, who had a fair season in Suffolk at three guineas a mare, gained the first prize, Mr. Blenkiron's King John taking the second. The latter horse, located as he is at Eltham, has had but few opportunities of earning a name as a sire of hunters, or we feel sure the son of Kingston would have made his mark before this. Kent is not much of a horse-breeding district, and farmers cannot afford the expense of sending their mares to a distance, so that King John has never had a chance. We hear a good account of the few foals that he has got out of half-bred mares. The prize for the best roadster stallion naturally went to Yorkshire, being adjudged to Mr. Vary's Young Fireaway, who covers in the neighbourhood of York at two guineas. Mr. Christopher Wilson's splendid brown pony stallion, Sir George, added one more to the list of his many triumphs; and an enormous animal, Young Champion, was first amongst the agricultural stallions, although he is more of a drayhorse than a carhorse.

But the readers of 'Baily' care more to hear about the hunting classes. Well, then, a promising lot of three-year olds first appeared in the ring, of whom the judges selected five for commendation, a colt by Hunting Horn being placed first. One not noticed by the judges—a colt by Paul Clifford, bred in Devonshire—showed the most bone, but he certainly lacked the quality of the other youngsters. Next came a rare class of four-year olds, and when the red rosette was fastened to the head of Sir George Wombwell's chestnut colt Cawton, the cheers from the Grand Stand and the spectators leaning on the rails showed that there were some few Yorkshiresmen present. Cawton is by Sir George Cholmley's Volturmo, and was the best mover of the lot.

Amongst the light-weight hunters it was not a difficult task to pick out Mr. Hutchinson's brown five-year old, Jester, by Laughing Stock, although he showed a little temper in the ring. For hunters up to not less than fourteen stone, of course Palmerston was the winner. During the last twelve months he has carried off the better part of a thousand pounds in prizes, winding up with the first prizes at Islington and Alexandra Park. No one but Mr. Baily's crusty, bilious old 'Van' driver could pick a hole in such a magnificent animal; but we must say that he is slightly back in his knees and somewhat upright in his pasterns. There is no question but that the judges were right in giving him the first prize, but how Marmalade got second we do not understand. Lord Shannon and his brother judges must care little for thorough-pins. We really think our favourite, Chief Constable, should have been awarded second honours. It was altogether a better-looking lot of horses than is usually brought together.

Of the hacks and roadsters we cannot pass over such a goer as Mr. Harvey

Bayley's Enterprise, another son of Volturmo. He easily gained the first prize in his class, and was forthwith sold to Sir George Wombwell for 300 guineas. So, having seen everything except the mules, we sauntered quietly back to the train, which whisked us up to town in comfortable time to dress for dinner.

The following is too good to lose :—

The Alexandra Park Horse Show deserves a word, and more than a word, of praise. In the first place the stabling was excellent, the best we have ever seen, very different from the narrow, confined stalls (often only a few deal boards nailed together) of the Agricultural Hall, hot to suffocation by day, and, in a corresponding degree, cold at night. How half the horses escaped the influenza is a miracle. Ultimately we have great hopes that the London Show will be transferred to Muswell Hill, a spot in every way adapted for it. Like the Yorkshire Show, horses are shown in Alexandra Park in a large open space where all can see well, and where the horses show themselves to the greatest advantage. As at the Agricultural Hall, though, the cockney element, the great drawback to these affairs in or near London, showed itself as soon as the jumping began. Those who take most interest in these exhibitions must be, we are compelled to think, in nine cases out of ten, those people who have never been on a horse, and if they did mount one would tumble off the next minute—the men who crowd round the water jump at Croydon, and consider they have not had their shilling's worth if no one comes to grief. To those accustomed to see hunters get over natural fences with hounds, such exhibitions are ridiculous, and hunting men are at a loss to comprehend the excitement of the cockneys when a horse gets over a flight of hurdles. Colonel Luttrell, the old Kiff Luttrell of Trinity, Oxford, one of the judges, stuck to his work throughout the week, and when the jumping began he must have thought of Cowley Marsh, and how the hacks of five and twenty years ago did nothing but leap over hurdles half the afternoon. Some of the reporters of the dailies went into ecstasies over the performance of a small boy whose only merit was his pluck, as he had no hands, hung on by his horse's head, and would have seen scores of boys at country fairs his superior in every respect. With somebody like old Ben Land to have taken to him, he might ride some day, but at present he has every natural fault. Two ladies, the Mrs. Riddell, rode marvellously, and can evidently take care of themselves anywhere. The Show, despite many other distractions, was, we believe, a pecuniary success, which the managers well deserved.

And old Jem Hills is released at last 'from the fardel of his years.' We were rather shocked, when one day last year he was pointed out to us at Tattersall's, for we knew him well some thirty years ago, and could trace in him very little or no resemblance to what he was in those days, when Lord Redesdale hunted the Heythrop and Jem was the huntsman. He was in his prime then, about the year 1840-41, if we remember rightly, and many the days, chiefly Sundays, we regret to say, that we drove down to Chapel House from Oxford, a jolly party of about half a dozen in two or three teams, the leaders of which had been sent on on the Woodstock Road at an extremely early hour, and held solemn and amusing converse with Jem. Of course we boys (and some of us were not much more, though here and there were one or two who had taken a better degree in the hunting-field than they had in the schools) were delighted to sit at the feet of such a Gamaliel and listen to his lore. He was quiet in the field, but the cheeriest of men over a cigar and a glass of champagne, a small hamper of which beverage was often found in one

of the dog-carts. What command he had over hounds has been told by other and abler pens, 'the Druid,' for instance, while the writer of 'Country Quarters' has often perpetuated his name and fame. It will be long indeed before the memory of Jem Hills dies out among hunting men, not only in the Heythrop country, but wherever the noble science flourishes. He had been for some time, we regret to say, an inmate of an asylum at Stafford, where he died on the 7th of last month.

Many old university and public school men growl tremendously at the new regulations at the matches at Lord's, and complain that, although they pay their half-crowns, they see no more than they did formerly. The great increase in the number of carriages, containing a shoal of persons who hardly know with which end of the bat it is the custom to play, who come there only to eat, drink, flirt, and show more blue silk stocking than is generally seen in public life, quite obstruct the view of the old rector of Fudley-cum-Pipes and the young curate of Cuddleton Magna (to say nothing of the bad effect of the blue stockings on the latter), who have come up to London for their holiday, and with the hope of seeing the game they once took so active a part in. The Reverends Jones and Jenkins don't wish to be hard on the blue stockings, far from it; but they think the charge for carriages should be trebled, and then the clergy and the cricketing world generally might stand some chance of seeing the game. We recommend this to the notice of Mr. Fitzgerald and the Committee of the M.C.C.

Prince's is more popular than Lord's, which, by-the-way, sounds bad grammar, but it isn't. An old gentleman (of course from the country) who was with us at the former ground the other day, was much struck with the number and quality of the company, and, after admiring the scene for some time, he observed, 'I never saw a finer lot of fillies, but it is a great pity that 'so many of them have hagged their manes.'

The following is a fact from Stockbridge:—A very single-minded old gentleman, who was staying at a country house in the neighbourhood during the race week, made one of the party to the Downs at Stockbridge on the 2nd of July last. As he was passing into the paddock, previous to the start for the Cup, there was shouted into his ears, 'Two to one, bar one—two to one bar 'one! Will you bet, sir?' Turning round to the excited bookmaker, he replied, 'Dear me, sir, is Barone going to run again? I thought I heard his 'name called out for the last race.'

The Yorkshire Agricultural Society's Show will be at Sheffield this year in the first week in August, and, as usual, under the able management of Mr. Thomas Parrington. Sheffield is not a sweet spot, but the Show-yard is in a good situation well out of the town, at Hillsborough Park. The parade of horses will be on the 4th, with no hankey-pankey humbug of jumping, such as 'the infant Samuel' provides at Islington. Yorkshire would hardly stand that. The Hound Show will be on the 6th, and one worth going any distance to see.

We are grieved to hear from an honorary member of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society that numbers of swell members who were amongst the first to send in their names and tender distinguished patronage, had not yet made use of the Cheque Bank or other equally simple mode of remittance; but what is worse, many annual subscribers forget to pay when Christmas comes round.

By-the-way, we are glad to say that the testimonial to Will Summers, late huntsman to the New Forest, amounts to something comfortable; but still we feel sure that there are many who knew him in more prosperous days who have

not had their attention called to the case, old acquaintances not only in Hants but in Sussex, who only want a reminder on behalf of the old sportsman whom every one liked and respected. Summers's age prevented him being a 'benefit' member of the Hunt Servants' Society, as no man can be admitted after the age of 55. However, he was an hon. member, and regularly paid his pound a year to the society, and was the only working servant who did so. Years ago, too, Summers advocated the formation of a Hunt Servants' Society, and it does seem hard that he should now be precluded from its advantages. We trust all his old friends will bear this in mind.

Can we believe our eyes and ears? The Rev. J. Mc—— christened the child of an Irishman not long ago, and met with somewhat of a Roland for his Oliver. 'Come to the church to-morrow at twelve; and, let's see, *Peter* you mean to call the boy? Why, he *denied his Master*. If you must have 'a Scriptural name, why not give him mine—Joseph?' 'Faith! your rivirence, that's worse intirely, for sure he *denied his mistress*.'

In Oxfordshire lately the churchwarden of a certain parish received a circular that had been sent by direction of the bishop throughout the diocese, putting questions for each churchwarden to answer as to the state of his parish on some moral and social points. Among the questions was the following: 'Have you reason to think that there is much immorality in your parish?' Farmer Hodge pondered on this for some time. The reputation of his parish he felt at last was bound to be maintained, so the answer with others went back to the diocesan—'*Pretty fairish*.'

* And now that cubs and infantine pheasants are abounding, we can answer the oft-repeated question, 'Do game and foxes really ever thrive in the same coverts?' Undoubtedly they do. In fact, early in the present year three foxes were found in one small spinney, on the property, too, of a friend to sport, who is not a bigot in hunting matters, and whose game list presented, for the season then closing, the following satisfactory results, viz.:—Rabbits, 642; cock pheasants, 1,024; hen ditto, 1,076; partridges, 618; hares, 900; wild duck, 2; teal, 20; woodcock, 24; snipe, 43; various (golden plover, &c.), 30, or a total of 4,379. The Squire's pack draw all coverts as frequently as they like; but we suppress names and places, lest the poaching fraternity should venture on a return ticket, and visit the preserves. *Jam satis*.

We have before mentioned in back journeys of the 'Van' the proposed new 'Road Club,' a society composed of gentlemen who drive Four-in-Hand *pro bono publico*, and gentlemen fond of coaching either as coachmen or passengers. We can now announce that a Committee has been formed under the chairmanship of the Duke of Beaufort, and comprising among its members Major-General Sir Henry de Bathe, Major Furnivall, and E. Godsell, Esq. (Westerham Coach); Colonel Withington and the Marquis of Blandford (Dorking Coach); Mr. W. H. Cooper (Afternoon Dorking); Colonel Hathorn (Tunbridge Coach); Colonel Dickson (Guildford Coach); Colonel Tyrwhitt, Lord Bective, &c., &c. The Committee are already in treaty for suitable premises in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, and we hope soon to be able to state that the new club, intended to be to the road what the Jockey Club is to the Turf, is a *fait accompli*.

We hail with pleasure the latest addition to the weekly press in 'The World: A Journal for Men and Women,' bold-spoken, trenchant, sarcastic, but written, we should imagine, by gentlemen. Old-fashioned journalism will probably be somewhat horrified at its tone, which is unshackled by any adherence to old-fashioned rules. Its parentage, or, at least, its management,

Mr. Henry Labouchere had been credited with, but this has been denied. The fact, any way, is not very important, but we are glad to see the name of 'Winchelsea and Nottingham' affixed to some charming racing articles. His lordship is no new recruit to the ranks of journalism, but it is always pleasant to meet him, blest as he is, in addition to a most agreeable and natural style, with a memory that enables him to tell of scenes and incidents in which the writer may truly say *quorum pars magna fui*. A notice in the new journal gains our warmest approbation: 'Managers of theatres are particularly requested 'to refuse gratuitous admission to their establishments to any persons professing 'to be representatives of this journal. When admittance is required, it will be 'paid for.' Good! By-the-way, it has been mentioned to us that the paper's second title, 'A Journal for Men and Women,' suggests an addition to its first—'The World'—the Flesh and the Devil. Need we say the idea came from a woman?

And as we are going to press Goodwood is upon us, and society is disporting itself under those wide-spreading beech-trees on the ducal lawn that have sheltered so much

' That was brave, and so much that was fair,
And so much that was neither, that gathered there,'

and Royalty graces it with its presence, and the Royal Standard floats from Goodwood House. Society has begun its holiday well. Many a Sussex roof-tree contains beneath it the gaiety of Belgravia and Mayfair. The Sussex seaboard is alive with other contingents more or less fashionable, and containing more or less of the leaven of respectability. For the next fortnight we shall be by the sad sea waves, and our modern Capua will hold many of us in her thrall. Let us hope we may emerge therefrom scathless in mind, body, and estate.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 175.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

VOL. XXV.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

CONTENTS.

SPORTING DIARY FOR THE MONTH.	PAGE
VISCOUNT LASCELLES.	373
A PIG'S WHISPER ON THE ST. LEGER	374
FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.—CHAPTER VII.	375
A DAY WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS IN 187—.	384
RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.—SAVAGE SPORT	391
A DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING NEAR PALERMO	397
A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA.—CHAPTER II.	400
CRICKET	412
YACHTING AND ROWING	416
'OUR VAN'	419

LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1874.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1874.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Great Yarmouth, Sutton Park, Birmingham, and the Curragh
2	W	Great Yarmouth and Sutton Park Races. [Races.
3	TH	Canterbury, Weymouth, Manchester, and Baden-Baden Races.
4	F	Weymouth and Manchester Races.
5	S	Manchester Races.
6	S	FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
7	M	Eltham Races.
8	TU	Richmond and Warwick Races.
9	W	Warwick and Richmond Races.
10	TH	Tunbridge and Hereford Races.
11	F	Hereford Races.
12	S	West London Regatta.
13	S	FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Paris Races.
14	M	
15	TU	Doncaster Races.
16	W	The St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.).
17	TH	Doncaster Races. Sandwich Coursing Meeting.
18	F	
19	S	Blackheath Athletic Sports.
20	S	SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Paris Races.
21	M	Meopham and Fontainebleau Races.
22	TU	Bristol, Hendon, Derby, and Stafford Races.
23	W	Bristol, Western (Ayr), and Derby Races.
24	TH	Bristol and Ayr Races.
25	F	Monmouth and Ayr Races.
26	S	Windsor and Eton Athletic Sports.
27	S	SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
28	M	
29	TU	Newmarket First October. Burton-on-Trent Coursing Meeting.
30	W	Newmarket, Royal Caledonian, and Perth Hunt Races. Ridgeway Club Coursing Meeting.



Lascelles.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES.

THE heir of the old Yorkshire house of the Lascelles, Henry Ulick, Viscount of that ilk, was born in 1846, and after the usual Eton course received his commission in the Grenadier Guards in 1865. His Lordship inherits the sporting tastes of a family celebrated even in Yorkshire for its love of those pursuits which in this country are looked upon as part of the heritage of an English gentleman. He hunts, he shoots, and the black jacket and yellow sleeves is well known on Northern racecourses and the Rowley mile. Lord Lascelles' stud is a small one, and, considering the few horses he has had, he has been fortunate in the possession of one or two good ones, among which *La Jeunesse*, purchased from M. Lefevre, must be considered the best.

His Lordship, who is a most amiable young nobleman, has, we believe, quitted the service. He is unmarried, and was last year elected a member of the Jockey Club, and takes an active part in the deliberations of that body.

A PIG'S WHISPER ON THE ST. LEGER.

AT Swindon, when the crack came down,
All breathless rushed the gaping town,
To see their Prince of tried renown
Go forth to meet Apology.

But Swindon saw another sight,
When the news came at fall of night,
Commanding beacon fires to light
From Wroughton down to Avebury.

With hissing squib and torch in flames,
Each yokel strove to fire the Thames,
And Wiltshire held her racing games
With most unusual devilry.

Then shook with ringing peals of laughter
The village inn, through roof and rafter,
And louder than the cheering after
Fast popped the mimic Sillery.

But louder still those shouts that rise
From Wroughton hills to greet the skies ;
And denser yet the crowd that plies
In Swindon, cheering lustily.

They come ; but scarce Volturno's stride
Can pierce the masses surging wide,
Where Cartwright's pet and Leader's pride
Comes marching home triumphantly.

The *mêlée* thickens. On, ye brave !
Past Olliver's new-mounded grave ;
Wave, Swindon ! all thy kerchiefs wave
From clanging forge and factory.

Few, few shall 'part' where many lay,
The Ring shall murmur as they pay,
And many a list on settling day
Shall be a backer's sepulchre.

'IMPROVED BERKSHIRE.'

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANK RALEIGH, notwithstanding the loquacity of Jonas the waiter, and his frequent reminder that the Regulator rivalled the Devonport Mail in punctuality, and would be up in the twinkling of an eye, had contrived to take in a bountiful supply of ham and eggs, and to sacrifice a whole hecatomb of muffins to his ever-hungry schoolboy maw, when the silvery notes of Jack Goodwin's horn fell on his ear, and brought him in post-haste to the Red Lion door. Jack was playing 'The Dusky Night,' with a lively lip and rare feeling—the air of the fine old stag-hunting, tantivy song that is now as rarely heard as 'Fanny, blooming fair,' or the ballad of 'Chevy Chase;' and if the melody had the useful effect of stirring up the horsekeepers and bringing out the fresh team in double-quick time (one minute only being allowed for the change), it acted also as a most exhilarating stimulant on the waking town, and brought many a fair face, in various forms of dishabille, to the curtained windows overhanging the street.

Independently of his musical talent, 'Happy Jack' was the beau-ideal of a guard—obliging, humorous, full of anecdote, and always in a cheery vein; so that no passenger, though consigned to the gammon-board, was ever found to complain of a dull journey in his company. In passing through a country town like Buckbury, it was no ordinary treat to hear him describe the 'living beauties' that adorned the road; for he knew to a pane of glass where to look for a belle peeping out through a muslin blind, and fancying herself unseen behind it and the clustering mass of her own golden ringlets; or, mayhap, it might be some blue-eyed beauty, whose tresses, being still coiled under a circlet of snow-white frills, excited the imagination even more than the auburn charms revealed to view. And where in the world could a traveller look for such women, or hope to find fairer specimens of Eve's daughters, than in the county of Devon? It is a Garden of Eden in that respect; for, if the beauty of the fair prototype was perfect, as it must have been under the hands of its Divine Creator, in no land has the original pattern been preserved with more fidelity than in that favoured county.

'All full in front, sir,' said Jonas, taking in the load at a glance, as the Regulator rattled over the stones, and approached the Red Lion Inn at a fast trot. 'Plenty of room behind, though, sir; and, ef I was a-going to travel, that's where I'd like to be, alongside o' Jack Good'in.'

In another moment, the wheels ceasing to rotate, the coachman pitches his whip into a stableman's hands; and almost before his foot has quitted the roller-bolt, the two horsekeepers have taken out the team and turned them, in a cloud of steam, direct for their stables.

Then, as if by magic, three big bays and a chestnut, all three-parts bred, and with coats glittering like a looking-glass, are coupled together in about half a minute by the same quick hands; while the waggoner, as the coachman was then styled, having just had time to toss off a glass of ale, gathers up his 'ribbons,' and, springing with a light step again to the box, awaits the guard's signal of 'All right!' to let them go.

But they are not off yet; for just as Jack was calling on Frank to jump up and take his place, a woman rushed up towards the coach, and, before Frank had time to recognise her, Mrs. Hopkins exclaimed, in piteous tones, 'For heaven's sake, Master Raleigh, don't go to ruin yourself! Come back to school, sir, like a good boy. Somers is forgiven, and so will you be, if you'll only come now.'

A roar of merriment burst from the passengers simultaneously, on hearing this pathetic appeal; and whatever hope of success the kindly housekeeper might have entertained from it was at once and for ever dispelled by the ridicule and sallies which her ill-timed but well-meant intervention quickly evoked from the roof of the coach and the bystanders. And when Jack, whose rhetorical power in the art of bantering was equal to that of any London cabman, put in his word with mock solemnity, 'Pardon me, madam; the young gentleman looks delicate; and if you are his nurse, as I take you to be, a ride with us will do him a power of good,' Frank's pride could stand it no longer. 'Tell Dr. Twigg, with my compliments, Mrs. Hopkins,' he said, 'that the outside of the Regulator suits my complaint far better than the inside of his house; but,' he added, 'if you'll promise me a nice spitchcock fowl for supper, I'll promise to come back and eat it at eight o'clock this evening; so pray don't disappoint me.'

A cheer of approval greeted this flippant speech; and while Frank was clambering to his seat, Jack Goodwin, who had followed close on his heels, snatched up his key-bugle and commenced playing 'There's nae luck about the house,' on which the Regulator dashed off, and poor Mrs. Hopkins, in disconsolate mood, turned forthwith into the narrow street leading to the schoolhouse. Unknown to the head master, the errand had been a voluntary one on her part, undertaken solely on the boy's account, for whom, in spite of the scrapes in which he was so constantly involved, she could not help feeling a strong partiality.

'I can't tell how it is,' said the warm-hearted woman, as she applied the corner of her apron to her brimming eyes, 'but that boy is always in trouble, and by his wilful ways gives me more anxiety than all the rest of the boarders put together. Yet there is something about him so venturesome, so high-spirited, and so taking, that I'd rather see all the boys in the school expelled than him.'

Thus soliloquizing, she entered the schoolhouse by a side door, neither observed nor missed by the watchful pedagogue who presided over the establishment.

‘Tender-mouthed, and won’t bear the curb, sir, I suppose?’ inquired Jack, restoring his key-bugle to its case, on the outskirts of the town, and looking into Frank’s face as if he expected him to relate some terrible tale of tyranny on the part of Dr. Twigg; and without waiting for an answer, he continued, ‘Quite right, too, sir; a sharp curb and a double thong will make any horse wince. Better bolt like a thoroughbred, say I, than stand to be flogged like a tame, thick-skinned jackass.’

‘If you mean that I am running away to escape punishment,’ said Frank, refuting at once the guard’s conjectures, ‘you are under a wrong impression. I’m off for a day’s otter-hunting with my father’s hounds at Gara Bridge; and if old Twigg thinks fit to sack me for it, I shall be for ever grateful; but he won’t flog me; no, nor even batter me again with his big Hederick.’

‘What’s that?’ cried Jack, believing it to be some instrument of torture of which he had never yet heard. ‘Is it made of birch, malacca, or ground-ash?’

‘Nothing of the kind,’ said Frank. ‘It’s a book, Jack; a big book, from which I and others have learned many a rough lesson, and been knocked down like ninepins with it, till our heads reeled for a week afterwards.’

‘I never liked the looks of him,’ said Jack, whose sympathy for the youth had been much excited by this narration. ‘If the beast has a heart, it must be a kind of gizzard, hard as a millstone. Oh! if I had but the power, I’d give him eight drachms of black aloes, bran mashes for a month, and blister him all round; and if that wouldn’t soften his hard nature, I’d sell him to a knacker for the value of his hide.’

Up to this moment a gentleman who alone shared the back seat with Frank, and who, from his broad-brimmed hat and brown habiliments, proclaimed himself an unmistakable member of the Society of Friends—a set of religionists then very prevalent in the West—had been listening with a grave and taciturn demeanour to the foregoing dialogue, as if he were much interested in Frank’s story, and wished to hear more of a school in which the boys were knocked down by the head master with a folio dictionary. But the latter part of the guard’s strange and maledictory language appeared to shock him exceedingly; for his hitherto blank visage assumed at once a pained expression, as he said in a solemn tone:

‘Art thou speaking, friend, of a brother—a man made after the Divine image—or of a brute-beast without understanding? If of the latter, thy speech savoureth of inhumanity; but if of the former, thou condemnest thyself by abusing thy fellow-creature, and thus dishonourest his Maker.’

‘Well, friend,’ replied Jack, with equal solemnity and the quietest humour, ‘the animal I speak of is cross-bred—man on one side and mule on the other—a monster, with no more feeling than a turn-pike gate.’

The coach had now reached the head of Hartswood Hill; and as it

devolved on Jack to put on the 'skid' ere it descended the steep road leading to the river, the conversation, much to Frank's relief, sustained an abrupt check; and before the Quaker, moved to yet greater wrath by the guard's rejoinder, could hit it off again, the coachman caught a glimpse of the Squire's hounds on the opposite side of the valley, and shouted instantly to Jack to give them 'Bright Chanticleer,' in his gayest style.

The sight of a hound was always enough to inspire Jack with a transport of delight; and certain it is, if he had not in early life been chained to the wheels of a coach, and adopted the road as his profession, he would have taken with unqualified zest to hounds' work and the charms of the chase. So, on receiving that signal from the box, Jack's bugle, handled, as might be expected, *con amore*, rang out a sweet, joyous harmony to the depths of that woodland vale.

Even the Quaker's spirits, under the influence of the cheery notes, quickly assumed a more genial hue; and as Jack, prolonging the chorus, doubled it and redoubled it with thrilling effect, not a vestige of his former sombre Obadiah-like expression remained on his face. Had he looked in a glass, he would certainly have wondered what manner of man he had become, so great was the transmutation in so short a time. 'Verily, friend,' said he, addressing the guard, 'thy music doth almost tempt me to follow the chase.'

'Then jump off, sir,' said Jack, 'when we pull up at the bridge, and have a run with them; 'twill lengthen your life to see a find; and if you do but once hear the Squire shake his horn as the otter bolts and the hounds dash after him, cleaving the waves like a pack of porpoises, and throwing their tongues together till the leaves of the trees quiver with melody, you'll never forget it to the last hour of your life. That's what I call music, sir—wild and sweet as a mermaid's song.'

'Hast thou ever heard a mermaid, then, friend, or is it thy fervent imagination that leads thee to speak thus figuratively of a canine concert?'

'Heard a mermaid? Aye, scores of them, and seen them too outside the Breakwater and about the rocks in Cawsand Bay; and if you get up early, you may catch them any warm morning in Sandy Cove frisking and floating on the waves, and tossing their long back hair from one shoulder to another, as if they were tempting the tars to come out and have a romp with them. And now and then, when a youngster has been rash enough to venture amongst them, he is sure to pay a heavy penalty, and rue it for the rest of his life.'

'Thou hast been studying John Bunyan, friend, and art speaking in allegory,' said the Quaker, rightly divining the nature of Jack's mermaids, and rather amused than offended at the ineffectual attempt made to cram him.

The coach had now reached the bottom of the hill, and, being brought to a standstill within twenty yards of the meadow in which

the hounds, with a large party of gentlemen and ladies, were assembled awaiting the arrival of the Master, the eyes of the Quaker were at once riveted on the pack ; and, apparently captivated by their noble appearance, he determined to take Jack's advice, and follow them to the chase.

'My business at Exeter,' he said, 'can be safely deferred for a day or two ; and if, as thou averrest, the music of these animals is grateful to the ear, and the exercise conducive to health, I will put thy words to the proof, and devote the remainder of the day to this novel recreation. But, friend,' he continued, as he paused for a moment, with his foot resting on the wheel, 'art thou sure my presence would not be looked upon as intrusive by the owner of these hounds ?'

'On the contrary,' answered Frank, who, although hitherto taking no part in the conversation, had been observing with intense interest the growing inclination of the Quaker to join in the sport. 'My father, I am quite sure, will be delighted to see you : the more the merrier, you know, at this kind of game ; and he always makes a point of welcoming a stranger.'

A wicked twinkle in Jack's eye followed this observation, as the thought occurred to him, 'How the Squire will stare to see a live Quaker trotting with his hounds ;' but the look was only noticed by Frank, who, as he tipped his half-crown, whispered to the guard, 'If he don't take to water and turn Baptist before the day is over, it shan't be my fault ; that I'll promise you.'

A valley more thoroughly characteristic of Devonshire scenery than the one selected for that morning's meet can scarcely be found in the whole county. Its aspect, though strikingly sylvan and picturesque, can boast, however, of no grandeur, no mountain-tops, no rocky chasms indicating the violent convulsions of Nature in her infant days ; but on all sides there are hanging woods and flowery meads, through which the River Aune dances merrily along over a pebbly bed and silver sands. In the summer season, when the woods are in repose and the stream is undisturbed by a storm, the gentle features, the tranquil beauty, and the seclusion of the vale present attractions far more impressive to many minds than the wildest scenery of a mountain-pass. Trout and salmon delight in the stream, and the otter, following as a matter of course in the wake of his natural prey, if not a riparian proprietor, is at least a frequent visitor from the neighbouring coast.

Gara Bridge, the site of the present meet, being at a distance of five or six miles from the sea, the chance of a find amounts almost to a certainty, if the animal has fished during the night in that neighbourhood ; inasmuch as dreading the daylight, like other sinners, he is unable to return to the stronghold of the cliffs and escape the detection which not unfrequently awaits him on this fishing-ground, every hover of which, whether stone-covered drain or hollow bank, wherein he is wont to seek a day's lodging, is as well known to the local hunter as a rogue's roost in a village is known to the parish

constable. Thus, a drag so far away from head-quarters usually is, or ought to be, the prelude to a find.

John Brock (for that is the name by which the Quaker must be known), having given the guard the necessary directions with respect to his luggage, now quitted the coach; and, as on entering the meadow and mingling with the assemblage congregated round the hounds, he was unable to discover among them even one face with which he was familiar, he resolved on attaching himself to Frank, and adopting him as his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' for the rest of the day. 'Thou art an ardent lover of the chase, I perceive, young man,' he said, on observing the enthusiasm with which Frank rushed up to his favourite hounds, and the joy they exhibited on discovering who it was that caressed them. 'Thy years may be few, but thou hast had a far longer experience with these animals than I can pretend to have had; so, with thy permission, I will follow thy steps to the field, and be guided by thee in this adventurous chase.'

'All right,' said Frank, good-temperedly, 'I'll do my best to pilot you straight; but mind, the river twists like a corkscrew, and the paths on its banks are tortuous and perplexing. Better stick like wax to me, or the chances are you'll lose the hounds and get lost yourself in these deep woodlands. Yes; and you'll have to sup with the squirrels on hips and haws for aught else you'll find in this desolate vale.'

The countenance of the Quaker as he contemplated such a fate exhibited for some moments an unmistakable expression of alarm; but as he looked around him and saw several ladies prepared, in high spirits and expectation, to take their share in any danger to which the sport might lead them, he gradually recovered confidence, and, thanking Frank for his timely hints, he said, cheerily, 'Methinks, friend, if these fair women may be trusted, that they at least anticipate nothing but pleasure in the chase before us; nevertheless, so long as they can enjoy the present moment, there be few of them who care what the next may bring.'

The allusion to the ladies made Frank look around him for the first time, so intent had he hitherto been in overhauling the hounds and putting questions to the huntsman respecting the absence of an old terrier called Prince, once famous for his prowess in forcing the stoutest otter out of the deepest drain, when his eye caught sight of a lady, whom he instantly recognised as Mrs. Cornish of Heathercote; but as the pony she was driving appeared to be much excited, either by the music of Jack's horn or the presence of the hounds, the unruly little beast had so occupied her attention that as yet Frank's arrival had been unobserved by the fair widow.

It was not a usual thing for her to appear at the meet of the otter-hounds; but owing to the circumstance of Frank's non-appearance at the schoolhouse after the holiday which by her especial intercession had been granted to the boys, Mrs. Cornish, on the return of her gardener from his fruitless search on the moor, became

seriously uneasy, and determined at once to drive to the meet to ascertain what tidings, if any, had been obtained respecting the missing lad. Her only daughter, a fair-haired girl of scarcely seventeen, sat by her side; and being rather amused than alarmed by the gyrations of the pony, had persuaded her mother to hand over the reins to her, feeling assured that, as the little animal had been her daily companion and intimate pet, it would sober down and be pacified by the first touch of her hand. 'Shame upon you, Taffy,' she said, in a soft, coaxing voice, 'to play such pranks, just at the time, too, when you ought to be on your best behaviour.'

Whether it was the gentler manipulation of the reins, or the familiar, caressing tone in which she spoke, that wrought the change, certain it is that the magic wand of a fairy could scarcely have done it with more instantaneous effect; for the fiery little fellow no longer champed his bit and snorted like a war-horse, but, in one minute, walked away so perfectly tranquillised that he might have been guided and driven with a pack-thread.

'Well done, Mary,' said the mother, whose nervous apprehension of danger kept her in a state of almost chronic alarm; 'well done, my child: you have conquered him fairly, and certainly have a power over him which no one else can boast. It's all cupboard love though, I suspect; and his obedience is simply an act of gratitude for the many carrots and caresses you have lavished upon him.'

Mrs. Cornish was then on the point of delivering a moral lecture on the virtue of gratitude, so frequently exhibited even by brutes to those who are kind to them, when the figure of Frank Raleigh caught her eye and cut short the lesson she was about to inculcate. He was standing in the centre of a group of hounds, one of the biggest of which, reared erect on his hind-legs and resting his fore-paws on the boy's shoulders, was doing his best to lick his face; while Frank, though apparently chiding this familiarity, like a coy maiden, was, in truth, encouraging his advances, as he smacked his wiry back muscles with the palm of his hand, and affected to rate him with 'Back, Rubicon, back! get away, do, good hound!'

'Surely,' cried Mrs. Cornish, after surveying him steadfastly for some seconds, 'surely that is Frank Raleigh; look, Mary, it must be he caressing that hound and now talking to a strange man dressed like a Quaker. Turn the pony in that direction; I should like to talk to him.'

'Very glad to see the lost sheep found again,' said the elder lady, holding out her hand and shaking the boy's cordially as she held it. 'But do tell us what happened to you yesterday? Lost your way, of course, on the moor, and what then? for at twelve o'clock at night you had not returned to Buckbury! You dropped in, perhaps, with one of those lone farmhouses and were comfortably lodged and cared for during the night?'

'No, indeed,' replied Frank, with a merry laugh; 'we spent the night in the bogs, and at daylight found our way to Honeycombe Head, where the farmer treated us most hospitably; and soon after-

'wards Mr. Host, who had ridden all the way to Watercombe in search of us, found us at Mumford's and escorted us back to 'Buckbury.'

'And your companion,' inquired Mrs. Cornish, 'what has become of him?'

'Oh! Harry Somers; he returned to school, though I did my best to induce him to have a look at my father's hounds and see an otter-hunt. He's fonder of books, however, than I am, and into the bargain has a mortal dread of old Twigg's anger; so I came alone.'

'Not, I hope, without the doctor's leave?' said Mrs. Cornish, half-timidly and not a little shocked at the disrespectful tone in which Frank alluded to that dignitary.

'Yes, indeed; of necessity without leave. Had I stopped to ask it after my absence last night, which was purely accidental, he would have treated me like a convict, given me hard labour, and kept me on the grindstone, repeating odes of Anacreon and writing out Greek verbs for a week to come.'

'But how will you escape that and, perhaps, a worse fate when you now return?' inquired Mrs. Cornish, alluding somewhat pointedly to the well-known character of Dr. Twigg's rule; namely, the inflexible discipline and severe corporal punishment he was wont to administer when, in his judgment, the culprit deserved it.

'Come what will,' said the boy, colouring, 'I'll risk all for a good day's otter-hunting; but old Twigg will think twice before he rough-handles me again.'

A quiet little nudge from Mary's elbow reminded her mother that the conversation was becoming much too personal to be agreeable to Frank; and adroitly calling his attention to the pony's curb-chain, the girl inquired if he would kindly examine it, and tell them if it was not just a link or so too tight for the poor pony's chin.

This was found to be the case; and Frank, having instantly adjusted it to the right length, was so pleasantly thanked by the young lady for his trifling service, that, in spite of a strong effort to suppress it, a bashful sensation crept over him and a flush rose to his brow, lighted it up for a moment and then disappeared, like a meteor passing away. Transient as it was, though, it did not escape the notice of the mother's eye, who, however guiltless of the manœuvring art so calumniously attributed to mothers in general, possessed no small share of that strong, far-seeing, maternal instinct which prompts, and almost impels, a woman to fulfil scrupulously that injunction of Scripture commanding us to 'provide for our own.'

Frank Raleigh, as the lady well knew, was an only child, who, at the death of his father, would succeed to the Watercombe estate, which, with vast manorial rights extending over the properties of several neighbouring squires, had been entailed on the heirs male of this family since the days of King John.

The income of the estate, however, was not large compared with the extent of its acreage, which, comprising a vast tract of sterile, moorland soil, produced even in a dripping summer but a scanty pasturage for the diminutive sheep that roamed o'er its hills, and half-starved them in a dry one. Small rents were therefore paid for extensive farms; and many of the tenants worked harder and fared worse even than the fellow-labourers who helped them to till the soil; while the difficulty of paying both rent and wages made the position of the former a far less enviable one than that of his more humble and ill-paid dependent. Still, the Squire was not in debt; 'the skins,' which, in Devonshire, mean the title deeds of an estate, were in his own possession; nor was the property encumbered to the amount of a single shilling.

Frank, then, was a quarry not likely to escape the attention of a mother, who, however unpractised in the trapping art, had her wits about her and possessed a bait so fair and so attractive as Mary Cornish. While he was turning to rejoin the hounds and his Quaker companion, who still stood in silent admiration amongst them, Mrs. Cornish informed him that a picnic had been arranged for the Thursday in the following week, and, she added, 'You and your friend Somers must come to it: we meet at Holne Chase, and purpose crossing the Dart to explore Buckland Woods and the rocky Vale of the Webber. You know the country well, and will do us infinite service by acting as our cicerone on the occasion. Thursday, fortunately, is your weekly holiday; so pray come and go with us from Heathercote.'

'Too happy to do so,' said Frank; 'and I am quite sure Somers will be equally delighted to join you; but may I be allowed to bring my fishing-rod? The Webber swarms with trout, and I'll do my best to catch a good dish for your dinner.'

'By all means, bring your rod; but who is to fry the fish when caught?' inquired the lady, doubtfully.

'Oh, I'll do that! It's great fun hooking them out and popping them into the pan; lighting the fire and frying them afterwards. I've done it many a time on the old moor; and the fish, my father says, are sweeter in that way than any other.'

A joyous salutation from several of the hounds attracted Frank's attention at that moment, and, looking round, he discovered the well-known figure of his father, mounted on Old King Cole, entering the meadow and riding directly up to where the hounds were assembled. The old horse was in a lather—a most unusual circumstance for that well-conditioned beast; and Frank saw at a glance that something must have occurred to disturb his father, whose ordinary pace to join his otter-hounds rarely exceeded a fast jog-trot. But what that was must be reserved for the following chapter.

A DAY WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS IN 187-.

‘ And louder, and louder the challenge resounds,
Till it rings thro’ the combe with a chorus of hounds,
And the music of death with its echo surrounds
The King of the West.’—*Whyte-Melville*.

‘ WELL, old fellow, what are you going to do this autumn?’ I was asked this question by an old friend in the month of August, 187-, when busy London was taking its siesta in the country and my own chambers were peopled more with flies than with briefs.

My friend’s question was suggestive. A pleasing idea at once crept into my brain of breezy moorlands, sparkling trout streams, and sweet-scented heather; the vision grew into shape—I decided on my autumn plan—‘ I will go westward and have some hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and perhaps manage to get a little fishing. You had better come with me, old boy—try and come, there’s a good fellow!’ ‘ Indeed, I wish I could, nothing I should like better,’ replied my friend; ‘ I know something of the Exmoor country, and would gladly improve my acquaintance with it, but I am off to Baden-Baden this evening: my people have telegraphed for me, and I am bound to obey the family call; but perhaps I might manage to look you up in the land of the west towards the end of next month. In the meantime good luck to you, only take care not to be captured by any of the bright-eyed damsels of Devonshire!’ With this caution my friend departed, and I was left to arrange my suddenly-thought-of expedition to the west countrie.’

My preparations did not take long. I fortunately had no farewells to make, everybody being out of town—or wished their friends to believe so. The journey down to the west is well known, so I need not relate at what a rate of speed I was propelled to Taunton in four hours, or how quiet and sleepy that incorruptible little borough looked in the summer twilight. I had made up my mind to ride from thence to my intended head-quarters, and accordingly (mounted on my active little mare) found myself one lovely September evening wending my way slowly along in the direction of Dunster. I caught my first glimpse of the town with its grey old ivy-covered castle perched upon a knoll, which nature seems to have made expressly for its occupation, just as the setting sun was tinting its historic walls with a ruddy glow. As the evening air, laden with the half-forgotten perfume of heather and broom, blew softly in my face, the days of my childhood rushed vividly back, when I used to wander among those Exmoor hills with my well-worn fishing rod on my shoulder, and with no greater anxiety on my mind than a fear that the streams were not sufficiently

coloured by the late storm for the fish to take freely. In that moment of youthful recollections all the intervening years of hard work and vain regrets seemed a dream, and I was a light-hearted boy once more.

But hunger soon overcame even the remembrances of joyous childhood, so I reminded the mare of her duties and her nearness to corn, and clattered gaily up to the Luttrell Arms, where I was received with effusion by a sporting-looking groom (who eyed the mare approvingly), mine host, and a neat maid-servant, without, happily, that too often melancholy appendage in country inns—the broken-down waiter who had arrived at years beyond discretion.

Little remained to be done, save to order dinner, see that the mare was properly attended to, and have a look at the quaint little town; so remembering Jorrocks' motto, 'A musciful man is musciful to his quad,' I went to the stables first (very fair ones they are too) and found the sporting groom busy wipping down the mare. In the intervals of his violent hissings he managed to give me the details of a wonderful run the Devon and Somerset Staghounds had had the previous week. This account and the information that the hounds would meet the following Tuesday at Cloutsham sent me in to dinner with a west-country appetite. The Exmoor mutton being duly despatched, I strolled into the village street, and examined the queer old market-place, once the centre, it is said, of considerable trading operations, but now reserved only to mark the picturesque. The beauty of the evening tempted me onwards into the park, where I wandered among the stately elms until the yellow harvest-moon, rising slowly through the mist, reminded me that I should turn my steps towards mine inn, thinking the while that Dunster is the loveliest village of the west, lying as it does at the foot of the castle, as if asking its protection, which it seems to give with a half-smiling, half-dignified look.

The following Tuesday finds me en route for Cloutsham, the meet that day of the staghounds.

The autumn sun is tempered by a fresh breeze, the birds are singing a lively *Te Deum*—all is gay; and as I jog through the beautiful Timberscombe Valley, I envy those whose lot is cast in such pleasant places.

By-and-by I come out on the open breezy moorland. From all sides people are wending their way to Cloutsham, dotting the landscape with patches of scarlet; then I pass through the Horner Woods beside a clear and noisy stream, and after a steep pinch of hill, I find myself at Cloutsham Farm.

'Arthur,' the huntsman, with his pleasant face and cheery manner, is keeping watch at the barn door, where the hounds are kennelled, trying in vain to silence some impatient young ones.

'George,' the whip, is in deep conversation with the harbourer, on whose tidings depend our chance of sport, but who keeps the knowledge of the result of his early morning visit to the combe

to himself, until he confides it to the Master, who has not yet come up.

I am early, so putting my mare into the farm stables, or rather sheds, I amuse myself watching the numerous arrivals.

Among the first comes a gig containing three merry, rosy-cheeked girls. The skittish mare they are driving (refusing stoutly to pass the farmhouse where we are waiting) occasions them great excitement and a good chance of an upset, which, luckily, is avoided by the prompt assistance of some young farmers, who are rewarded later in the day for their gallantry with much cake and tepid sherry.

Now large parties of farmers' wives and daughters arrive from their distant homesteads, mounted on the fattest of carthorses and the shaggiest of Exmoors, with saddles of the pre-third-tour age. And their habits! . . . Well, I must describe one sporting old dame. Her habit is a white petticoat, far too short, and thereby she unconsciously exhibits a quarter of a yard of white stocking and a dilapidated boot—she comes mounted on a staunch old cart mare, rides gallantly about the whole day, refusing steadfastly to dismount, and refreshes herself at short intervals with bread and ham, washed down by copious draughts from a large black bottle, that she produces from—heaven only knows where! She is continually saying she is sure she 'sawed a stag:' in one instance her excited imagination leads her to mistake a venerable donkey for the 'king of the west;' after which little blunder her wild exclamations are doubted even by the most unwary.

I hope my sport-loving old dame got back to her farm in safety, for the last glimpse I got of her was distressing—it was just as we found—and the fat cart mare and herself were entertaining very different ideas as to their course of duty at this exciting moment.

Now a party would arrive from Lynton in a break, who are utterly indifferent to sport, and only long for the moment they may with decency begin to attack the luncheon baskets. Then up the steep hill would toil some real west countrymen on their spicy little nags; now again a large party of grooms leading horses, many with side-saddles, whose owners quickly follow on wheels. Now and then 'a stranger' would arrive, and be severely criticised by the young farmers lounging about. They generally have a pretty correct notion as to whether he is what they call a 'real sporting 'up-the-country gent,' or some 'stranger fellow from London,' which means that they probably think him a tailor. I feel secretly anxious to know what they think of me, and am not quite happy in my mind until I hear them pass a most favourable verdict on my nag.

Then comes the parson of the hunt—what west countryman does not know without my naming him, that best and keenest of sportsmen—up he comes with a smile and a joke for all. As he answers the numerous greetings he receives, I catch his cheery acknowledgments, 'Very well, thank ye.'—'How's the missus?' Long ride for 'an old fellow like me, eh?—rode all the way from home this

‘ morning—a good thirty mile and more.’ ‘ Going to ride all the way back, too?’ ‘ Yes; the old horse looks well, don’t he? Doesn’t change much more than his master—last my time, anyhow. ‘ Hullo! that’s your little girl? your first day, my dear? ‘ Then we must blood you; follow me and you shall see the kill. Oh! I’ll take care of her, never fear.’ So I see the plucky little girl made utterly happy—she is to be piloted over the moor by the Rev. —, and her joy is complete.

Here is the Master, and a waggonette comes up to the farm at a sharp trot, the most popular sportsman in the county gets out, divests himself of his wraps, and is soon in communication with the harbourer. Five minutes more and Arthur receives his instructions, calls out three or four couple of his steadiest hounds, gets into his saddle, and disappears down one of the narrow hunting paths leading into the combe, with the hounds jogging steadily at his heels; ‘ George’ brings up the rear, having got information from the harbourer which side of the cover to draw first.

The overture has begun.

We all go into the field called Cloutsham Ball, from whence we get a perfect view of the combe. Report says we shall find soon—report is almost always wrong, and to-day proves no exception to the rule. The Master places himself in a good position for seeing a deer get away, and with his powerful field-glass in his hand waits patiently. Two hours pass—not a sign. The large break party from Lynton have long ago begun their lunch; many follow their example. Hark! a hound speaks—then another; all the field is in a state of commotion. The only person who remains still is the Master, who with his glass is watching intently the hounds that are pushing their way eagerly through the brushwood. In a minute more every hound has opened, and an excited farmer tallies, pointing wildly to a small brown object, that at the distance does not look larger than a calf, going slowly over the side of the hill. The Master turns and says, ‘ Don’t you know a hind when you see it?’ At the same moment Arthur’s voice is heard rating in cover, ‘ Ware hind, ware hind!’ crack goes his whip, sounding like a pistol shot through the clear air.

We wait again; this time not so quietly. Time goes on, but hark! what’s that?—a hound speaks on this side of the cover. We listen—now there is a perfect chorus. George gallops to a distant point to get a view. We strain our eyes and ears, the chorus grows louder, Arthur’s voice is heard—this time encouraging the hounds. In the distance we can see that George’s cap is up. A brown animal at a fast swinging trot breaks at the far side of the cover, we can hear George’s distant tally as he gallops forward to stop the tufters, and we know that the right quarry has at last got away.

The new hands at stag-hunting get excited; the old hands remain quiet, and await the return of Arthur for the pack, devoutly hoping that the stag is a good plucked one and ‘ gone for the forest.’ One of the field gallops up and announces that he saw the stag break,

that he has three a top on each horn, and looks as if he would give us a rare gallop. Well, we shall soon see, for Arthur is coming down the steep road to the farm blowing his horn. In a minute every man, whether he means riding or not, is in his saddle, longing to be off. The pack is quickly got out, and away we go clattering up the road on to the moor, a long train of us, all anxious to see the 'hounds laid on,' if we see nothing more. We break into a canter; in five minutes we are at the place where they are 'to lay on.' Arthur stops and looks at the Master, who nods affirmatively, then trots quietly forward with the hounds—we remain still—and with cap in hand he waves them on. They feather for an instant, then dash forward with an eager whimper, and they are on the line. The scent is burning. We stream silently away towards the forest. The pace is too good to do anything but take one's horse by the head and save him, for we seem to be in for a good thing. We keep steadily on, across the Exford Road—here the hounds check for a moment, and we all push and jostle through the narrow gate in the forest wall. I take a glance forward, billow after billow of heather-clad moor seems to rise before my eyes as far as I can strain them, and I know that I am looking away over the genuine Exmoor Forest.

After a slight hesitation the hounds are on again, and all doubt of our stag being 'a game one' is at an end. Even by this time the field has tailed considerably. In the distance I see many struggling on, trying to make for some point that they imagine the stag is sure to pass. I, fortunately for myself, keep my eye on a sagacious-looking sportsman in grey, who seems to know the moor as well as his own farmyard, and who avoids the boggy bits in a manner that saves his horse much labour, and mine too, for I follow closely in his steps, wondering how long it will last at this pace.

Down over a steep hillside, half galloping, half slipping we go. I follow the example of my leader—jump off, and run down by the mare's side, then across a gurgling stream, up a real steep pinch of hill, which stops many, and I find myself still looking across a perfect wilderness of moor, hill after hill, sweep after sweep of moorland—nothing to break its beautiful brown monotony but little silver streams finding their way gradually to the sea; troops of sheep as active and agile as goats; and here and there a herd of forest ponies, with manes and tails flying as they scud away on our approach.

Now we come to a boggy bit that none of us can avoid; here many good ones are reduced to a walk. How I ever manage to get my mare over it, I can't think, except that she was bred on the moor, and has, moreover, many years' good condition on her; but she is not sorry to catch her wind again on the top of the hill.

Arthur is in difficulties, for he has missed his second horse; George is on with the pack, having managed to nick in with his horse earlier in the run. I wait a minute, when I hear a shrill whistle, which, on Arthur's answering, the lad leading his second

horse appears. In a minute he has changed, and we are 'forrard' again.

Luckily for us the hounds have checked just below, and are eagerly trying both sides of the stream. The scent has been foiled by sheep, but Arthur, trotting down stream, soon has them right again. 'He's changed his point: he straight for "Water's Meet" 'now,' calls out George. Down stream we go for several miles; then the hounds turn suddenly upwards, and we are once more on the open moor.

The pace increases; I begin to wish the run to finish, for I can't last much longer at this rate. We pass an enthusiastic farmer's boy on an unshod Exmoor, who calls out that the stag is just ahead, dead beat, making straight for the water. We reach the — cover; down through it we gallop, the hounds in full cry; we turn and twist through the narrow paths, only wide enough for one, keeping us back sadly. It is difficult to know which turn to take. We can see nothing, hear nothing, for every hound has become suddenly silent. We stop and listen. Hark, a whimper! 'That is Nelson down by the water, for a sovereign!' Away dashes Arthur at a break-neck pace, scrambling and slipping down the steep path. I follow as quickly as I dare. My mare is quite beat, though she will hardly own it. I hear a wild Tally-ho! get a glimpse of the stream below, where I see a fine stag slowly making his way down the water. In a moment more the hounds have viewed him; they are baying all round him. He makes a last effort, dashing wildly at them with his horns, and trots heavily and wearily forward. From all sides of the cover the field arrives, cheering on the hounds and tallying till the woods vibrate with the sound. Look! he staggers and blunders. The hounds are on him. He rallies for a minute: he is in deep water, which is a great pull for him, as it obliges the hounds to swim. He places himself with his back to the rocky bank, and makes an effort to battle with his tormentors. His efforts become feebler. Arthur jumps off his horse, scrambles down through the tangled underwood, and just as the stag is sinking on his knees, manages, with the assistance of George, to throw a rope round his horns and—well, I turn away, and, keen sportsman as I am, I wish that the noble beast battling for his life in the stream below, with his upreared crest and sad appealing eyes, could live to give us another gallop over his beautiful moorland, that he has crossed for the last time to-day. But when I turn and look again, the stream is blood-stained, the hounds are greedily lapping it up, and the stag is lying half in the water and half on the bank, with his eyes already glazed, his throat cut, and his body, so active but a few short minutes before, now stiff and motionless.

Arthur whoo-whoops and blows the mort note on his horn, which echoes through the combe till the sound dies away on the distant sea.

The Master looks dignifiedly pleased, and we all congratulate each other on having seen the best thing of the season, and turn our horses' heads homewards.

' I am uncertain as to my route, and ask the way from my cheery friend in grey, who has unconsciously piloted me through the run. He offers to guide me. I pull out my cigar-case. My new friend smokes—all good fellows do—and we start on our way to Millslade, where we hope to get some gruel for our horses.

I feel the delightful sensation that one experiences after a good run—a half-pleasant sense of fatigue, with the consciousness of having thoroughly 'lived' the day; and as I ride along, hearing heart-stirring accounts of runs in seasons past, I determine that I will send for two more horses and finish the season bravely, and give up all else for this autumn.

Onward we go, following a picturesque road that leads beside a brawling stream until we come to Millslade.

The little inn is crowded round by anxious sportsmen, all eager in pursuit of gruel for their tired nags; and as the demand for this article of refreshment seems so much greater than the supply, my friend begs me to come on to his place at Oare, and get gruel for my mare there. I gladly accept his offer, and we jog on together through the valley till we come to Oare village, with its tree-embosomed church and cheery farmhouse. Here my friend, a staunch preserver of the red deer, lives, and the chance acquaintance that we made that day has ripened into a sporting friendship that I hope may never be broken.

When the mare and I are sufficiently refreshed, he points me out my homeward way, and, with many a kind wish that I might be able to see another such a run, I start.

My way lies up through the Oare valley, the stream still keeping me company till I reach the open moor. I have the road to myself; the rest of the hunt have either lingered behind, rehearsing the events of the day, the pluck of their nags and their own prowess, or have hurried on, so I follow the winding road leading from Lynton to Porlock without a creature in sight, the sea on my left and the moorland lying away on my right, with grey, grim old Dunkery in the distance.

I pass the Culbone covers sloping to the sea, look down on Porlock Weir, with its many fishing-boats; go down over the steepest and stoniest of roads, and find myself at last in Porlock village.

As I cross the bridge, where all the gossips of the place are assembled, I am stopped by anxious inquiries—'Where did you 'kill?' and 'Is he a fat un?'

On I go, through the most beautiful of Somersetshire lanes, pass the picturesque hunting-box of Sir Thomas Acland; leave Bossington Hill, with its many ilex-trees that look like olives in the distance, with their shivering cold green leaves; pass Minthead—or at least look down on it, for my road lies above; on and on I go. I am tired—the mare very tired—and I am right glad to see through the dim twilight the towers of Dunster. Arrived at my inn, the mare and I are received with enthusiasm, and many are the questions I have to answer.

‘Please, sir, a telegram for you; came this morning after you ‘left.’ Oh, those yellow missives!—what a nuisance they are!

Ere I opened it I felt a sinking presentiment that it was recalling me to London. But too true. Back the following day I had to go, and my dreams of finishing the season were at an end.

That night I drank success to stag-hunting, the sport of the west, and determined that not another year should pass without seeing me established at Dunster, well mounted and prepared for the hunting campaign.

Alas! *L’homme propose, Dieu dispose*. Several seasons have passed since then, and I have not realised my cherished wish; but this autumn of ’74 must make up for the disappointments of the past; and I pray that we may find in Horner Woods this year as plucky a fellow as showed us the way over the forest those seasons ago, and gave me my first day with—

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

E. K.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

SAVAGE SPORT.

‘Magnaque tauroium fracturi colla Britanni.’

CLAUDIAN.

‘And British mastives downe that puls (*sic*)
Or breake the necks of sturdy bulls.’

CAMDEN.

IN days gone by there existed a savoury notion that it was unlawful to kill a bull for food unless he had been previously baited, and although the idea must unhappily be relinquished as unsupported by evidence, we may aver that it originated in the fact that the animal was usually slaughtered for food among the people to whose amusement he had been compelled to minister, and thus the bull adorned with ribbons and gay as a bridegroom was doubly welcome. We find mentioned in Hone’s ‘Every Day Book’ a custom at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, instituted by Earl Warren of that place, and continued certainly as late as 1825, where a bull was hunted through the town by men and boys armed with sticks, which were not allowed to be loaded or tipped with iron, until he was ‘bridged,’ i. e. brought to bay on the bridge; he was then hoisted into the Welland, and finally slaughtered for the poor people. There also existed until the middle of the last century a custom of ram-hunting once a year at Eton College, ‘the boys having a ram bludgeon, or stick ‘knotted, with ivy having grown about it, numbers of which were ‘sold from the neighbouring woods: with these they used to knock ‘the ram down. The ram was afterwards made into pasty and ‘served up in the hall in the feastings of election week, probably ‘more venison than mutton put into it.’ The baiting or running of

the bull and the hunting of the ram were supposed to impart a delicious tenderness to the meat, which was doubtless eaten with more than ordinary relish. The process did not always succeed, if we are to believe the words of the song, which says :

‘The beef it was old and tough,
Of a bull that was baited to death;
Bunny Hide got a lump in his throat,
Which had like to have stopped his breath.’

The mention of a subject so vulgar as bull-baiting would require an apology but for the tempting example of the Dog and Dwarf story, by this time consigned to the limbo of improbabilities, and which created so much excitement in the public mind. Contests of extraordinary character have no doubt been witnessed by our combat-loving countrymen, and we may mention, without risk of offence, one between a man and a dog which actually took place.

It is now thirty years since, in the neighbourhood of a large town, where a suburban squire preserved his game, his head keeper walked into the village smoke-room, and there he found, among the company assembled, a little gentleman with much money, great pretensions, and a large dog. The dog, probably a cross between a mastiff and Newfoundland, became the subject of conversation.

‘A fine dog, keeper,’ said one of the company.

‘Yes, he is,’ said the keeper, ‘a very fine dog.’

‘Such a one as you would like to have with you at night,’ said the other.

‘Well,’ said the keeper, ‘he might be useful; a dog is good company at night.’

‘I suppose, sir,’ said the man who first spoke, turning to the little owner, ‘that dog would “pin” a man?’

‘Bless you, yes; kill one in five minutes,’ said the owner.

The keeper smiled incredulously and said, ‘Not quite, sir.’

‘Why, keeper,’ said the little gentleman, indignant that his dog’s power of homicide should be questioned, ‘I’ll bet you twenty pounds that if you were to put a hand on me he would pull you to the ground.’

‘Nat he,’ said the keeper.

‘I’ll bet you twenty pounds he does,’ said the little gentleman.

‘I ain’t got no twenty pounds to bet,’ said the keeper.

‘Well, try it and see,’ said the proud little owner.

‘It ain’t worth trying,’ said the keeper; ‘but I never knowed a dog as would face a man as was a man.’

‘But this dog would,’ said the owner.

‘Nat he,’ said the keeper.

The company became interested and proceeded to offer bets, some on the keeper and others on the dog, until, at length, a wager was laid that the dog floored the keeper. There happened, however, to be present a man of law, who informed them that the affair was illegal, and that if the keeper were killed they would all be liable to

transportation beyond the seas as accessories to his death; but he was no spoil-sport, and offered, for a trifling fee, to draw up a document for the keeper's signature, whereby that individual desired all men to know by those presents that he gave his life freely, and it is presumed pardoned everybody in the name of Her Majesty and the law. This highly legal document being duly executed, the keeper walked up to the little gentleman and said, 'What be I to do?'

'Hit me,' said the little gentleman.

'Where will you have it?' asked the keeper. The little gentleman saw the keeper's great mutton fist very near his head, and thought a second time; he did not like the look of that mutton fist.

'No, keeper,' said he, 'don't hit me—shake me.' Hereupon the keeper, took hold of the little gentleman by the collar and nearly shook his head off, all the while keeping an eye on the big dog, which the little gentleman held between his legs.

'Shake me again,' said the little man. The keeper did as he was bid, and almost choked the little fellow, who, anxious that his dog should be irritated as much as possible, bore it like a martyr. Having had enough shaking, he loosed the dog—the dog bounded at the keeper, who coolly took him by the jowls, administered two or three sharp knocks with his fist on the side of the dog's head, and threw him on his back. The dog gave one whimper, put his tail between his legs, and, the door happening to be opened at the time, he fairly bolted down the road. 'There,' said the keeper, 'I told you I never knowed a dog as would face a man as was a man; of course, 'if a man ain't a man, a dog may do something.' And thus ended the terrific contest, which rather operates against the probability of a dog facing the same man three times. But a love of the marvellous is a common failing.

It was amusing to mark the high tone of feeling and 'tall talk' on the savage nature of Englishmen thus unexpectedly manifested; the frantic desire to punish somebody for this apocryphal piece of barbarism was wonderful; but the story was too descriptive to be true, and there was no one to be punished. Still there are well-regulated people who cling with fond affection to a tale which gave a thrilling but a fleeting pleasure.

But to our theme—the old and vulgar sport of bull-baiting. Old, it undoubtedly is: Strutt mentions it as common in Henry the Second's time. Claudian, whose line heads this article, wrote in the fourth and fifth centuries, and an enthusiast might argue that it took its origin in the time of the Druidical sacrifices. Vulgar it must be, notwithstanding Queen Elizabeth provided one at Greenwich for the entertainment of the Danish ambassador; and although, in 1816, the allied sovereigns, it is said, honoured with their presence another which we got up on Moulsey Hurst to show their Majesties the manners and customs of the people who had just thrashed Buonaparte. This, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*, as we are unable to find any evidence of the fact beyond bare assertion.

In the present century, it has been most commonly known in the

Midlands, especially in and about the neighbourhood of the Black Country, a district in Staffordshire concerning which some writers seem to have ideas as definite as of ancient Ethiopia. It was in vogue until the year 1825, and, notwithstanding frequent prosecutions, was not discontinued for ten or fifteen years afterwards; but the last *recorded* bull-bait took place at Brierley Hill in 1835.

The bull-bait was an annual festival, and, as a rule, took place at the village wake or vigil, which was the Eve Feast of the saint to whom the parish church was dedicated; but pseudo wakes were established at other times, such as the building of a chapel or the setting up of a peal of bells, invariably, however, on some occasion connected with the church; and it is curious to observe the connection of common games with religious matters, of which whipping-tops in the season of Lent, as an illustration of the scourging of sinners, may be taken as an example. The colliers and nailers were fond of their dogs, and looked forward to the opportunity of trying them in the orthodox way as the great treat of the year. 'You get 'us a bull, sir,' said an old fellow to a special commissioner the other day. 'You get us a bull, sir. There's plenty of the old 'runners left; we'll find dogs and risk the police; but the job is to 'get a bull.' 'So I suppose,' said the special commissioner. 'Oh, 'bless your life!' said the man, 'the farmers would not lend us a 'bull on no account now. No—nor yet butchers; but they're 'frightened, d'ye 'see; that's what it is, else their hearts are in it 'as much as they ever was. Did you ever see a bull-bait, sir?' 'Never,' said the special commissioner. 'You would have 'enjoyed it, sir; but it was always a hard matter to get a bull 'even in the best of time; but we have begun the wake with one 'bull, and finished with seven,' said the old man. 'Did the farmers 'get excited by the sport, that they lent their bulls so freely?' asked the special commissioner. 'Oh, no; it wasn't that,' replied the old man; 'but the bulls did—they get so fond on it; and as 'soon as they know there's a bait going on—which they do when 'the bull roars—and every bull as hears a bull roar, roars again; 'so the news gets circ'lated through the country, till one arter 'another they come over hedge and ditch to the wake: they like 'it, sir; they like it.' 'Did the farmers give their bulls for the 'sake of the sport?' asked the special commissioner. 'Not 'exac'ly; they was paid for it; every man as had a dog paid a 'shilling for the run. It warn't every dog as "pinned" the bull; 'most on 'em messed it altogether, or else got tossed, and then you 'had to catch 'em—if you didn't, you got a punch o' the head, and if 'you did, the dog might bite you; but now and then one pinned 'him and held him to the ground.' 'Like a horse in a twitch!' said the special commissioner. 'Just so; like a horse in a twitch. 'The bull got very cunning arter he was once pinned; he got his 'head well under, and only gave the dog his horns,' said the old man. 'The dog had a certain distance to run from "scratch," 'so the bull had time to get ready.'

This reminded the special commissioner of a story told him by a

worthy gentleman, afterwards a justice of the peace, who, on his way to a dinner party, and dressed accordingly, elbowed his way to the inner and select circle of the bull-ring at Wednesbury, where, on the High Bullen, the bull was staked. Those were the days of brass buttons, black stocks, white waistcoats, and frilled shirts. He saw a dog tossed yards high; pushed forward by the crowd, he was unable to avoid the descending dog, and his face, frill, and waistcoat were dirtied and torn by the poor creature in its fall. Although annoyed at this disturbance of his finery, he looked benignly at the owner of the dog, expecting an apology as the man stooped at his feet to pick up the bruised and battered animal; but he looked in vain, for the fellow, thinking more of his dog than the gentleman, stared him in the face and exclaimed: '— thee — surree! why didn't catch the dog?' It is needless to remark that the future justice of the peace came to the conclusion that, whatever the merits of bull-baiting might be, it certainly was not conducive to politeness.

Of course, bull or any other baiting could not benefit mankind morally, intellectually, or physically, and there were sometimes incidents too shocking to mention—people will scarcely believe what a living witness can testify, that on one occasion *a man actually pinned the bull with his teeth and held him!* The excitement consisted in watching the courage with which the dog attacked the bull, and the skill with which he avoided his horns and seized him in the right place. The dog received all the sympathy and encouragement, while the poor baited creature, tied to a stake, had no alternative but to fight in self-defence—a noble pastime, surely! But we had better not press this view of the matter too far, or we may have to ask ourselves some ugly questions. It seems, however, to be our nature that the larger and more familiar the animal, the greater our sympathy; the expressions of pain and suffering being more visible. The bull was the first to disappear from the arena, the bear next, and the badger followed them.

It is curious to refer to the arguments of Mr. Wadham Windham, a member of Mr. Pitt's administration, who, with Mr. Canning, defended bull-baiting on the introduction of a bill for its suppression in the year 1800:*

'The poor,' he said, 'laboured under too many restraints in their amusements. In France and other countries they might dance all night; but here, if a hop or a pantomime were announced, the magistrates were instantly in arms. It was politic and prudent to encourage athletic exercises among the lower classes; and if heads were occasionally broken in these encounters, that was their affair. . . . He should be sorry if the breed of bulldogs were extinct; since the days of Augustus they were emblematic of the national character. There was no more cruelty in bull-baiting than in hare-hunting or the shooting of game. If the House was inclined to prohibit any of these, they should set the example by abolishing

* Langford's 'Century of Birmingham Life.'

‘those which were almost peculiar to themselves before they interfered with the diversions of the common people.’

Windham’s real feelings on the subject are apparent in the last sentence : he evidently thought the proposed legislation partial, and disapproved of it on that account ; for he could scarcely fail to see the fallacy of his own argument in comparing baiting a creature tied to a stake with the destruction of a wild animal by hunting or shooting, which has always been the right and privilege of man, and may be—and still is in some countries—a necessity. Canning contended that ‘no legislative proceeding could be correct which militated against the bent, the feelings, and spirit of the people.’ People must take the arguments of these two statesmen for what they are worth ; but some may think that depriving the labourer of his skittle-alley is carrying interference a little too far.

That bull-baiters were not always irreclaimable ruffians may be shown by the manner in which the pastime was suppressed in one of its strongholds in Staffordshire. The magistrates had determined to put it down by force, and for that purpose were about to swear in a number of special constables. The parson of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Howell, known as the Bishop of Tipton, and an old man, fearing that such a course would lead to bloodshed and ill-feeling, and believing that the love between himself and his parishioners was mutual, waited on the magistrates and induced them, by his own solemn promise that there should be no bull-bait, to abstain from forcible interference.

The bull was led to the stake ; the dogs were there, and a crowd of people, colliers and others, when the white-haired old man appeared amongst them. ‘My lads,’ said he, ‘you must take the bull home again ; there is to be no bull-bait to-day.’ ‘Why not, parson ?’ asked half a dozen fellows around him. ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I say so.’ ‘Well, but parson, you ain’t against us, are you ?’ said the men. ‘No,’ said the old man, ‘I am not against *you*, but I have given my word to the magistrates that there shall be no bull-bait.’ ‘Muster Howell,’ said one of them, ‘how could you give your word for us ?—you can go and tell them as you axed us, and did your best ; that will be enough for them.’ ‘But not for *me*,’ replied the sturdy old gentleman. ‘I know you well, and I told them that the Tipton men would never make a liar of me.’ ‘It warn’t right, Muster Howell,’ said the crowd, coaxingly. ‘It warn’t right, and you hadn’t ought to ha’ done it.’ ‘Not right ?’ said old Howell ; ‘why I have saved you all from broken heads and the dungeon, and I gave my word because I knew you : take the bull home.’ The colliers were very sulky and grumbled a good deal, when one fellow called out, ‘Here’s a go ! the parson says there is to be no bull-bait !’ ‘—— the parson !’ said somebody. ‘What’s that ?’ said the old man. ‘Have I lived all these years among you to hear a Tipton man say “—— the parson ?”’ He ‘ain’t a Tipton man, Muster Howell ; he’s a Bilston man,’ said a dozen voices, anxious for the orthodoxy of their own parish. ‘Aye !’

said old Howell, 'a Bilston man, is he? I thought he could not be 'a Tipton man.' The obnoxious foreigner was the object of instant attack, and it needed old Howell's interference to save him from rough usage. In the confusion the bull was led away, and so ended bull-baiting at Tipton. The sport is now happily extinguished. The dog-loving collier now pursues the less robust pastime of rabbit-coursing, and the stolid bulldog has given way to the small greyhound and long-legged terrier. The sports do not make the people, but the people make the sports. Rabbit-coursing is not practised unmolested, as appears by recent magisterial decisions; and in what form this innate 'proneness to kill' will next appear remains to be seen. Whatever lurking kindness may remain for certain diversions that were said to act as a safety-valve to the rude passions of a pugnacious people, there can be no desire on the part of any genuine sportsman to see baiting revived.

T. H. G.

A DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING NEAR PALERMO.

PALERMO is, I think, without exception, the nicest and prettiest place in either Sicily or Italy proper. Situated at the bottom of a deep bay, and backed by a range of high hills, the city has a most beautiful appearance when viewed from the sea, and, for a wonder, it loses none of its charms when you land. Englishmen have always been held in high estimation there; indeed, it is said that, during the long sojourn of Lord Nelson's fleet there, a very considerable quantity of English blood was mixed with the Sicilian. How true this may be, or how far it may account for the favour in which we are held, I cannot say, but this I know, you will see more blue eyes and light hair in one day amongst the Palermitans that you will in any other place in Sicily or Italy in a twelvemonth; and once, when I asked my father, who was in Nelson's fleet, his opinion, the old sea-dog merely replied by a suggestive wink! Anyhow, let the cause be what it may, an Englishman ever meets the greatest hospitality, civility, and respect there.

In a former article I described a couple of days' partridge shooting in the island; in this I purpose to recall the memory of a day spent with one of the best-hearted fellows that ever breathed, who, although an Italian by blood and birth, was, by manner, taste, and love of all kinds of field sports, a perfect English gentleman, a kind friend, an agreeable companion, and a keen sportsman. My friend, Prince G——, was a universal favourite, but having in some way excited the suspicions of the Neapolitan government, he was dragged from his bed one night, conveyed from Palermo to Naples, and from that time I have never heard of or from him, and I sadly fear that he, like many others, fell a secret victim to the tyranny of the brutal 'Bombadina;' for although we made all possible inquiries through our Minister at Naples, we could never obtain any information of

his whereabouts or fate. At the time I am writing of, the whole of Italy was in a most disturbed state, as the advent of Garibaldi was hourly expected; and as an example of the state of espionage that was kept up, I may mention that, at a supper party given to us by a nobleman who was suspected of being inimical to the reigning powers, one of my messmates, who spoke Italian well, in proposing a toast, took from a cake the Italian and English flags, and holding them up, expressed a hope that they might again float side by side in victory, as they did in the Crimea. The toast was drunk with immense enthusiasm, and nothing more was thought of it; but, three months afterwards, this officer was called upon by our Admiralty for an explanation of rebel sentiments said to have been expressed by him in his after-supper speech, the Neapolitan government having reported that he had totally ignored the Neapolitan flag, and that his coupling an Italian flag with the English one was tantamount to an expression of Garibaldian sentiments, and of a sympathy with the rebel opinions. Of course my friend disclaimed any such intentions, and we heard no more about it, but our host was compelled by the king to leave Palermo and reside under the eye of the police at Naples. But 'to return to our muttuns.' Early in April, G—— told me that he thought it probable that the solitary snipe had arrived, and that if I would accompany him to his country seat, he thought we might succeed in killing a few. This was glorious news, as, in addition to the rareness of the solitary snipe, there was little or indeed I may say no sport of any kind to be got near Palermo; so I need hardly say I gladly closed with his offer. Our programme was to leave Palermo in the afternoon, dine and sleep at his place, and shoot the next day, wind up with a picnic dance, and return to the city that night. Accordingly, having packed a suit of undress uniform with our shooting 'togs,' we started as proposed, our party consisting of G—— and two friends of his, and myself and three of 'ours,' one of whom, however, was a non-shooter.

After a lovely drive of about ten miles, we reached the Villa G——, one of the prettiest places I ever saw; and as word had been sent to the major domo of our coming, we found dinner ready for us. And here let me say that G——'s house was the only one I ever entered, in any part of Italy, where one could enjoy the luxury of a tub—most Italians wash (?) in a basin the size of a breakfast-cup; but G—— having been educated at the Naval School at Gosport, appreciated, in a proper degree, the use of cold water, and he had had built in his grounds a spacious swimming bath, supplied with water by a deliciously clear brook, and deep enough to enjoy 'a header,' while at the upper end a cascade of about eight feet fall made a glorious douche.

After dinner cards and grog were the order of the evening, and we did not turn in until the 'wee sma' hours.'

Next morning, after a plunge in the bath and a light breakfast, we took the field, our party consisting of five guns. Following the course of the brook which supplied the bath, we reached a spread

of water meadows bordering a very wet marsh or bog. In these meadows the solitary snipe was to be found if anywhere, as these birds seem to prefer wet grassy ground to bog. We had a couple of Irish setters with us, but as these birds lie much closer than the common snipe, we coupled the dogs up, and forming in line, walked our ground over.

In the first field we found only four birds, and in the next none, and I began to fear either that the migration had barely commenced, or that we were too late; but on skirting the marsh we found them in greater numbers, and by luncheon time six couple and a half of double, or solitary snipe, and nine couple of common and jack snipe were bagged.

As the solitary snipe may be a stranger to some of my readers, I will describe it. It is nearly half as large again as our common snipe, and has a peculiarly spotted breast. The beak is not much longer than that of a jack snipe, and the tail feathers are nearly always white; they lie almost as close as a jack, and, like that little pest, fly straight and seldom for any great distance, and are as easily shot as the painted snipe I described in an article on 'Snipe shooting in China.' Their usual weight is about seven ounces, but I have frequently killed them over that weight, and, on one occasion, when shooting near Cumæ, I killed one which pulled the scale down at nine ounces, but, as a rule, they seldom reach eight. They visit Sicily and Italy twice a year, when on their migratory journeys, i.e. generally in April on their way to the northward, and again in the end of August, or early in September, on their return passage to the south, and are, as a rule, extremely fat. Their food is, I fancy, somewhat different from the common snipe, as seeds, rice, and gravel, are frequently found in their stomachs.

Our luncheon was brought down from the Villa to us, and, after doing justice to a modicum of cold pigeon-pie, washed down with some white Capri, a wine which, it is a thousand pities, will not stand the sea voyage to England, we had just one cigar, and then proceeded to beat the marsh and the adjacent hedge-rows and ditches for common snipe. Although the season was so far advanced, the birds were pretty plentiful, and by four o'clock, when we knocked off, our bags were very fairly filled; and in the very last 'splash' I walked over, a couple of wild duck—the only ones, by the way, which we fell in with during the day—gave me a very pretty double shot, and made a nice addition to my total. We then returned to the Villa, and after a somewhat hasty dinner all hands set to prepare for our expected friends from the city, who began to arrive about sunset, the band from our ship coming with them, and dancing became the order of the night, and continued, as the 'penny-a-liners' write, 'with unabated vigour until the early dawn,' when the whole party returned to Palermo, and we, the naval portion, got on board our floating home just as the sun was rising, intensely pleased with our outing. Among the prince's guests were some officers belonging to an American ship of war, and one of them amused us by relating

some marvellous sporting adventures he had met with in the Southern States. So wonderful were some of these, that nothing any of us—although some of us had killed almost all kinds of ‘beasts of the earth and fowls of the air’—had ever seen or done could hold a candle to them, and for some time our Yankee friend had it all his own way, until at last our purser, a dry old stick, knocked him out of time with the following :

‘Were you ever in Ceylon, sir? “No,” replied the American. ‘Ah! that’s a pity. That’s the island for sport, sir! Now I’ll just tell you a remarkable thing that occurred to me there. I was snipe shooting one morning, and, as is usual, had loaded the left barrel of my gun with a ball, in case of coming across any big game, using the right for snipe alone. I had had very good sport in a swamp, and was wading out of it when a snipe got up, and just as I was pulling at it, an elephant charged dead at me out of the jungle. I pulled first at the snipe and then at the infuriated monster, and dropped both dead! but imagine my surprise when I found that in my flurry I had killed the snipe with the bullet, while the charge of snipe shot had entered the eye of the elephant, and gone clean into his brain!’

The Yankee looked at him with astonishment for some moments, and then drawing a deep breath, dipped his nose into a tumbler of Moet, and shut up, perfectly collapsed.

F. W. B.

A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA.

‘A YARN FROM THE EMBASSY.’

CHAPTER II.—SEDILO, ITS GOVERNOR AND THE BRIGANDS—SUPPER AT MACOMER—COUNCIL—AND THE ‘CHASSE’ AT PEDRUMANO.

ON Wednesday, at noon, the main body of the party was under weigh. Fifteen horses with their riders made an enormous cavalcade, not to speak of the fifteen owners who accompanied on foot the fifteen horses and fifteen riders. There was baggage enough for a regiment of Indian cavalry, and a pile was left behind to go by diligence (for Sardinia boasts *one, only one*, of those ‘leathern conveyances’); but the driver, being a man of sense, refused to touch it, and subsequently it was drawn ignominiously in an ox-cart, and generally contrived to be two days’ march in the rear of the main body.

When the last horse’s tail had vanished round the corner we saddled our nag, and assisted our companion, Count Minerva,⁸ to do the same. The other Count, his wife, and his family waved us an adieu, and off we set for Gennargentu.

We descended the hill of Macomer and entered on the great plain, *en route* for Sedilo, where we were to sleep.

This plain, which looked splendid from the hill, is composed of patches of soil, with the rock cropping out every five minutes; but as

the strata are horizontal, the stony nature of the plain is not perceived from the heights of Macomer. It has a thick brush of myrtle, lentiscus, arbutus, &c.; but there was no water, and I saw no traces of any other game than partridge. We crossed the plain in about four hours, and arrived at Sedilo at dusk.

Armed with a general letter of recommendation from the Government to all the authorities, civil and military, we inquired for the house of the syndic. We found it, and in it a motley assemblage of children, cocks, hens, pigs, and the infallible donkey turning the infallible mill—the darkest, dirtiest, dingiest den we ever beheld. To enter was impossible; to remain in the street equally so, as it was knee-deep in mud. In despair we asked for the legal authority, and were shown to a whitewashed cottage. We entered, and found a clean, snug, well-polished room, hung round with good prints, and books lying about. In the middle was a large brazier, glowing with red-hot charcoal. In a few minutes there entered a smiling, sharp-faced, little spare man, who apologized for not being ready to receive the embassy. But ‘he’ was in the hands of the ‘barber.’ This little man turned out to be the famous Spano di Pischiedda, the terror of the bandits of the mountain district, and who single-handed had put down several riots. He was a quiet, placid, dry, determined, sensible man, who governed seven towns, and had put down banditti, vendetta, and cattle-lifting (the usual Sardinian amusements) throughout the whole of his district.

We told him the object of our visit and our engagement.

‘Ah!’ said he, ‘the ignorance of Sardinians of Sardinia is inconceivable. Count R—— lives in sight of Sedilo. He has lived at Macomer all his life. One would have imagined that he must have known that there is not a moufflon nearer than the mountains of Fonni—two days’ journey—if you get horses—and there are no horses; consequently, if you could arrive at Fonni, you could *not* be at Cuglieri on Sunday night. It is now Wednesday night; on Friday you would arrive at Fonni; on Saturday you might shoot your moufflon—though that is very dubious—and you are then four days’ journey from Cuglieri.’

We looked (doubtless) very sheepish at being so egregiously done out of our moufflon, so we looked at Minerva, the god of wisdom, who looked very like his own owl, and stared with solemn visage at the hot charcoal. However, there was nothing for it but to go back to-morrow, and so we told our host, who said it was the wisest thing to do, inasmuch as it was the only practicable thing; and in half an hour he ushered us into another clean little room, where we found a clean table, laid out with lots of silver, and a capital dinner in clean dishes, with the best wine we ever tasted in our long experience. Spano ate a morsel of bread for form’s sake; but he said he lived by strict rule, for he had been sent once to govern a turbulent population in the deadliest climate in all Sardinia, and though he reduced them to order, the climate had reduced him to a mere skeleton. After dinner we conversed for several hours upon the

state of the island, and we learned more from this remarkable man than all the books and all the authorities upon Sardinia put together.

At midnight he conducted us to another clean room, with an excellent bed (the head of which was garnished with two brace of loaded pistols), and there we reposed till we could sleep no more. It was broad day when we awoke; coffee was ready; the horses were saddled, and in half an hour, accompanied by Spano and his bodyguard, we mounted, and he rode with us to the boundaries of his government, where we took a farewell of this interesting and talented man, whose conversation, clean sheets, and grilled chickens are indelibly graven upon our memory.

Instead of returning straight to Macomer, we made a slight detour to Bortigalli, where resided some relatives of the god of wisdom. After four hours' riding we reached that place, which rejoices in the same crooked, narrow, and dirty streets, and the same dirty, bearded, and independent-looking population as are generally to be found throughout Sardinia.

We turned out of one of these filthy alleys into a sort of courtyard, when out of the kitchen rushed a host of men, women, dogs, pigs, and a red deer. Our heart warmed at the sight of the latter. We examined it: it was a veritable hind and no mistake, and was a very satisfactory discovery; for after the affair of the moufflon we began to doubt about the existence of many things, and among them we had placed red deer.

Our host, by name Don John, a first cousin of the god of wisdom, popped his head through a broken pane of glass and shouted 'Viva.' Two or three very pretty faces also appeared through other broken panes in other windows, and out came the whole family—we think as handsome, well-built, lively, good-tempered people as Providence ever sent upon this wicked earth and exceeding dirty island.

In a minute we were at *home*; we *felt it*. There is something hearty and honest about the Sardis. They make no pretensions; never wear fine things; never have best and worst; never alter anything for anybody; are never disconcerted; always try to please and to be useful; and whether you are poor or rich 'tis the same to them.

Don John had heard of his cousin's arrival in the island and expected us. His wife had been a very handsome woman, and is the mother of the beautiful Countess R——. The two daughters were as handsome as their mother; and they had all quiet, thoroughbred manners.

Don John walked about in a gigantic cloak: he had had the fever. His wife was wrapped up till she looked like a Turkish sultana: she had had the fever. The two beautiful daughters wore the Sardinian head-dress, which gave them the air of nuns: this was to keep off the fever. The vicar (who had a wen on his upper gum which projected out of his mouth, and gave him the appearance of a walrus) talked constantly of fever. In short, it appeared that the plain which we had traversed was the head-quarters of that unpleasant visitor

We gave them our American experiences; and tempted as we are

to believe that King David was not wrong when he said, in a hasty and unparliamentary moment, all men are liars, we killed ten Americans for every Sardinian ; and we think that the reputation of yellow, bilious, nervous, tertian, and quartan fevers suffered no injury in our hands.

Don John, finding that he had no chance in so pestiferous a field, changed the conversation to the glorious constitution of Great Britain, the mildness of her climate, the amiability of her people, the security of life and property, and the cheapness of law and justice.

We of course acceded to all this, though we had mental visions of London fog, prize-fighters, garrotte robberies, and Chancery suits. However, we let them pass scot-free, and listened to Don John, who soon began to contrast the Garden of Eden, which he pictured the British Isles to be, with the actual condition of Sardinia, which he represented as a sort of modern Serbonian bog, where everything, sooner or later, was engulfed in sloth, dirt, insecurity, and taxation.

‘Come, Don John,’ said we, giving him a familiar poke under the fifth rib, ‘do you mean to say that anybody would dare to attack you?’

‘Attack me?’ said he. ‘I believe you, my fine fellow. Why, it was only last Wednesday was a week—(was it Wednesday or Thursday, Angelica?’ ‘Thursday, papa,’ said Angelica)—‘that we were at table, when seven bandits walked in and laid us under contribution.’

‘The devil they did!’ said we ; ‘we are enchanted.’

‘Enchanted?’ said Don John.

‘Yes,’ we replied, ‘enchanted. We have long heard of Sardinian courage, Sardinian vendetta, Sardinian——’

‘Petty larceny, Sardinian thieving and knavery,’ chimed in our host.

‘That may be,’ we replied ; ‘but we are enchanted to think that we are approaching the romantic, and are almost hand to hand with real, live, across-the-water, Surrey Theatre, Astley’s Widdicombe bandit. Shall we see a specimen? shall we touch him? hear the sound of his voice? examine the weapon? catch the twirl of his mustachio and the swagger of his gait?’

‘See a specimen?’ said the Don ; ‘aye, it’s difficult not to see ’em, even with one’s eyes shut. This village is full of ’em, d—n ’em. There are 4,000 people in this village. We have no magistrate, no police, no soldiers, nor guard of any sort. The strong hand rules here, and I am not even master of my own property. Three months ago I planted 10,000 olive-trees. I calculated I should make as many tons of oil as would, before I died, make a pretty addition to the fortunes of those children there. One morning I went to see how my olive-trees came on. I found they had all been pulled up—piled up and burned up, root and branch. “Pazienza,” I said, “let’s try something else ; ’tis clear there is a prejudice against olives.” So I set to work and walled in 2,000 acres of my own waste land, intending to plough and sow in the English style, of

‘ which I had studied something, for I went to England on purpose. Well, my walls were built, and cost me many thousand francs in labour. One morning, on going down to see about the ploughing, I was not particularly well pleased to find all my walls smack smooth with the ground. There was once a process at law about part of that soil, which my family gained against the village ; but as the villagers don’t care a straw for the law, they maintained their idea as to their right in the property, and if I were to persist I should be shot.’

It was somewhere about 10 P.M. when the Count’s *maitre d’hôtel* announced supper. On descending to the hall where supper was laid out, I found the whole party already engaged in discussing at least thirty dishes of different sorts. There was supper for fifty people.

Dish after dish—sweet, sour, baked, boiled, roast, singed, kippered, devilled, wines of all sorts, lemonades, orangeades, tea, coffee—in short, an amalgamation of every meal under heaven. A fast of two days’ duration certainly is an invaluable assistant under such circumstances, and I dug deep into the bowels of pasties, pies, tarts, custards, confectioneries, roasts, boils, and stews. But there is an end to all things, and Nature at length cried, ‘ Hold, enough ! ’ ’Twas of no avail. I sat between the Countess and her daughter, who had been to a finishing school, and spoke just English enough to be able to tell me that all Englishmen loved *ros bif* and *blomboding*, and eat meat five times a day.

The Lord have mercy upon me, I thought, and deliver me from the hands of these lovely Philistines !

‘ I shall be choked ! ’ At last a bright thought occurred to me. ‘ Give me coffee,’ I cried. ‘ All English drink coffee in the middle of dinner. It’s a modern usage of polite society, as you know, fair ladies,’ I said, turning to my hostess on my left.

‘ Oh, yes, to be sure—coffee ! ’ screamed the beauty, shocked at not having divined that that beverage occupied a sort of half-way house in British dinners.

With the advent of coffee came a calm—we debated.

We were too large a party to keep together, that was clear. The six guns, and the three valets, and the five dogs really fell upon the hospitable Sardis like a shower of locusts. We ate up everything. All the cows and goats in the parish were laid under contribution for milk ; all the horses were seized for the baggage. The Irish setter had already cast sheep’s eyes at the lambs, and I saw Carlo, the Tuscan pointer, with a venerable hen screaming in his mouth. We were becoming an Egyptian plague.

‘ Let us separate,’ said I.

Upon this there arose a storm of screams, howls—‘ *Perfide Albion ! scélérat ! traître !* ’

‘ Gentlemen,’ I said, ‘ remember our wager with the minister. He laid odds that we could not kill a *moufflon* ; or if we did, that he would eat it, horns, skin, hoofs, and all. Gentlemen, I

‘go to kill that moufflon, and give him just such another indigestion as I have at this moment.’

Whether the company were moved by sympathy for my position or an innate sense of their own, I cannot say. One or two were talking very thick, one was singing, two snoring. The ladies had long retired, so it was agreed that Minerva and myself should go look for moufflon, and rejoin the main body on Sunday night. This was Tuesday.

Orders were issued to have sixteen saddle and baggage animals ready at noon on the morrow, and we retired to our dormitories to sleep away our first night at Macomer.

With the morning came reflection.

Reproaches: ‘Why do you break up the party? If I had thought this, I would not have come!’ Reason, however, prevailed; the sixteen baggage and saddle animals dignified with the style and title of ‘horses’ were duly brought together, with a like number of men.*

The baggage was collected; the cook, the valets, and the dogs, the masters, and the masters of the horses, were all tied on or fixed on, and they finally disappeared over the old Roman bridge, leaving Minerva and myself to go look for a moufflon.

When the tail of the last horse had finally disappeared from my anxious gaze I drew a long breath, and felt the damped energies of the *cacciatore* beginning to revive. To hunt a moufflon with a French cook and a tail as long as that which accompanies a Highland grandee of the first class, was clearly an absurdity of the first water.

I was now unshackled; my sole companion was the god of wisdom, Minerva, a Sard, as hard as a flint, with an unlimited power of digestion, and who never required soap or a clean shirt. What could not be accomplished under such auspices. ‘Sound boot and saddle,’ said I. ‘Saddle my horses, and call up my men. Bring out the red boots and the Brazilian spurs, and let us prick gaily over the lea on our way to Sedilo.’

In a few minutes I was inducted into my kicksies, my calf-skins, and my persuaders; loaded my rifle, packed my traps in a pair of *bisacci*, alias saddle-bags, and, with my saddle on my head, my traps on my saddle, and my hat on the top of all, I descended to the courtyard to mount my Rozinante.

I found a Sard with a cock-eye and a pug-nose holding a mare of venerable appearance, with evident symptoms of being heavy in foal, with mane and tail enough to have stuffed half a dozen mattresses. The owner was a cobbler, and, like all cobblers in all countries, was drunk. He eyed me out of his fiery cock-eye, elevated his nose, and, in tones not those of the Swedish nightingale, swore no man should mount his mare with spurs—that no Christian ever wore such spurs—and no spur should, could, or would be applied to his delectable quadruped.

* The man never separates from his horse in Sardinia, and I firmly believe, if the horse refused to go, the man would carry him.

‘Take ’em off!’ screamed Crispin.

‘I’ll see you and your mare blessed first; and if you say much I’ll ride you, you pug-nosed cobbler.’

Upon which there began an altercation. The cobbler was on his right, and was as obstinate as a mule. The god of wisdom came to the rescue: he would ride the mare, I should have a colt. The arrangement was deemed satisfactory, and I saddled, bridled, mounted, and started. Minerva was not long after me. Hearing a tremendous clatter, I turned round and beheld the mare’s forelegs elevated to the level of the top of my head, aggravated thereto by a sort of Flibbertigibbet of an urchin whom Minerva carried behind him.

The cobbler belaboured the mare, Flib received his share, and the legs of the god of wisdom received their portion of an immense long cowhide which the cobbler flourished and brought down with an awful whack indiscriminately.

The mare succumbed; Crispinus mounted a marvellous camel-like quadruped laden with baggage, and, with a wave of the hand from Count R——, we went on our way rejoicing, and shortly entered upon the plain of Macomer. Looking from the town of that name (which, it will be remembered, stands on the edge of an elevated plateau) it has the appearance of being the sportsman’s happy hunting-grounds. Plashes of water, patches of cover, swamp, corn land, pasture, wood, lake, rounded knolls—every undulation of ground is there which the *amateur du sport* could design or desire.

Descend from the elevation, dismount from your hobby, approach the flat, and you find that the greatest ‘flat’ is yourself; for your eye has been ‘done,’ and the glorious plain in reality is stony, hard, ungrateful, with hollow prickly cover, no food, and no shelter. I never was so deceived in my life, and, with the exception of a few red-legged partridges, I saw no trace of game.

We travelled over this unhappy flat from ‘morn till dewy eve,’ when we approached the village of Sedilo, and, entering it, we advanced to the house of the syndic, or headman. I dismounted, and entering, fell flat on my face, a gigantic pig, the colour of the ground, having tripped me up. What the French call the *coulcur locale* was entirely hoggish. The light entered by the door, and the smoke from the fire escaped by the same aperture; it was not easy, therefore, to distinguish objects.

As I had a claim for lodging, in virtue of a letter addressed by Government to all men having authority in Sardinia, I certainly hesitated to avail myself of my rights. It was clear I must have the syndic or the syndic’s pig for a bed-fellow—perhaps both; so I asked for the magistrate, and to his house proceeded straight. He was a small, spare, active, keen, black-eyed, clean-shaven man, polite, courteous, and attentive. The object of our visit was explained, and in a few pithy sentences the judge let us see very plainly we had come not on a moufflon hunt, but on a wild-goose chase: there were no moufflon within two days’ journey of us.

We had nothing for it, therefore, but to sup, sleep, and return to

Macomer, and then join the *grande troupe*, a matter which we effected during a gale of wind and rain.

The syndic accompanied us to the frontier of his dominions. The magistrate also did us the same honour. These twin worthies had what they call in Scotland their 'tails' on, composed of twenty or thirty Sardinians, mounted and armed. We proceeded in martial order, with vedettes on either flank, and with front, main, and rear guards, as though we were a real treasure.

The morning was fine, the dew was on the ground, and the mist hung upon the plain, when some of the vapour lifting disclosed a church in a considerable state of dilapidation. We inquired of the magistrate why the church was not repaired. He replied :

'That church is served by a priest who receives 200*l.* from his parish, which he doubles by the sale of charms against every imaginable and unimaginable evil which may happen to man, woman, and child, bird, beast, and fish. He has not said mass for three years in church ; and he has raised such a reputation as a necromancer, that people believe he can raise the devil at will. However, I am at issue with his reverence. I have commenced a process against him for neglect of duties. But see, there he is.'

And at that moment a form with a curved spine, dressed in queer garments, appeared for a moment in an open gallery, and, lifting up a long skinny arm, appeared to be employed in cursing our party.

On the frontier of their jurisdiction the man of law and the man of hogs took leave. The embraces were rather hot, but sincere. The syndic had a very stiff beard of a week's growth, which acting as a brush, kept my cheeks warm for the next ten miles. The Sardinians scuttled about on their small steeds and fired a parting volley, the bullets whistling sweetly.

In the diminished society of the impracticable cobbler, the reflective bird of wisdom, Minerva, and the small boy Flib, we wended on our way to Bortigalli, where some of the numerous cousins of Minerva dwelt. It was 11 A.M. when we arrived at this village, which for crooked streets and dirt beat everything I had yet seen. We inquired for the house of Don John, and a large three-storeyed house in the centre of the town was pointed out, which we reached after many ineffectual trials.

Upon screaming out in the courtyard, a hind, two pretty cousins, a priest, several pigs, sundry male and female Sardis, and a fool—a half-wit, kept to amuse the family during idle hours, precisely as used to be the case in the great families in Europe before the introduction of printing—all rushed, with a pack of dogs, into the courtyard. The cousins screamed with joy, and at their voices sweet out came Don John and his lady and another priest.

'Welcome, welcome !'—and I was again kissed by the assembled company, fool included—'come in, come in. Well, who'd have 'thought it !' and sundry other ejaculations usual upon such occasions in all countries. A vast series of family questions and answers was gone into.

Breakfast was served, the hind helping herself to anything she took a fancy to, when Don John asked, with an every-day air, 'You didn't meet Antonio Fenai's gang, did you?'

I asked, 'Who is Antonio?'

'Oh, he is a bandit. We were at supper the other night when he came to the door with six others and asked for 700 dollars. He didn't disturb us, though. He is always well bred. He waited on my wife and daughters at table, and returned me ten pieces for my own servants as *buona mano*.' The thing appeared a matter of course.

There is one main inconvenience intimately affecting one's appetite in Sardinia to which attention should be called. It is, that as there are no hotels, as a mere traveller one is at the mercy of one's host with regard to the *vivere*. For instance, you ride forty miles, and get your supper. Next morning your host gives you a cup of coffee, and wishes you good-bye. You then ride forty miles more, and, if lucky, get another supper. A man fond of his breakfast is in a continual condition of 'sell.'

We once abstracted, covertly, and in a manner which would have done credit to a fly kid of the Whitechapel school, a forequarter of goat, intending to breakfast quietly upon it under the shade of an imaginary tree by the side of some imaginary water *en route*. But we were signally punished. The dogs of our host, with a general 'taste' for goat's meat, never gave us a moment's rest. They ran us to ground in our own room, and we deemed it diplomatic to bury our secret in the bowels of our canine antagonists by a concession of the spoil, to which they certainly had what lawyers call 'a concurrent 'claim,' seeing that with the venerable deceased they had 'lived and 'loved together,' and had been brought up in the same kitchen. These reflections are intended to serve as a warning to future travellers in Sardinia. A good Parma sausage is a capital travelling companion. You can't hurt him, and there's a deal of wear and tear in his composition.

Don John, however, is no ordinary man. He breakfasts, and we broke our fasts with him. He subsequently dined, and, though we were but eight, there was dinner for eighty. We never saw such a collection of food in our life. His wine was as good as his meat; and at dusk the god of wisdom, Flib, Cobby, and ourself were put upon our steeds several sheets in the wind. We confess to having no very distinct recollection of subsequent events, save that we were conducted on to the new road, which we were told was 'all right.' And so it possibly is; but there is one bar to this road being considered 'all right,' which is that the bridges over the ravines have not yet been built. The consequences are natural. The cobbler, Flib, and Minerva took a 'header' into an abyss, out of which we picked them in exceeding good spirits, and rather enjoying the purl as a capital joke than otherwise. Any other human beings than Sards would have gone to smithereens. However, the special providence enjoyed by the 'shorn lamb' appears to be shared by the inebriated Sardinian.

As several such abysses intervened between Bortigalli and Macomer, and as the country is like the *débris* of a vast metropolis, nothing but stones, we did not arrive at the hospitable roof of Count R—— until midnight. The ‘house’ was soon aroused, the servants sleeping round the fire in their clothes. The Count was absent; the Countess sent us cakes and coffee and a kind message, and in ten minutes we were snoring in Macomer.

The Count’s ‘confidential adviser,’ who held the offices of huntsman, groom, butler, butcher, and valet, roused us from our slumbers. He gave us to understand that the Count had sent his chaplain to say a hunting mass, in case we felt any appetite for that ceremony, and to propose to hunt the deer and wild-boar in the forest of Padrumano; that to-day was New Year’s Day, and he had invited a select circle to join the chase, and would wait upon us shortly in person.

At early dawn we proceeded to the window, and at the door of the church perceived on horseback a gentleman in a hunting suit of rusty black, long boots and spurs, a double-barrel lying on the pommel of his saddle, a rubicund and jocund countenance, with a short pipe in its mouth, which pipe was occasionally removed to show a large mouth garnished with teeth as white as a boar’s. He was chatting with a smart young lady in a scarlet flannel petticoat, and, after having mopped a round, close-cropped bullet head with his handkerchief, he crowned himself with a gigantic three-cornered hat. He then chucked the young lady under the chin, tied his horse to the church door, and, gun in hand and pipe in mouth, entered the house. This was the chaplain. Our toilet being completed, under the able superintendence of the Count’s confidential adviser, we proceeded to the hall, where we found the chaplain engaged in discussing the contents of a vast pie, in which operation he was aided by the means provided in a huge demijohn of strong wine placed on his right hand.

He paid no attention to our entrance, did not even raise his head from his plate, but continued his repast with an appetite for which a London alderman would give half his fortune. After thirty minutes of this vigorous attack, during which he drew several large draughts on Demijohn and Co., he heaved a deep sigh, cast his eyes up to the ceiling, closed them, folded his hands upon his stomach, and appeared to be lost in mental thanksgiving. His lips moved in silent prayer; but we thought we caught the words ‘Bosa,’ ‘Ogliastra.’ We conceived it right to ask whether they had any reference to the hunting mass he had been so kind as to offer, considering that possibly they were saints of the school of good St. Hubert, who slew his deer with cherry-stones.

The chaplain cast upon us a pair of eyes as black as coal and as sparkling as diamonds. His mouth screwed itself into a smile; but he suddenly assumed a demure look, and in a low voice explained that what had escaped him had no reference, God forgive him! to that holy father St. Hubert. Oh, no! Sinful man that he was, he was comparing in his own mind the relative merits of the wine grown at Bosa and that grown in Ogliastra. ‘For instance,’ said he —

But, to our great regret, the world will ever have to lament the loss of the comparison which so experienced a judge of wines as is the chaplain was about to give us ; for at this moment the Count entered, and the chaplain, with a lingering glance at the demijohn, snatched up his gun and cocked-hat and vanished.

The Count gave us a hearty welcome, and after breakfast the confidential adviser, who now appeared in the garb of a sportsman, with a long butcher's knife in his girdle, announced horses. We were speedily in the saddle. The chaplain had gone on as convoy to the commissariat, and on a brisk pacer we struck out for Padrumano.

The forest of Padrumano was in great part, and till very recently, held as a fief of the crown by the Spanish family of the Dukes of Ossuna. They had a hunting-lodge in the forest ; but, all fiefs having lapsed under the new constitutional government of Sardinia, the Ossunas had sold it to Count Pinna, who, with an eye to business, turned the lodge into a glass manufactory, in which humbled condition we found it.

The chaplain, who had arrived with what he called the 'medical stores,' alias wine, was haranguing a crowd of mounted Sardis, who suddenly dispersed and disappeared amongst the oaks and brushwood. The forest of Padrumano is situated on a high plateau, and is exactly like the wilder parts of the New Forest, Hants. Oak, azel, black-thorn, bramble, turf, and clear running streams are its characteristics, and its basis is chalk or limestone of very good quality. Its principal products are deer, a few wild-boar, red-legged partridges, woodcock, and bandits. The scenery is thoroughly English, the only bit that is so in Sardinia.

The Sardis who were dispersed by the chaplain were heard in about half an hour returning, holloaing and hooping. They soon appeared, driving a herd of half-wild cattle before them, who were forced into a pen. A Sard jumped off his horse on to the wall, cocked his gun, aimed at a fat cow, fired, and down went the animal. The rest of the herd, released, went scouring over the lea. The confidential adviser assumed a business and a solemn air, drew his knife, approached the prostrated beef-steaks, and stuck his knife into the weasand. Up jumps the cow, and sends the confidential adviser with his confidential heels quite confidentially into the air.

The mother of milk was struck on the root of the horn, and only stunned ; so another *chasse* took place, another heifer was chosen, another shot fired, and the same confidential gentleman this time enjoyed all the dignity of butcherhood, and broke up the quarry artistically, calling the cow very hard names during intervals, and throwing doubts upon her moral conduct during her cowhood, taking what the chaplain called a 'mean advantage' of her. A confidential communication having taken place between the chaplain and the adviser with regard to the dressing of a kid with tomato sauce, and several demijohns of 'medical stores' having been placed in the running water of the brook, orders were given for the hunting party to proceed to their station, the drivers having already gone on.

I was conducted by an elderly Sard to my post. We left the lodge, and, passing various outbuildings, advanced towards the forest, which we shortly entered. At every fifty yards there were tiny copses of blackthorn, and hazel, and dog-rose, and bramble, and sloe surrounding the trunks of the venerable oaks, and struggling to creep up into their withered arms. In all of these tufts of underwood there were woodcock. I never saw so many. They flew about like owls, scarcely deigning to flap away a hundred yards, when they would settle down again. I was enthusiastic in expressing my cockneyfied admiration of this quantity of woodcock (Sir H. P—— himself, a great amateur in that line, would have been astonished). The Sardinian *cacciatore* regarded me with that silent, though sovereign, contempt with which I have seen the astute Highlander contemplate a southerner who was nervous at the springing of grouse.

I followed my guide up a gentle slope dotted with oak and copse till we arrived at the boundary wall which separated the Count's domain from the Royal Forest. This wall was broken down in many places, and across the gaps the deer had passes. I was placed in a very good station, and was pointing my gun in various directions when a rush was heard, first on one side and then on the other, and then dead silence. The ancient Sard looked black as midnight, and muttered something about having come out with 'that cursed 'chaplain, who was always skylarking somewhere.' And sure enough his reverence, instead of being at his post, was engaged in cracking a bottle of Bosa with the god of wisdom in a hollow oak, where they could neither see nor be seen. He said it was only good manners to give a British sportsman every chance, and he therefore had left me a clear field.

We proceeded to a second, a third, and a fourth drive, always in the same picturesque forest, but with the same want of success. At one hour after noon the chaplain declared himself excessively thirsty, and said that no blessing could attend our labours unless we drank success to the New Year's Day—in point of fact, that we should be unlucky for a whole twelvemonth if we did not instantly knock up; and accordingly, with a general screech, the whole party turned tail and set off for the lodge at racing pace, the chaplain's hat taking and keeping the lead the whole way.

Two hours were then spent in cooking. At three o'clock we sat down, and we confess, with that candour which ought to characterise the chroniclers of events of such magnitude, that we have not the slightest recollection of ever having 'risen from table.' We have a dim recollection of having worn the chaplain's three-cornered tile at a ball—of having taught its proprietor, somewhere about midnight, the air 'We won't go home till morning'—of a vast deal of firing and drinking of healths—and, finally, of being chaired on horseback. But that is all we recollect of the *chasse* at Padrumano.

CRICKET.

JUST in the last days of July, Nottingham scored their first victory of the year against a weak-batting eleven of the M.C.C. and G. The match was played for the benefit of Jackson, so long known as a straight and fast bowler, but it was not sufficiently attractive to draw a large attendance even in the cricket-loving county of Nottingham. Little remark need be made on it, save that Nottingham won by nine wickets, having, indeed, a very easy task to perform. Very different was another benefit match—for Luke Greenwood, the veteran Yorkshire cricketer—which was played at Sheffield between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire in the presence of an immense and enthusiastic assemblage. Yorkshire has been particularly unfortunate this season; for, just as it had fairly got to the top of the tree, two of the best men in the eleven (Pinder, the wicket-keeper, and Hill, the fast bowler) became incapacitated, one from an accident, the other from illness. In this match at Sheffield, moreover, Emmett could not take part; and, consequently, the great northern county was placed at great disadvantage. Gloucestershire, as usual, played no professionals, and relied on the two Graces (Dr. E. M. Grace was absent) both for batting and bowling. All that the remainder have to do, as a general rule, is to field pretty well; and, certainly, Mr. W. G. Grace must be complimented on the ability he displays in getting together on every occasion a good working eleven thoroughly understanding their business in the field. Having also, with his wonted dexterity, won the toss, Mr. W. G. Grace went in and gratified the spectators, if not the bowlers, with a magnificent exhibition of batting (167). His brother and Mr. Townsend also made conspicuous contributions, so that the very large total of 314 was accumulated. Clayton and Ulyett divided the Gloucestershire wickets between them. The Yorkshire batting was far from being up to its true form, neither Lockwood nor A. Greenwood coming off; but Pinder, despite his injured hand, played two plucky and excellent innings. The two Graces got all the wickets, and, finally, Yorkshire was easily beaten in a single innings.

It was a good idea to substitute a new event at the commencement of the Canterbury week in place of the customary North and South, of which we have enough, and too much, earlier in the season, and nothing better could have been chosen as a change than the united counties of Kent and Gloucestershire against All England. Kent contributed seven of the eleven, including Mr. Yardley, Mr. Thornton, and Willsher; and Mr. W. G. Grace and his younger brother, Mr. Bush, and Mr. Townsend, were the Gloucestershire detachment. For England a good eleven, though by no means the best, were got together. Daft, Hill, and Emmett were all absentees, and, under such circumstances, it was astonishing that England succeeded in making so close a fight, especially as Mr. W. G. Grace came off in both innings (94 and 121). The counties,

however, had only a solitary professional bowler, Willsher, and the two Graces found more difficulty than usual in disposing of their antagonists. Both sides scored largely, and more than 900 runs were made in the match. England would not unlikely have won after all, had it not been that Oscroft, when well set and playing in masterly style, received a tremendous blow in the face, which fairly sent him to grass. In the act of falling, also, he injured his thumb, and could take no further part in the match. For the two counties, in addition to Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Bennett and Lord Harris made good scores, and Mr. Thornton delighted the spectators with a few of his big hits. For England, H. Reynolds—a young player, but we are not certain from what county—made the highest score, and Jupp, Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Mitchell, and A. Greenwood all contributed largely. The match was well contested throughout, and lasted well into the afternoon of the third day, and was in every respect a great success. Kent against the M.C.C. (without the G.) was a very tame affair after the great battle of the week, and turned out a very one-sided affair also. Lord Harris hit well for Kent, and so did Kent's strongest allies at the present moment, the officers of Artillery and Engineers from Woolwich and Chatham; but M.C.C. had bigger guns than they, and Mr. W. G. Grace (123), Mr. G. Bird (59), and Mr. I. D. Walker (37) were the principal contributors to a score which Kent could not reach in two essays.

We now travel to the Oval, where Sussex received a tremendous beating at the hands of Surrey. Jupp (144) all but beat the first innings of Sussex off his own bat, but the Sussex players mended matters a little in their second innings, thanks to Lillywhite (61), Mr. J. M. Cotterill (37), and J. Phillips (45). Still they failed to avert a single-inning's defeat, which, we may add, they thoroughly deserved on account of their remarkably bad fielding. The county of Sussex also is wonderfully in want of one or two really good fast bowlers. Flushed with this victory, Surrey made a grand struggle with Nottingham, and the northern county only won by one wicket. In this match the scores were ridiculously small, but the weather was all against cricket. Jupp did nothing for Surrey, and Daft did nothing for Nottingham; so the batting was left to the lesser lights. Morley bowled splendidly for Nottingham, and Street and Southerton, for Surrey, disposed of their powerful antagonists in their first innings for 44 runs only. In their second innings Mr. Tillard bowled well—11 overs for 7 runs and 3 wickets. Against Yorkshire, also, Surrey made a very creditable fight; and Jupp—who is quite the professional champion this season—fairly surpassed himself by going in first each innings and carrying his bat (43, not out; and 109, not out). He was not backed up very powerfully, however, and Yorkshire won by four wickets, Lockwood (96) and the veteran Thewlis (50 and 38) being the chief contributors. Emmett and Ulyett did nearly all the Yorkshire bowling, and Southerton, as usual, was most conspicuous on the side of Surrey. This match wound up a fairly successful season for Surrey, which, under the present energetic management, has rapidly recovered the position among the counties which at one time it

seemed to have lost. Surrey has not got the north-country fast bowling, nor has any of the southern counties; but in all other respects Surrey is well up in the front rank again. Nottingham beat Middlesex after three days of fine cricket, of which the most remarkable features were the wonderfully steady batting of Mr. I. D. Walker and Mr. Ottaway, and the extraordinarily good and successful bowling of Mr. Hadow for Middlesex, and the dashing innings of McIntyre (77), and the fine bowling of the two Shaws for Nottingham. But what do 31 byes and leg-byes in the first innings of Middlesex mean, and that, too, out of a total of less than 150 runs? A most unexpected reverse attended Nottingham at Brighton, for which the weather was partly accountable. Still, under any circumstances, it was a great feat for Lillywhite and Fillery to get rid of the great northern county for such small scores as 73 and 89, of which McIntyre, Wild, and Biddulph could claim the biggest share. Daft finished the season unluckily, his last three innings having only produced one run. Mr. J. M. Cotterill batted well for Sussex, and at length, after many vain efforts, the southern county gained a victory that must have cheered the hearts of their disconsolate supporters. The Sussex men, however, were not destined to a similar piece of good fortune in their essay against Yorkshire, which resulted in their signal discomfiture, their second innings being a melancholy failure, as has too often been the case in their matches. Hill, though playing in the match, was not able to bowl; but Emmett and Ulyett were most able substitutes, and both of them distinguished themselves also with the bat, as did Thewlis and Pinder. Charlwood and Mr. J. M. Cotterill did a little good batting for Sussex, but there was not much life in the eleven; and in the second innings the wickets fell like ninepins. The wicket-keeping of H. Phillips was brilliant, and we should much like to see him get a place next year in the Gentlemen and Players' match. A new bowler was tried for Sussex in the person of Mr. A. Smith, whose analysis reads promisingly. Thirteen overs for nine runs, and two wickets. He bowls left-handed, at a fair pace, and with a good amount of spin. In striking contrast to this match was one played the previous week between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire. In that the three Graces made 259 runs in one innings, and Yorkshire made 238 in two. The two Graces also, Mr. W. G. and Mr. G. F., got fifteen wickets out of the eighteen, Yorkshire, it should be said, playing a man short. Yorkshire suffered severe disappointments from the unavoidable absence of several of her best men; but still it was a great performance on the part of the Graces. A. Greenwood played two good innings (34 and 78, not out) for Yorkshire. We may add that Gloucestershire (without the Graces) only scored 44 runs. We note, in conclusion, that Kent is not altogether extinct as a county; and Lancashire must have been not a little astonished at the hollow defeat it had to sustain from the county of hops. The Kent eleven was almost entirely made up of amateurs, and Lord Harris, Captain Fellowes, and Mr. Renny-Tailyour got nearly all the runs between them. Mr. Renny-Tailyour's innings of

124 was quite the curiosity of the cricket season of 1874, having been obtained in little over two hours, and with only one chance. The tremendous character of his hitting can therefore be inferred. Captain Fellowes was as formidable with the ball as his brother officer with the bat, taking six Lancashire wickets in the first, and seven in the second, innings. For Lancashire the highest scorer was Mr. Dewhurst (41 and 23).

Though one or two county contests are pending at the time we write these lines, the legitimate season has virtually terminated. But few changes have taken place in the positions of the leading counties since last year. Nottingham has perhaps taken a step downwards, and most certainly Yorkshire has taken one upwards. In the early part of the season, indeed, the Yorkshiremen appeared as if they would carry everything before them, but the unfortunate accidents to Hill and Pinder checked their victorious career. Their defeats recently by Gloucestershire must therefore be taken with some allowance for such a mischance as the loss of two of their most important men. By its performances, Gloucestershire—or, rather, the three Graces, who get nearly all the runs, take nearly all the wickets, and make nearly all the catches—has of course attained the premiership; yet we cannot help thinking that if nothing prevents Yorkshire next season from bringing all their best men into the field, the struggle for supremacy will be severe. Surrey has played good sound cricket all through the year, and Sussex should have done much better. More than one excellent chance of victory has been thrown away through want of discipline and laxity in the field. Kent has relapsed into a state of stagnation, from which it will not be aroused till some capable head is found who can unite the shattered elements of a county team which at present show no signs of cohesion. Among professional bowlers Hill is, we think, fully entitled to the first place, and Emmett and Ulyett have also bowled right well for Yorkshire. Among professional batsmen Jupp bears away the palm, for Daft, while preserving all his elegance of style, has been more uncertain than usual about scoring.

The advent of the eighteen American base-ball players awakened some slight curiosity as to the nature and peculiar features of that game, which a short experience has speedily satiated. Speaking in general terms, and without professing to comprehend all the *minutiae* of the game, we may say that base-ball is very much the same as rounders, without the great amusement of rounders, namely, corking, or taking shots with the ball at the persons of the adversaries. Its chief merit appears to us to consist in the constant opportunities which it affords for accurate throwing and catching, in both which departments of the game the American eighteen have almost arrived at perfection. Certainly, even the Oxford eleven of the present year—perhaps the most brilliant fielding eleven ever sent out from either university—would be hard put to it to hold their own in catching and throwing against the Americans. There seems to be a great art in ‘pitching’ the ball, and the hitting is a good deal a matter of knack, while the wicket-keeper’s place is anything but a sinecure. It takes a good runner also, however hard he may have

hit the ball, to make the circuit of the bases and get home in safety. So far as we can judge, the umpire can exercise a far wider latitude of judgment than at cricket, and is expected to apply general principles to each particular case, according to his own discretion, rather than to deliver judgment according to the letter of an inflexible code of laws. Whether this is an advantage or not we will not undertake to say ; but, at any rate, the responsibilities of the umpire at base-ball are much greater than of the umpire at cricket. We do not fancy that the game will achieve any great popularity in England ; but we can easily see that if introduced at schools it would be a most valuable subsidiary to cricket. Throwing and fielding are just the points in which even school "elevens, despite all the elasticity of their youthful limbs, are often sadly deficient ; and as they must of necessity acquire proficiency in those departments before they can excel at base-ball, they would simultaneously be undergoing a training which would serve them afterwards to excellent purpose at cricket. In proof of this we have only to refer to the fact that the American eighteen themselves are no mean proficient at cricket, batting being the only department of the game in which they require further experience. Their knowledge of batting is at present only rudimentary, but their bowling is good, and this, added to their surpassingly good throwing and fielding, has enabled them to make mincemeat of most of the elevens that have been brought against them since their arrival in England. The M.C.C. had the good sense to get up a fairly strong team, but at Prince's—that ground *par excellence* of sham cricket—and at the Oval any sort of eleven seems to have been thought good enough for the strangers. The committees or managers, with true British self-sufficiency, jumped to the conclusion that the Americans knew nothing whatever of the game of cricket, and paid the deserved penalty for hasty and ignorant assumptions.

We shall be glad if the captains of school elevens who favour us annually with batting and bowling averages will transmit them this year as early as they can conveniently manage, so that they may appear in our November number.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE most delightful gatherings of the yachting season, those round the Isle of Wight, came off with more than the customary *éclat*, for though the weather was on several occasions perhaps a little too stormy and boisterous for ladies' enjoyment, a lack of wind was but seldom complained of. The doings of the squadron commenced with Her Majesty's Cup, which fell, for the fifth time, to the Egeria, and, owing to the severe weather, most of her competitors smashed something or other during the day. The entry consisted of three schooners, Egeria, Morna, and Shark, with a couple of cutters, Arrow and Kriemhilda ; and, after sundry casualties, Mr. Mulholland won easily, Arrow and Shark being next home. The Prince of Wales was on board Count Batthyany's cutter, which was doing fairly well until a collision with the Shark damaged her bowsprit and inflicted other injuries, so she had to give up the race. The Town Cup day proved another benefit for schooners,

for the cutters outnumbered them two to one; it was quite a two-master's day. Corinne won the prize, Gwendolin next, after a variety of mishaps which culminated in the loss of maintopmast. The Arrow did best of the cutters, but had, like the rest of them, her share of misfortunes, her bowsprit giving way near the finish. The Egeria scored another victory in the match for the Challenge Cup, which now becomes her property, Mr. Mulholland having already won it two years. The American Enchantress and the Duke of Rutland's Shark put in an appearance, and the Yankee looked very dangerous at one time, until she carried away jibboom, and, later on, the forestay going, she gave up, a course imitated by the Shark, so Egeria finished alone. A curious match was sailed by yachts which had not won a prize for twenty years, and the entry of course consisted mainly of comfortable old cruisers; but the winner turned up in a new cruiser, built on the spot by White, of Cowes renown, for Colonel Sterling, a hundred-ton yawl, called the Chanticleer. Some fast sailing was shown in a cutter match round the Queen's Course, in which Kriemhilda, Arrow, Neva, Cythera, and Arethusa made a pretty race, Count Batthyany eventually winning, getting home a few seconds ahead of the Cythera, Arrow and Neva next. The latter took second prize by time. The Ryde week, under the auspices of the Victoria Yacht Club, began with the match for Sir Richard Sutton's prize, which brought together a large muster of all rigs, though it was quite a cutter's day; and the bold front shown by the Gwendolin was a great feather in her cap. Owing to the wind being somewhat gusty, reefs were in demand. Gwendolin was the first in, but Cythera, which came next, took first honours by time, while the Gwendolin gained second prize by a bare half minute from Florinda, which was third. A match for Mr. Broadwood's 60*l.* prize secured only two entries, and the Neva beat Mosquito; while another prize, given by the same gentleman for forty-tonners, brought out the Norman, Bloodhound, and Britannia, of which both Norman and Britannia came more or less to grief, and the Bloodhound won pretty easily. A fine entry came together for the Club prizes given in a mixed race for all rigs. It blew great guns from the southward. After a stormy day's sailing, in which most of those engaged had something to add to the list of casualties, a big schooner, the Modwena, arrived first, followed by two more of the same rig, Pantomime and Sea Belle, Florinda (yawl) next, and Cythera (cutter) fifth. Reckoning time allowances, however, Pantomime took first, and Florinda and Cythera the other prizes; so the good things were pretty well divided.

Doggett's Coat and Badge race proved as much of a farce as usual, owing to the obstructions which ill-intentioned or incapable spectators put in the way of the competitors. The authorities have made a move in the right direction in having trial heats above bridge, instead of drawing lots for the fortunate half dozen, and had better lose no time in moving the whole affair to Putney, where a nearer approach to a clear course and no favour can be obtained, and the strictest rules of boat-racing enforced, so that any competitor hampering another one shall be absolutely disqualified and forfeit even the money he now gets for going over the entire course. Some such stringency is absolutely necessary in the interests of sport and justice, as young Biffen of Hammersmith was on the present occasion fouled and interfered with, and his boat damaged by a rival who finally got second money. That in a fairly-managed race Biffen would have won, or thereabouts, is evidenced by the fact that none of his five opponents would, we presume, care to make a match with him in any sort of racing-boats for any distance, short or long.

The Thames National Regatta, which has for so many years attracted the *crème de la crème* of professional oarsmanship to Putney, was held this year

with fair success, though, owing to a lack of rising talent amongst watermen, there was but little novelty in the names of the competitors, if we except the race for Apprentices, in which the well-known name of Phelps was again to the fore, though not indeed without a *contretemps*, of which more hereafter. In the principal race of the regatta, that for Fours, the Hammersmith (Biffen's) crew again proved themselves superior to all their antagonists. How they do it we can scarcely tell, as, especially in the trial heats, they were by no means well together, and time was nowhere. Owing to the rule which prevents an amalgamation of Thames and Tyne, Joe Sadler could not throw in with his north-country friends, and had to be content with a team of promising lads, who, however, laboured under the disadvantage of having had scarcely any practice. The Tyne team were well together, and pulled as prettily as one could wish to see; but, oh their coxswain!—his idea of steering was apparently founded on the weakest and least-approved models, for he yawed about all over the place, and must have lost some lengths between Putney and Hammersmith; though we fancy his eccentricities, however aggravating they may have been to north-country spectators, did not alter the result, as Biffen's men had almost always the best of it, and therefore presumably could have done a bit more if pressed. In the trial heat, they led Sadler by a little, though, as both were eligible for the final, there was not much in that; and the Tynesiders having a walk-over for their heat, these three, decidedly the pick of the entries, were left to contest the final, in which Sadler was soon left behind, while Hammersmith led the way; and as, whenever the Northerners became dangerous, their muscular efforts were promptly counteracted by the well-meant but erratic performances of their coxswain, Hammersmith won with moderate ease. None of the crews were grand; notably the winners were inferior to last year. The entries for the Pairs consisted of a couple from each of the Fours, though, for some unknown reason, Sadler and partner declined to start, in spite of there being a fiver for third prize, which they could scarcely miss unless they tumbled overboard—putting aside the off-chance of greater honour and corresponding profit. After the comparatively easy victory in the Fours, Biffen and Thomas were decided favourites, though the Northerners, from the perfect finish of their rowing, had many admirers who fondly hoped they would this journey be able to turn the tables. The result proved the Thames men to be as formidable as their friends anticipated, and though the Tyne pair pressed them for some distance, Hammersmith had no difficulty in winning pretty easily at the finish. In the Sculls, however, Tyne scored a win, as Boyd had the race all the way, Anderson, his most likely opponent, making a very bad start, and at one time looking as if he might even be done by Egalton, a promising young man who hails from the port of Wandsworth. For the Coat and Badge there were two heats, two in each to go for the final; but Phelps, who was drawn in the first, called out that he was not ready. The umpire did not hear him and started the men, leaving him at the post with his button out. He was, therefore, allowed to go in the second, which he won; and Watkins of Gravesend, who was third in the second heat, claimed to row in the final, as but for Phelps he would have been second. His case was not, however, improved by the conduct of his friends, who, having put down the pieces pretty thickly on the Gravesend lad, abused such of the committee as were present, and talked high-falutin about abstract justice, while the motive power of their Billingsgate oratory was £. s. d. In the final heat, however, Watkins, though allowed to start, collapsed suddenly about midway and fell overboard, after going so well for half the distance that the clever ones, who had laid 3 and 4 to 1 on Phelps, looked anything but radiant.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Brighton Beauties.—Autumn Amusements.

THE sound of many voices, the rustle of many skirts, a bewildering display of ankles, an unceasing march of high and tiny heels, bands that never stop, and tongues that never fail,

'Lips that no love can tire.
With hands that sting like fire,'

as naughty Swinburne sings—where are all these things to be found but on Brighton Pier? A perfect Lethe, and the waters thereof those of Oblivion. There broken backers forget the bookmakers, debtors their duns. In that rosy present the gloom of Goodwood is not thought of; in the contemplation of Mrs. Golightly's stockings (broad blue and white stripes), the misfortunes of the world pass from our memory. There were some very merry ladies and gentlemen who a few centuries ago made a pleasant Decameron for themselves near Florence the Beautiful. We keep *our* Decameron, dating from the Goodwood Friday, on the King's Road and the Pier, banishing the outer world and its tribulations, but admitting the world which contains a little racing and pigeon shooting, a little love-making, and a little play. Only you will please to understand there is this difference between the modern Decameron and the old, that we don't tell each other naughty stories.

At least we hope not. But 'What are the wild waves saying?' might have a startling response now and then, that is, if anything could startle Brighton Pier, which we doubt. For is there not the well-known form of Jack Roebuck, storyteller by special appointment to the nobility and gentry of these realms, rolling towards us? and is not Jack at this moment pouring into the ear of Sir Cuddleton Doo that charming little anecdote of the American lady and the Grand Duke of Seidlitz von Stinkinggen, that had so convulsed a select circle at 'King's' on the previous evening? Lady Straitlace and her two scraggy daughters, who, by some curious chance, find themselves at Brighton at race-time, had better put the wind between Jack and their nobility, or they may perhaps be very much astonished; for Jack keeps not his good things to himself, and is loud even in his whispers. The temporary Lady Doo, who is on the other side of Sir Cuddleton, slightly shades her face with her parasol, and tries to blush behind her handkerchief, but fails; and old Methuselah, who has a keen scent for anything high, hobbles up to the group and entreats to be on the good thing. Yes, we fear the wild waves get demoralized at this time of year, know more than is good for them, and corrupt the virtuous excursionists who are filling the town on the Bank Holiday, and singing pæans to Sir John Lubbock. And very well do the excursionists behave, in this respect setting an example to *nous autres*, who don't behave at all. No drunkenness, or very little, no rows or rowdyism; only spending their day sitting on the beach, alternating that excitement with the greater one of going out and making themselves exceedingly sick in a sailing boat. These are the short and simple pleasures of the poor, while the supposed rich go and shoot pigeons and play polo at the International Club ground at Preston. And very nicely done is everything there, thanks to Mr. Marshall, and very pretty is the sight when the polo begins, all the rank and fashion of Brighton having come to witness the fun. The good residents have never seen the game played before, and are much exercised about it, having heard that no one below a Lord is allowed to play. However, somehow lords are scarce at Brighton, but still we manage to

scrape together two, and one of them being a marquis, the natives are highly interested. Besides, a Spanish Don counts for something, and here there are two very famous ones, and they have brought their ponies also, more famous still. A very good game, and some first appearances rather distinguish themselves. Sir William Milner, prone and motionless on the ground, causes a momentary excitement, but the baronet has only been knocked out of time for a minute, and is quickly on his pony again amidst applause. The pigeon shooting is good too, we believe, though we hear of terrible disasters to backers of the gun, and Captain Batchelor looks more melancholy than usual, from which we augur that he is having a good time. Mr. William Nicholl spent a *mauvais quart d'heure* on the second day, and was, it is said, afflicted even to tears by the unkind behaviour of a gallant Major. The weather behaved very well at first, and the nights were splendid, allowing of much outdoor amusements up to a late hour, when the indoor ones took up the tale, and Mr. Joseph Wood and the Baron Atkino spread their hospitable tables. Among the visitors to Brighton on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. John Coney, with whom Parisian life seems to agree wonderfully. Everybody was glad to see them, and they received a distinguished circle nightly.

And the racing? Well, it was better than usual, and some of the finishes were wonderfully exciting, consisting chiefly of heads, only, unfortunately, the right head was very rarely in front. It was exceedingly pretty to a looker-on who had not a sixpence on the race; but there was such a damnable iteration in the way the favourites got bowled over on the first and second days, that the entertainment slightly palled. Lemnos was about the best thing on Tuesday, as with odds of 5 to 4 on him, he beat Oxonian by twenty lengths in the Champagne; and why we did not all back Scamp, after seeing him in the Goodwood Stakes, we can hardly tell. There was a great hankering after Fève, who since the Cesarewitch, has laboured under the imputation of being a good horse who would win a race some day, instead of being about one of the worst in training. But this knowledge has been attained not without some expenditure of money, and we fancy it cost his owner something before he found it out too. However, Fève ran a wretch in the Brighton Stakes, and Scamp won so easily that Sir John Astley began to think about the Leger. It requires some exercise of faith to believe that the son of The Rake will be able to do this, but still there were believers ready to back their belief by backing him. Balchin, who does not often get hold of a good thing with a 10 to 1 chance, had that pleasure in the Marine Stakes, in which Saccharine, Hermilage, and Narcissus were the favourites, but Royalist, Lady Atholstone, and Minette were the principal actors, a grand finish between the three resulting in Royalist's favour by a head, the Judge being unable to separate the other two. This sent some of us who had had the tip home to our dinners rejoicing, but still backers had a baddish time, and the morrow was destined to bring a worse. Nothing went right. The day was execrable to begin with—a genuine Brighton race day, and the holiday-makers were daunted. The Ovingdean Plate opened the list of disasters with the win of Inglewood Ranger, who beat Royalist by a head, and neither of them (curiously enough as regarded Royalist) much fancied. That luckless Lady Atholstone was the favourite, but she, with the other heavy weights, Oxonian, were beaten at the bottom of the hill. We are always glad to see a son or daughter of Gladiateur win, but we could have found in our hearts to forego that pleasure in the Preston Stakes, where Gladiola beat the Morna filly after a severe race, and again the fiat was ahead. The Cup turned out a failure. It was booked to Mr. Savile by common consent, and the public said Kaiser would be the horse, which showed an

intimate knowledge of Mr. Savile's plans and intentions. Lilian was quite ignored, and when, therefore, half an hour before the race—if race it could be called—Mr. Savile declared to win with her, there was something like consternation among the early birds. At first it looked as if there would be a walk over, as Scamp had gone home to keep quiet until the Town Moor resounds with shouts of 'Scamp wins,' and Eole II. could not run, as his age was wrongly described. It might have been a bit of a race with him; as it was, it was a farce. Sir George Chetwynd started Kidbrooke, the Race Committee having liberally agreed to give the Cup, but Kidbrooke would not start when the flag fell, and was left full a distance in the rear, Lilian cantering in front of her stable companion and winning as she liked. The favourite, Régénérateur, finished absolute last in the Pavilion Stakes, for which again there was a splendid finish between Electric and Sempstress, but really we were so tired of splendid finishes, that somehow this one did not gratify us much. Neither, when 11 to 8 was freely laid on Novateur—for whom the Stewards' Cup looked a real good thing, seeing that he was on his own course, and was receiving from Modena 21 lbs. more in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood—was it pleasant to see Modena beat him easily. Lord Wilton's mare had never, to the best of our recollection, got a mile, but she won in such a canter here, that what she must have had in hand at Goodwood, goodness only knows. Clearly, neither Lord Wilton or Wadlow did. The ways of trainers, like those of transgressors, are hard—at least to find out. The French stable had been so inured to ill-luck, that when Slumber was badly beaten by the good-looking Wallsend, and Galba was disposed of by the outsider Semborne, it was accepted with resignation. To be sure, some people abused Butler, on his riding Slumber, but as Wallsend won in a canter by five lengths, we don't see how he deserved it. Poor Butler was rather to be pitied indeed, for he had the misfortune to ride the favourite in each of the last four races, and he was nowhere in any of them. He ought at least to have shared the commiseration extended to M. Lefevre and Tom Jennings.

And greater commiseration ought to have been extended to them on the next day, the Club Day, when the tricolour actually won three races. Judge Clark rubbed his eyes, and Tom Jennings was too overcome to speak. Certainly, Eve's performance at Goodwood was not encouraging, and what she meant by upsetting a very well intended *coup* on Teacher we can't tell. Mr. Winkle was the favourite, but he came to grief from the first, got shut in and never came out again, and Eve, making all the running, had only Teacher to trouble her. It was another of those objectionable heads, which Sir William Milner could well have spared. Why did not Zaccheus win the Club Stakes? and why was he last? and though of course, after the race, we all remembered that we ought to have followed Shallow's running in the previous week, why did we not? Then again, why were odds laid on such a rip as Nerissa in the Welter Handicap, though she *was* receiving 9 lbs. and a year from Vexation? And why did we not back Vexation in the next race, but let her run loose?—all and every of which questions it is impossible to answer. That M. Lefevre should win three races off the reel, as it were, was so astounding that Tom Jennings could scarcely believe his eyes. Not to have anything on, too, would make it doubly painful. Certainly the ill-luck of the French stable has been trying enough to daunt a better sportsman than M. Lefevre, but he comes up smiling after every disappointment, and is now looking forward to that new arrangement with Count de Lagrange, with whom he will for the future chase the jade Fortune in company; and we hope the change of front may bring change of luck. But the most vexatious thing of the afternoon was

the race for the Claret Stakes, in which, owing to a false start, what looked very much, and there is every reason to believe was, a certainty, turned out a failure. Whether Mr. McGeorge dropped the flag or not the first time we can't say; but certain it is the advance flagman did not lower his, so that three such experienced jockeys as Mr. W. Bevill, Mr. Crawshaw, and Jim Goater must have disregarded that signal, which is strange, and away came the trio, Mr. Bevill on the favourite, Miss Ellis, leading and winning, as he fondly thought, in a canter. Great was the disappointment at hearing it was no start; but there was nothing for it but to go up again on to the hill, where the rest were patiently waiting. Only Mr. Crawshaw wisely declined the ordeal a second time, as Rhapsody had not been able to raise a gallop at first. In the actual start Miss Ellis could never get on terms with her horses, and the Prescription colt looked like winning until Inglewood Ranger caught him coming up the hill, and went in two lengths ahead—to the intense disgust of a good many noble sportsmen in the Stewards' Stand, Mr. Savile included, for he had not backed his horse for a shilling, and lost on the race. Two good things were pulled off in both the Two-Year-Old Races, and Knutsford won the Handicap Plate for beaten horses; but we were too beat ourselves to much appreciate their favours.

Lewes is always pleasant, with the pretty drive thereto, and its beautiful downs when we get there. The road is a little Derby one, and the return journey is generally a very fair imitation of that from Epsom to Town. There is a second edition of the Cock at Sutton halfway, where it is *de rigueur* for a certain class to stop and liquor, and they do it religiously. Ladies are playfully inclined at this point and indulge in chaff, those at least who have not champagne themselves overmuch on the course. They sleep the sleep of the fuddled, while their sprightly sisters bestow their witticisms on the passers-by. The language is hardly up to the high mark of the Epsom road; but, allowance being made for provincial deficiencies, it serves. Fewer pretty views as we emerge on to the downs after that steep climb by the corner of the County Gaol than to look back on the quaint, old-world town, embosomed in grassy slopes, every stone in its walls a history, and to turn the eye from it to the broad expanse of weald and sea-board stretching far away into the distance. But we do not come to Lewes in search of the picturesque. We come to look for that 'getting home' so desirable and desired, that 'recouping' of which we hear so much and see so little. They are the last two days of our Decameron, and a brilliant finale is much to be wished; and in some respects this came to pass. We need scarcely say that the racing is good at Lewes, for that it always is, and that now, with the new stand that Mr. Verrall has erected, and which is one admirably planned and arranged, the meeting is one of the best conducted in the kingdom. There was a great crowd, but the weather was very unpropitious, a humid atmosphere, which every moment threatened to deepen into a sea-fog, prevailing. Backers had the best of it, and the best of the backers was Sir George Chetwynd, we think, for he got a fair price about Tangible for the De Warrenne Handicap, and put it down. Tangible, last year's winner, ought to have been backed certainly, top-weight though he was; but Lord Calthorpe's new purchase, Chingachgook, was all the rage—at least, Captain Machell and the stable fancied him very much. Azov, the Danebury horse, who astonished us and his owner at Stockbridge, was third favourite; and Mr. Gomm backed his new possession, the uncertain Fraulein. Of course there were lots of fancies, and Vengeresse, St. Liz, Miss Mansfield, Phosphorus, Marlow, &c., all found support. Chingachgook got well of; but Tangible caught him in the bottom, and won easily, we consider, by three quarters of

a length—a very good performance, of course, reminding us of that of the Duke of Hamilton's good mare *Léonie* two or three years ago. Before this, Captain Sterling had had a wonderfully good thing in *Banshee* for the Selling Handicap, at least, as it turned out, for she won in the commonest of canters; but how she came to do it, seeing that her public form was very moderate, we can scarcely say. Beau Brummell, too, was one of the recouping sort, and made, we hope, amends to Mr. Beville and his worthy father for their bitter disappointment with Miss Ellis at Brighton. Lord Rosebery gave the ring a benefit with *Selborne*, whose name he never ceased witting down; and late birds, who had fondly hoped to get 6 to 4 about him, were kindly asked to lay 6 to 5. He won, but Constable had to ride him a bit to get rid of Jackdaw, who, roarer though he be, stuck to him closer than was quite pleasant. The disappointment of M. Lefevre when *Lilian* beat *Eole II.* for the Queen's Guineas was great. He told us, after the race, that he had never before made more certain of anything in racing, and on the Newmarket running he had warranty for his belief. But his horse looked to us not quite so fit as the mare, and the latter was known to be in form, whereas Jennings could not have known very much about *Eole II.*,—at least the stable could not tell him much. Captain Pryme had another Hermit that stood him in good stead for the Priory Stakes, a colt out of Bunch, who beat the field in a very satisfactory manner; and that finished the first day. There was some betting on the Lewes Handicap, for which Manille was a great favourite, seeing he had but 7 st. 9 lbs. to carry—a little oversight on Mr. Verrall's part, who confessed he had quite overlooked the French running. The Admiral estimated that he had full 10 lbs. in hand, and it looked on paper a great moral. Nevertheless, when Sir George Chetwynd took (presumably for the owner) five monkeys about Lemnos on Friday, people began to be staggered, for such a large bet evidently meant that Mr. Gomm 'knew something,' and that Lemnos, non-stayer as he was considered (he had never got more than a mile), must have done something to satisfy his stable that he could compass the Lewes two miles. Petition was in a good deal of demand, too, and perhaps was backed for as much money as anything in the race, many good judges going for her. Manille, at one time on Friday, did not go very well in the market, but that was perhaps owing to the 'monkey' and other investments on Lemnos. Few of the so-called talent went for Mr. Gomm's horse, and little wonder, though his owner professed to have no fear about his staying. The second day was much better than the first in point of weather, and the sport could not be found fault with. There were two warm favourites for the Town Plate, Oxonian and John Billington, the latter's first appearance in public, if we mistake not, since he was the property of Arthur Orton. His new owner fancied him a good deal, and it looked a good thing for either him or Oxonian; but the former was never in it, and Oxonian giving way under his weight, that jade Schottische was left to tackle Little Jim, which she did so effectually that Little Jim only won by a head. Schottische won't try above once in a blue moon, and perhaps now won't have such another opportunity. There must be something in Fraulein after all, for she beat Amsterdam, Afterthought, Sister Helen, &c., in the commonest of canters in the Nevill Stakes, winning like a thorough stayer too; so when they backed her for the Stewards' Cup they were not so far wrong. That old rascal, The Knight, is a heart-breaking horse, for he stopped still at Brighton when the money was on him, and here, in the Helter Skelter Stakes, with the money heaped on Gladiola, whom Mr. Chaplin bought two days previously, he cantered in. Tangible, after his win the previous day, was the

favourite for the Cup, though many people expected to see him beaten by the Nutbush filly. It would require a very good two-year old indeed however to beat Tangible, in the form he is now, at weight for age, and he won easier even than he did in the De Warrenne. Sir George Chetwynd has not been smiled on lately by fortune, and every one was glad to see a turn in the long lane.

As the hour drew near for the Handicap, Manille, who had been rather in bad odour in the market (at one time in the afternoon 4 to 1 was offered against him), resumed his position, and there was a hurrying to get out among those bad against him. His forward running in the Chesterfield Cup, with 9 st. 4 lbs. on him, was fresh in the recollection of every one, and the idea got stronger and stronger that Manille was a good thing. And a good thing, we verily believe, it might have been for him if Eole II. had been started to make running, and why it was not done we can't imagine. The pace was wretched; and Lemnos, who had waited, came to the front halfway up the hill, and, challenging Manille, won a fine race by a head. Most people were astonished at the result, and looking at the terms on which the two horses were running, it does seem surprising. John Day said to us, two or three days afterwards, that he had been considering it over, and 'couldn't make it out now;' so, after that declaration from such a judge, we had better not to try puzzle our own or our readers' heads about it. The only other event of the day worthy of notice was the re-appearance in the Scurry Handicap of Chandos as a winner. He had been running shockingly this year, and when the money was on him for the De Trafford Cup at Manchester, he could get no nearer than a bad fourth. This afternoon he won with 7 lbs. in hand.

The parliamentary session passed away without the Government being able to give Mr. Henry Chaplin a night for the discussion of the Horse Question. We trust that the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire will not allow the matter to drop. The suggestion made by Admiral Rous to Lord Rosebery's Committee is of itself well worthy of the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The words of the gallant Admiral were: 'If they will put race-horses upon the same footing as other horses, we do not want the Queen's Plates.' The tax upon racehorses has since been removed, and the sum of 3,300 guineas annually voted for Queen's Plates might be disposed of so as to give the greatest encouragement to the breeding of horses in this country. It has been suggested that Government should supplement the prizes at the various Horse Shows for stallions that have served a certain number of mares at a low fee. The details might well be left to the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire, who knows as well as any one what is required. He has had the public spirit always to keep a horse of his own at the service of his Lincolnshire neighbours. At the present moment he has got Snowstorm, a horse that has carried his hard-riding master up to hounds, that has won steeplechases, and is the son of Lord Fauconberg, that never got a bad one. Pretty fair credentials for a sire to get horses for all purposes.

Have our readers seen Mr. Alldridge's picture of the Great Tichborne Trial at Bar now exhibiting at 157 New Bond Street? If not, let them go and do so. Perhaps they will say—we were half inclined to say it ourselves, when the visit was proffered to us—in language more emphatic than elegant, 'bother Tichborne!' but we were much pleased at what we saw. The time chosen by the artist, who had every facility given him for studying the scene, is Luie being cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins. The celebrated mariner's attitude is better than his face, and we have seen a better likeness of the

eminent Q.C. Serjeant Parry is very good, so is Mr. Chapman Barber, so are the Treasury officials, Mr. Pollard especially. Whitcher, the detective, is to the life, but Dr. Kenealy, if we may be allowed to say so, is a little too mild and gentlemanly-looking. Perhaps the Doctor was not quite himself the day he sat to the artist. The Chief Justice and his two learned brethren are admirable portraits, and there is a first-rate one of the old usher, who died two or three days after the trial. If the picture, which is going to be engraved in the best style of art, were bought by a company, they would make a good thing of it by exhibiting it round the country, but we would rather suggest that it be presented to the Tichborne family and placed in Tichborne House, an heirloom with the Great Dole Picture, and a memorial of this audacious and unprecedented conspiracy against the honour and the happiness of the family. The gift would come well from the many who have sympathised with them during their seven years' heavy trouble, and we know of several gentlemen who would gladly give their guineas, some larger sums, out of their abundance, towards this desirable object. The idea only wants starting, the ball just requires to be set rolling, and we should be happy to think that 'Our Van' had been the humble means.

A friend of ours who has been at the Yorkshire Horse and Hound Show, and kept his eyes and ears open while there (and how we wish *all* our friends would do that, we should have much more fun for our readers then), has sent us the following:—'Give me a little *room*, miss, please,' said an old Yorkshire farmer to one of Spiers and Pond's effulgencies at a well-filled refreshment place: it was about luncheon hour. 'I really can't, sir, at this time,' said Hebe, with a toss of her head, and the poor old farmer has not yet been able to make out why his modest request was not complied with.—A gentleman, not at all up to the business, was being taken round the show by an enthusiastic old lady, who, after leading him through a lot of shorthorns, said in rather a mysterious manner, '*Now* I'll take you to a Booth,' which so alarmed him that he made a bolt at the first opportunity.

We heard a story the other day—was it down Biggleswade way?—of a certain hard-riding first whip now in the Midland Counties, who, when a small boy, attended a Sunday-school in Cambridgeshire. One day, the subject selected by the lady, the daughter of a well-known ex-M.F.H., who conducted the class, was the Parable of the Tares. After reading from the chapter (St. Matthew 13th), she said, 'Now, Johnny, can you tell me why 'the servants of the householder were forbidden to 'root up the tares, and told to let them grow with the wheat?' After a short reflection, 'Johnny' replied with perfect confidence, 'Because they were good for the man's 'osses.'

When the Prince of Wales was out hunting with the — Hounds (it was not so *very* far from the locality we have just mentioned), a well-known old sportsman who has lived in the county all his life—may his shadow never be less nor his nerve ever fail—was first at a certain fence, but, seeing H.R.H. close behind, drew back, and said, 'Your Royal Highness first!' adding with much satisfaction, half aloud and half to himself, 'Them's manners!'

'Old 'ard, sir!—you've 'eaded the fox!' once cried a first-rate sportsman to a stranger bent on riding and distinguishing himself, who, on being thus addressed, replied, 'Well, sir, if I have headed the fox, you have beheaded 'three H's.' The letter H has indeed much to answer for. We remember once, some years since, in Oxfordshire, a hard-riding old gentleman losing his hat in a good run somewhere near Chapel House, and riding to the end without it. 'Why, where's your hat?' said a friend at the hill. 'Evens knows!'

was the reply. 'How on earth should he know?—he was never in it,' said his friend. 'Ah!' said the old gentleman, 'I don't mean 'Evans out 'unting—I means 'evens on 'igh.'

There are many stories current of the late Lord Henry Bentinck, of his quickness in repartee and his way of saying a severe thing when required. Few men could surpass him in that latter gift. One of his huntsmen (he had many during his career, and we need not mention names) had a long run of ill-luck one season and could not bring a fox to hand, do what he would. 'His master, it is to be presumed—and there was no one more able to judge—thought 'ill-luck' was not entirely to blame, and so when, one day, the huntsman had succeeded in killing, and, after breaking up the fox, had indulged in a hearty 'Thank God,' Lord Henry turned to him and, in his coldest tones, said, 'If 'you had kept off the backs of my bitches, William —, you would have 'been able to return thanks to the Almighty six weeks ago.' Apropos of a racing anecdote in our last 'Van.' Lord Radnor kindly sends us a hunting one: Some few years ago his Lordship was returning home with his harriers, when he was joined by a young neighbour, and, as the hounds were sometimes in his horse's way, the familiar "war" 'oss!" was now and then uttered. At length, after three or four repetitions of the warning, his young friend looked up and said, 'What a lot of hounds you have called Warhorse.'

The coaches are disappearing from Piccadilly, but the Afternoon Dorking and the Westerham still keep the road; and, as last year, 'Cooper's Coach' will see them all out. The season has been a good one, all things considered, but the cold weather in the early part of the summer interfered with business. Already we hear of fresh coaches and fresh roads for next season, due notice of which we shall give our readers when things are matured. By-the-way, as regards coaching, *quot homines, tot sententiæ* may be applied to it as to everything else. We were down at Derby the other day, and, at the Midland Hotel, we fell in with an old-fashioned waiter, who said he had been *there* for twenty-one years and elsewhere for goodness knows how long. Conversing about the neighbourhood, the name of Chandos Pole cropped up, and we asked the ancient if he knew him. 'Ah, yes, sir,' he replied, 'I knew Mr. Pole, and 'a very odd gentleman he was latterly.' 'How so?' said we. 'Well, sir, you 'see, Mr. Pole was once as fine a gentleman as any in this neighbourhood, and 'come into town regularly in his carriage with his family, but' (shrugging his shoulders) 'he went up to London and took to driving them coaches, and *then* 'it was all over with him!' What, we thought, would have happened if our friend Mr. A. G. Scott had heard this? What will he say when he reads it now? We will *not* give up the waiter's name.

+ *De Lunatico inquirendo*.—An amusing tale reaches us in respect of a ball recently held for the amusement of the inmates of a great lunatic asylum, at which one of the governors and some fast young friends assisted. One of the latter, having selected a fair and lively partner after supper, made such extremely 'strong running,' that we question whether his proceedings would have passed muster at Willis's Rooms, or even in less aristocratic society. At length things went so far, that the lady quietly turned to her inamorato and said, 'I think, sir, you are labouring under a misapprehension—I *am* one of 'the lady patronesses!'

Lord Annesley's death was awfully sudden, and flung a gloom over the festivities of the regatta week at Cowes, whence the lamented nobleman had proceeded after Goodwood. He looked in his usual health at that meeting when we last saw him talking to Joseph Dawson on the Cup Day—probably

about the chance of his Finesse horse in the Duke of Richmond's Plate on the following day, which he won. The deceased Earl, who was a representative Peer for Ireland, was only in his forty-fourth year; and to add to the melancholy circumstances attending his death was the fact that he would have been shortly married. He then intended, we believe, to dispose of his small racing stud, and to give up active connection with the Turf. Formerly, Lord Annesley trained at Whitewall; and John Scott was able to win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Sweetsauce. Few men in society were more liked than the deceased Peer; and his untimely fate made many mourners.

At the ripe age of seventy-seven, another well-known name has disappeared, and Mr. Sackville Lane Fox's tall, slender figure, so familiar to Londoners of the present generation, will be seen no more in Pall Mall. He had been an invalid for the last two or three years of his life, which had been a gay one in the world of sport and fashion, also of politics. We believe Mr. Lane Fox was one of the most popular, as he was, in his young days, one of the handsomest men of the time. Indeed, few who saw him in his decay could doubt that. He raced a little, as became one of his name and blood, and played the game all round with a free and open hand.

The Oakley Hunt have suffered a great loss by the death of that fine old sportsman Mr. Harry Boulton, who died of cancer on the 23rd of August, at his residence near Bedford, aged seventy-one. Having been entered to hounds at an early age, Mr. Boulton's experience of The Oakley and its neighbouring countries extended over a period of considerably more than half a century. In his hot youth he rode hard and straight, but latterly he depended more upon his intimate knowledge of the country in which he had been bred and born. Mr. Boulton was a finished horseman, and his hands were light to perfection; indeed, to the very last few persons were better qualified to teach a young horse manners.

If any of the numerous readers of 'Baily' are subscribers to the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, Red Hill, they would do a good thing by giving their votes and interest to poor Martha Austin, a daughter of Thomas Austin, whipper-in to Mr. Garth, who strongly recommends the case as one likely to benefit by early treatment, and enable the poor child to become eventually less of a burden to her parents. As the granddaughter, too, of old Robert Tocock, she has further claims on the sympathies of hunting men.

Messrs. Smalpage, of Maddox Street, have just launched an overcoat most appropriate to the season. The Kaiser Stalking Coat is made of any material, thick or thin, at the choice of the wearer; and there is this specialty about it, that over the coat, forming essentially a part of it, but removable at pleasure, is a sort of cape, more resembling the tabard worn by heralds, coming down below the waist and falling over the back and shoulders. This is lined with waterproof, will take off and fold away in a small compass, and gives the wearer the advantage of dispensing with the waterproof part of the coat when the rain is over. The coat is as complete without it as it is with it, and the arrangement is both simple and ingenious. It is equally well adapted for all outdoor pursuits, and will make a capital winter garment on the roof of a coach or the top of a stand.

Middle Beatrice—who charmed us two years ago, when, about this time of the year, she brought up a very clever company, chiefly from the provinces, and we listened to 'Nos Intimes,' at the Olympic, admirably rendered—has opened the Haymarket for a few weeks, and gives us Octave Feuillet's last sensation, 'The Sphinx,' done into English by Mr. Campbell Clarke. She

has, if we mistake not, still in her *troupe* some of the same names we remember at her last visit; and the acting of all is unmistakably good. We would especially particularise Miss L. Moodie, Miss La Fontaine, Mr. Wenman, and Mr. Frank Harvey; they would be an acquisition to any theatre. We have seen Mdlle. Beatrice to greater advantage than in the part of Blanche de Chelles. The lurid lights in her character—and which pervade, indeed, the whole drama—are not so suited to Mdlle. Beatrice as was the *rôle* of the wife who had unconsciously admitted love into her heart, but was wise just in time. Neither is the play at all suited to our English atmosphere. It owed its chief success in Paris to the skill with which Croizette depicted the agonies of a death from strychnine, and that sensation palled after a time. There is one powerful situation in the third act, and only one. The rest is an exposition of such utter demoralisation that, while one sits and admires the cleverness of the performance, one feels that with the subject we have nothing in common. The heroine is so worthless, the men are such a group of cold-blooded adulterers, that we feel we are in some other world which, without pretending to any over-moral scruples, is certainly not ours. As a curiosity, 'The Sphinx' may attract for a time; but we hope to see Mdlle. Beatrice and her talented company in something more suited to us and them.

In the village of Otterton, Devon, two yokels were surprised in a ferreting expedition, and the pompous man of velveteen with scarlet waistcoat took their rabbits, nets, and paraphernalia. 'Please let us off, Guv'nor; we won't do it 'no more on *your property*,' was the petition presented on appeal. The zealous guardian let them off on their paying him a crown. He thus touched their pockets, and proposed on this one occasion to let them off, though the next time he caught either of them, her ladyship should know all about it, &c. We may here record the fact that *three* of the most noted poachers in the neighbourhood were engaged in this scene, and that No. 3 was no keeper at all. He had come twenty miles to practise the deceiving art thus successfully upon his law-breaking *confrères*. How true is the old adage, 'Set a thief to catch,' &c.

One of the most interesting episodes in the recent Exmouth cricket week was the reward of merit so spontaneously originated and arranged by the good people of that neighbourhood, who appreciate the noble game, and, moreover, encourage all who, when not outside the domain of criticism, bear the heat and burden of the day, discountenancing petty jealousies, taking an active practical interest in developing cricket, devoting, too, labour, judgment, time, and trouble in maintaining a club in strength and popularity. We need, in these columns, no dreary string of exaggerations to eulogise the worthy Secretary for his culture of cricket around Exmouth; and though county clubs thereabouts are plentiful as mushrooms, this parent institution, under Mr. Foster's zealous protection, has pursued the even tenor of her way, holding her own in many, and conquering in most, of her spirited encounters with foemen worthy of her steel. No wonder, then, that after twelve years' activity it was deemed right to reward such devoted attention; and the substantial mark of approbation, which it is a pleasure here to record, took the form of a handsome silver claret-jug, with four goblets to correspond. Lovers of cricket from far and near attended to do honour to the occasion; and on that pretty sea-girt ground in front of the pavilion, on the afternoon of August 6th, the Club Captain, Mr. W. C. Sim of Knowle, Topsham, himself no novice in the cause of testimonial presentation, uttered, as might be expected from him, a modest quota of well-applied eulogies, conveying to the recipient

the regard and goodwill of the subscribers generally. Mrs. W. H. Walrond of New Court, amid cheers which would have shaken ordinary nerves, never exhibited to greater advantage her well-known grace and elegance than when the proceedings were crowned by handing to Mr. Foster his well-merited token of approbation and respect, which bore the following inscription: 'Presented to George Foster, Secretary of the Exmouth United Cricket Club, by his friends, in recognition of his services in aid of Cricket.' Pope's familiar lines may well be quoted here:

'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

'The Confessions of a Jockey, Related by Himself,' would make the fortune of a penny sporting paper, if we could be only sure that the confessions were 'the real grit,' as our cousins say. The difficulty would be a guarantee of the penitent's honesty. Mr. Chaplin, if all accounts be true, was highly favoured at Windsor, a jockey connected with a south-country stable having volunteered a confession to him, and purged his bosom of such perilous stuff, that the Hon. Member for Mid-Lincolnshire listened in horror. Well, what came of it? In the hands of Mr. Chaplin we are warranted in hoping that something will. That gentleman has proved himself so sincerely desirous of reforming Turf abuses, and purifying our national pastime from its many stains, that we cannot think but some action will be taken on Hamshaw's statement. What that action will be admits of little doubt. Punishing unfortunate boys for obeying the orders given them by their dishonest masters is a course that a tribunal like the Jockey Club would naturally shrink from if the real offenders could be laid hold of. The subject is a delicate one to handle, no doubt. There is too much reason to fear that stopping horses is a custom that has so thoroughly permeated the Turf commonwealth, that where to begin and where to leave off is a most puzzling question. But we trust our Turf legislators will prove themselves equal to the occasion.

And as we are closing the invoice, York August is our last parcel. A pleasant place is York; and Knavesmire is perhaps more rich in the traditions of the past than any other racecourse in the kingdom. It requires doing too, does Knavesmire, and there is not much of give-and-take in that long two miles over which the Great Ebor is run. The meeting was a very successful one this year. The programme had been revised, and some of the old produce stakes have disappeared. They often resulted in walks over, so there was no help for it but to eliminate them, and some eliminated themselves. If Lord Glasgow had been alive he would have groaned, or perhaps sworn, at the degenerate days when the Black Duck Stakes was no longer on the card of a York August. But we have changed all that, and a 'sprint' handicap will carry the day against all the produce ever foaled. Apology did not put in an appearance for the Yorkshire Oaks; and the 'Van' will be packed and on its September journey before she has won the Great Yorkshire, which, if she does not—but we will not contemplate such a catastrophe. The Great Ebor was won by Chivalrous, as easy as ever handicap, big or little, was won—confirmation strong of his running with Kaiser over this course in the Great Yorkshire last year. It was generally admitted at the time that he made Mr. Savile's horse gallop, and Maidment seemed relieved when he got home. Some people said Fordham frightened him, and Master George is an unpleasant opponent when he gets near you, no doubt; but Chivalrous's win on Knavesmire was such a very hollow affair (another stone or more would not have

stopped him), that it is pretty certain that Kaiser's win was quite the contrary. Of course the tykes were delighted; and so they were when Holy Friar bowled over his field, and made so light of his penalty in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. They gave Johnny Osborne and the horse an ovation as they returned to the inclosure, and they have evidently booked the Derby to come north of Trent next year. They certainly have a good horse in this son of Hermit, one worthy to tread in his sire's footsteps, as when he astonished the world on that bitter May morning a few years back; and if Holy Friar, Galopin, and Telescope come fit to the post on the Derby Day, we ought to see a grand race between horses the equals of any of the giants who have gone before.

Only the other day the beautiful hills and dales of North Devon were opening to our view for the first time, as we drove to a favourite 'trysting-place' on Hawkcombe Down, to meet the Devon and Somerset Stagbounds. Under a summer sky, with heather and gorse in purple and yellow array, it was indeed a goodly sight to see a hundred horsemen, less or more, all booted and spurred and ready for the fray. Neither were bright eyes and comely forms wanting on this occasion to give *éclat* to the proceedings. Soon the gallant tufters are at work, and we embrace the opportunity to refresh the inner man and woman; while it is with no small pleasure we recognise amongst the mounted throng the kindly, though somewhat furrowed, face of our old friend the Rev. J. Russell, one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen that Devonshire or any other county has ever produced. To give one illustration of this ruling passion, we need only mention that not long ago, after a hard day's hunting, Mr. Russell found himself some *seventy miles* from home; but, nothing daunted, he mounted a fresh horse and rode the whole distance back the same night—not a bad performance this for a veteran of eighty seasons. Hark, forward! a stag has just been viewed, and away goes the pack at a rattling pace; a good burst soon tells its own tale, however, and the field is gradually reduced to a few of the bravest and best. Notwithstanding one or two 'checks,' the game is kept moving, and is at length pulled down after a gallant run of 3 h. 40 min., making a kill for each day the hounds have been out during the present season. The muster-roll is soon told at the finish: first and foremost, by right of conquest, being the charming lady of the manor of Lynmouth, Mrs. Lock-Roe, closely pressed by Viscount Ebrington, Rev. Mr. Russell, William Anthony Deane, Esq., of Webbery, Miss Kinglake, Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, Captain Dalton, and Henry Dene, Esq., of Barnstaple.

END OF VOL. XXV.



GV
l
B3
v.25

Baily's magazine of sports and
pastimes

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

